The Boston Weekly Globe.

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THE NEW TICKET.

Cleveland, Hendricks and Victory.

The Second Ballot Nominates a President.

Loyal Homage to the Vice-President of 1876.

Scenes of Indescribable Enthusiasm.

Hearty Unanimity at the Evening Session.

Its Labors Over, the Convention Dissolves.

How the Result Was Received in Chicago.

THE BALLOTS.

	First.	Second.
WHOLE NUMBER	820	820
NECESSARY	547	547
CLEVELAND	392	683
BAYARD	170	81½
HENDRICKS	1	45½
THURMAN	88	4
RANDALL	78	4
McDONALD	56	2
CARLISLE	27	..
SCATTERING	8	..

CHICAGO, July 11.—The National Democratic Convention of 1884 has completed its work, and already the delegates are scattering to their homes by every train. The ticket is a disappointment to many, but so would any ticket be to a large number of any party. Delegates are chosen from constituencies which have their favorite candidates, and after days and nights of hardest work it is natural that a sense of disappointment should come when they find themselves in the minority, but this feeling soon wears away, and the pronounced opposition soon gives way to earnest support. With the volatile partisan the change comes quickly. For example, I met a delegate this morning who told me that Cleveland could not possibly be nominated. This afternoon I heard him talking to another man, and he declared himself to have been always a Cleveland man; that he had always felt that he would be nominated on the second ballot; that the talk against him amounted to nothing, and would soon wear away. I could not forbear the thought that he was proving his own assertions.

There are still, however, many delegates and thousands of others who do not as yet express satisfaction with the ticket. The principal objection is that New York is divided against Cleveland, but that was the case to some extent with every candidate whose name was presented to the convention, except Carlisle. A portion of Indiana thought that McDonald was usurping the rights of Hendricks, and now some of the others charge Hendricks with playing the Garfield trick with McDonald. Others still are dissatisfied with the fact that Hendricks has second place behind anybody but Tilden. They can now, when it is too late, see plenty of ways in which Hendricks might have been nominated for the first place, if—always an if—if Indiana had presented him with unanimity in the first place.

THE OPENING SESSION.

Details of the Struggle on the Unit Rule—Tammany's Defeat and Cleveland's Victory—Organization of the Convention.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The elements apparently frowned upon the opening of the Democratic National Convention. At any rate, the bright and bracing weather of the last week or more gave way at daybreak to heavy clouds, a steady down-pour of rain and a decidedly murky and oppressive atmosphere. Notwithstanding this, however, the local political world was early astir, and hours before the time appointed for the formal opening the situation was being canvassed in the corridors of the hotels and the headquarters of the delegations by crowds as large as those of midnight.

Tilden's telegram of last night to Chairman Barnum, emphatically reaffirming the declination contained in his letter to Daniel Manning, came in for a large share of consideration, but is accepted as forever removing the sage of Gramercy Park from public life.

The Exposition building began to present a busy appearance soon after 9 o'clock. The privileged guests were early on hand, and at least 6000 people were in the building before a solitary delegate had put in an appearance. There has been more attempt at display on this occasion than was the rule last month, and most of the delegations agreed last night to enter the building with martial tread, to the music of bands and the inspiration of flying banners.

At 11.40 only about a score of delegates were in their seats, but music in the distance gave warning that the Tammany braves were about to come upon the scene.

At 11.45 the Seventh Regiment band struck up a lovely selection from "La Fille de Madame Angot," and simultaneously the Connecticut delegation, headed by Governor Tom Waller, filed into their seats. A moment later and the tall Delawarians, with Bayard badges conspicuously displayed, entered from the opposite door. In quick succession followed the Indianians, with the tall Sycamore of the Wabash and ex-Governor Hendricks at their head. Kinne of Iowa leads the delegation from that State, John Lee Carroll that of Maryland, and Governor Leon Abbott and John R. McPherson, that of New Jersey.

At 11.40 the Californians marched in, behind a magnificent satin banner, and received the first applause of the morning. Tammany entered, and John Kelly was received with a volley of loud applause. The Massachusetts delegation followed right behind, and Butler was given a warm reception. The delegates' seats were filled, and at noon the convention was ready for business.

It was nearly 12.30 when Governor Hubbard of Texas, who had been selected for temporary chairman, put in an appearance. In the meantime the audience had

Manifested its Impatience

by sundry clappings and stamping of feet. Ex-Mayor Prince of Boston took up his position at the secretary's table, but soon changed it for his seat among the delegation.

Judge Thurman, who had previously withdrawn for a moment from the hall, received an enthusiastic reception on his re-entry. A member of the California delegation, mounting on his chair, shouted that the men who had come 2500 miles presented their greetings to the Gladstone of Ohio.

At 12.20 p. m. Chairman Barnum appeared on the platform, and was about to call the convention to order, when, through some perversity, the band struck up a medley of national airs. When "Dixie" was reached almost the entire audience, led by the Southern delegates, broke into uproarious cheering. When the music ceased at 12.25 Barnum stepped briskly to the chairman's desk. Again there was a temporary diversion, caused by the appearance on the platform of Speaker Carlisle, who modestly took a seat in the extreme rear.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Congressman Springer and Hon. W. H. English captured the last two vacant chairs on the platform, just as Chairman Barnum rose for the third time, and introduced Rev. Dr. Maguire of Chicago to deliver the opening prayer.

Mr. Barnum followed in a short speech. He said that harmony was the purpose of the convention and the nomination of a ticket which would harmonize North, South, East and West. He moved that a fair and impartial man, Governor Hubbard of Texas, be made temporary chairman, and the motion was carried with enthusiasm.

Senator Jones of Louisiana, J. B. Barnes of Georgia and Abram S. Hewitt of New York were appointed a committee to conduct Governor Hubbard to the chair. His appearance on the rostrum at 12.48 was the signal for prolonged applause.

Governor Hubbard in stentorian tones expressed thanks for the confidence reposed in him by his election, which he regarded as a compliment to the State from which he came, and which, more than any State, was absolutely cosmopolitan in every fibre. It was peopled by the wanderers from every State, and it was now, with over 2,000,000 people, placing in the ballot-box over 100,000 Democratic majority. He would not attempt to speak of the

Great History of the Democratic Party,

its magnificence, its progress, its power and its wealth; but that party in all essential elements was the same today as when founded by the framers of the Constitution. Men die, but the life and the principles of the Democratic party could not perish from the earth, though their advocates might sleep for ages. He thanked God that the Democratic party was as much an organized party today as ever it was in days gone by. The Democratic party today had the House of Representatives, and but for treason stalking in the Senate chamber, they would have that too. (Great cheering.) They had the presidency, too, but the robbers had stricken down their rights at the ballot box and in the very temples of liberty, perjurers with pale lips and chattering teeth had stolen the fruits of victory from the Democratic party. (Prolonged applause.) All good Republicans today are ashamed of it, and Republicans today turned their faces as well as their consciences from the fraud of 1876. Eight years had passed, it was true, but the great sin of the electoral commission remained, and would do so as long as the Republican party remained in power. He thanked God that there was no statute of limitations to bar this indictment. Those great leaders, Tilden and Hendricks (great applause, audience waving hats, rose to their feet and shouted long and loud), with the dignity of statesmen and the courage of men who love their country, accepted the verdict of fraud, and were grander today in their retirement than the men who had profited by the fraud. The Democratic party would be in power today but for Republican gold and notes—notes fresh and uncut, fresh from Washington, the money of the Star routers attesting to the venality of the Republican party. The speaker went on at length to denounce the Republican administration of public affairs, glanced over the work of the Springer committee, pictured the reforms which would follow the re-entry of the Democracy to power, and in concluding urged that when the committee on platform reported they have no doubtful oracle speaking with double tongue upon the great issues of the day, but such a platform that the wayfaring man, though afoot, might read and understand." Governor Hubbard concluded at 1.15 p. m. with a plea for calmness and conciliation in councils and action, and resumed his seat amid vociferous applause.

Ex-Mayor Prince of Boston presented

The List of Temporary Officers,

which were adopted, as follows: Temporary chairman, Hon. R. B. Hubbard of Texas; temporary secretary, Hon. F. O. Prince of Massachusetts; assistant secretaries, E. Merritt of Illinois, George Guthrie of Pennsylvania, George L. Johnston of Iowa, R. M. Bashford of Wisconsin, H. J. Lynde of Tennessee and Michael T. Barrett of New Jersey.

Mr. Smalley of Vermont moved that the rules of the last convention be adopted and put in force.

Grady of New York was hissed and then cheered on submitting the following amendment, which was also cheered:

And when the vote of a State, as announced by the chairman of the delegation from such State, is challenged by any member of the delegation, then the secretary shall call the names of the individual delegates from that State and their individual preference, and the same shall be recorded as the vote of such State.

Fellows of New York challenged the right of the convention to defeat the will of New York as expressed by her convention. They should not strip the laurel from her brow without a protest from some of her loyal subjects. New York alone had a right to give her orders for its own government. He asked the convention to consider well before it struck all of his State, as expressed in the resolution read.

Grady, in rising to reply, was greeted with mingled hisses and cheers. He is a fine-looking, thick-set young man, apparently not more than 35 years of age. The hisses drowned the applause when he yelled that his constituency,

Tammany, Should Not be Stifled,

but should be heard and recognized. The demonstration was the beginning of a repetition of the attempt of the galleries in the Republican convention to run the gathering.

Chairman Hubbard promptly seized the occasion to nip the process in the bud, and intimated that the galleries might be vacated if more care was not taken. After this, during the remainder of Grady's speech, the demonstrations of disapproval were conspicuous by their absence.

Mr. Grady claimed that a State convention could instruct the delegates at large to vote in a certain way, but the district delegates were responsible only to their districts, and any other doctrine would be undemocratic. If they passed the rules proposed by the national committee there were resolute men who would tell them why certain candidates could not be nominated.

Prolonged hissing, interspersed with applause, continued until Mr. Harris of Virginia rose to a point of order, that the debate was not in order during temporary organization.

The chair overruled the point of order, and Mr. Grady continued, saying that, while newspaper headlines might announce that New York was a unit, he represented a constituency whose rights he proposed to make known in the interest of the Democratic principles of home rule. Mr. Fellows had said that more than two thirds of the delegation had instructed the chair to cast the vote of New York as a unit. He had not described the influences which had been at work to secure that two-thirds. He had not explained why certain men who came here pledged had changed their minds, but there were men present who would state this, and give their reasons as well. Mr. Grady was hissed and cheered.

Ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin followed, vigorously supporting the unit rule.

Mr. Power of Michigan moved to refer the whole matter to the committee on rules. The motion was lost.

Mr. Cochran of New York urged the convention not to lend itself to gagging the party, but to support a strong and powerful minority. Cochran, who was the alternate for J. J. O'Donohue, made a vigorous address in favor of Tammany's position, although he disclaimed speaking for any faction or in the interest of any candidate. The unit rule, he said, in conclusion, was an outrage and a fraud.

General Cluny of California said that California looked to

The Empire State to Lead Them

in the struggle, but they desired harmony. He declared it would be an outrage for the convention to permit a majority of each delegation to deprive the minority of representation. He made a passionate appeal for harmony and a square deal.

Mr. Powers of Michigan followed in vigorous denunciation of gag law.

Senator Jacobs rose amid cries of "Question!" but gave way for Carter Harrison, who held it was not a question for the convention to settle, but for each delegation to settle with its constituency. He pointed out that if the chairman of the delegation announced the vote improperly, it was open to challenge.

John Kelly rose as Mr. Jacobs sat down. He received round after round of applause. When silence was restored he began to speak, but was interrupted by loud cries of "Platform." The chair, however, stated that each delegate, except by suspension of the rules, was expected to speak from his seat. Mr Kelly proceeded. He assented to the statement that no objection was raised to the unit rule in the Saratoga convention, but claimed that there were various precedents for allowing individual action of delegates, even when the unit rule had been adopted by the majority, and made a strong appeal to the liberality of the convention.

Colonel Fellows was again recognized at 2.40 p. m., and repeated his former arguments, and declared that the convention had no right to dictate to the majority of the New York delegation. He challenged Mr. Kelly, who had come from the same congressional district as himself, to declare how it happened that both had contrary instructions. Where did these instructions come from?

Mr. Kelly replied that he represented one Democratic party in New York while Mr. Fellows represented another.

To this Mr. Fellows retorted, amid loud cheers, that there ought to be but one Democratic party in the State.

When the call of States on Senator Grady's amendment was commenced, the vote of the State of New York was withheld temporarily, and when all the other States were called, the aggregate (without New York) stood—yeas, 350; nays, 375. The vote of New York was then called for, and Mr. Manning, the chairman of the delegation, announced 72 votes in the negative.

There was a chorus of protests. Delegate Cochran made a violent speech. Another excited delegate from Nevada stood upon his seat and shouted himself hoarse without anybody being able to hear him. Chairman Hubbard was asked if that was the way the vote was to be recorded. He answered that it was. It was, he said, the question at issue, and he had no authority except to accept the announcement of the chairmen of the delegation. The general result was then announced: Ayes, 350; nays, 445.

The vote on Mr. Smalley's original resolution, that the rules of the last convention govern the body, was then adopted.

A resolution was then offered and adopted for the appointment of a committee on credentials, and one on permanent organization. A committee on platform was ordered and it was voted that all resolutions in regard to the platform be referred to that committee without discussion.

At 4 o'clock the convention adjourned until 11 a. m. tomorrow.

THE SECOND DAY.

Presenting the Candidates—Eloquent Addresses by Leading Democrats—Eulogy of Cleveland Met by Bitter Attack—The Galleries Attempt to Rule the Roost.

CHICAGO, CONVENTION HALL, July 9.—Atmospherically the second day of the Democratic National Convention opened no better than the first. Rain has been falling since an early hour this morning, the sky is still of a leaden hue, and the lake, on the edge of which the convention hall is situated, is shrouded in a London fog. Still the ardor of the Democratic hosts is neither chilled nor dampened.

At 11.26 a. m. Chairman Hubbard rapped for order, and introduced Rt. Rev. W. S. McLaren, D. D., bishop of Chicago. The chairman requested that the audience should rise as the venerable gentleman arose to invoke the divine blessing. It was a striking scene—13,000 people on their feet, with heads bowed in reverence, while in low and impressive tones the bishop invoked the blessing of God upon the proceedings, and prayed that the blessings of the Almighty rest upon the country and upon

The Nominee of the Convention.

At 11.32 the convention was again called to order. Mr. Jenkins of Wisconsin reported that the committee on resolutions would not be able to report until tomorrow, and asked that they be permitted to sit during the convention. Agreed to.

Mr. Cummings of Massachusetts moved that the committee on resolutions be directed to give a hearing to a committee of the Irish National League on the question of ownership of land by aliens.

Mr. Harrington of Missouri moved a resolution denouncing convict labor.

Mr. Powers of Michigan submitted a resolution that it be the sense of the convention that the action of the convention on Mr. Grady's resolution yesterday, was only intended to apply to States which instructed their delegates to vote as a unit. The above, and several more, were referred to the committee on resolutions.

The report of the committee on credentials was next made. The committee reported in the case of the contested twelfth district of Massachusetts in favor of both sets of delegates as entitled to seats. The committee also reported in favor of entitling delegates from the Territories to seats and votes in the convention.

Mr. Randolph offered an amendment that delegates from Territories be not entitled to vote.

Mr. McArthur of Oregon made a short and spirited appeal for the right of Territorial delegates to give voice to the wishes of their constituency.

The amendment was voted down, and the report of the committee was adopted. This adds eighteen votes in the convention, and makes it necessary for the successful candidate to receive 547 votes.

Mr. Ransford Smith of Utah submitted a resolution against polygamy. Cheered and referred. Wade Hampton of South Carolina offered a resolution empowering the national committee to go outside of its own members, if it sees fit, in the selection of chairman. Referred.

Mr. Gallup of New York submitted a resolution for an unqualified revision of the tariff in the interest of the people as against monopolies. Referred.

At 12.15 over half an hour was occupied in the presentation of various resolutions intended for planks in the platform. All were referred.

A resolution was offered

To Make the Nominations for President

at 3 o'clock this afternoon. There was a close vote, but it was lost. A score or more of resolutions were offered. Many were received with derisive laughter. All were referred. Among the resolutions referred were the following: By Mr. Bacon of Georgia, that the right of minorities in future conventions be best subserved by permitting each delegate to have his individual vote recorded. Referred. By Mr. McArthur of Oregon, for a reduction of the tariff. By Mr. Burns of Pennsylvania, in case of the death of a nominee of this convention the president of the national committee shall recommend this convention to make new nominations. Referred. Resolutions were also offered and referred by Boyd of Nebraska, favoring reduction of the tariff; by Mr. Miller of Ohio, making the presidential term six years; by Mr. Perkins of Connecticut, pledging fidelity to the constitution; by Mr. Higgins of Nebraska, limiting homestead grants to 160 acres each; by Mr. Sheily of Kentucky, that the roll be called at 3 p. m. today for nominations for president, which was lost; by Mr. Hillyer of Georgia, favoring tariff reform and reduction to a sum only necessary for the support of the government.

The committee on permanent organization reported Colonel W. F. Vilas of Wisconsin, and a vice-president from every State. Mr. Vilas' name was greeted by prolonged cheering. The president named a distinguished committee, including Messrs. Smith, Weed and Hendricks, to escort Mr. Vilas to the chair. His reception was in the nature of a triumphal ovation long continued, the chair ordering the band to give patriotic airs.

Address of Colonel Vilas.

Colonel Vilas said:

GENTLEMEN—I know well that this mark of your favor is no personal compliment, but a recognition of the young Democracy of the Northwest (applause), and I claim it as a justly due tribute to their lofty zeal and patriotic struggle against an outstanding foe, and I hail it as a prestige of coming triumphs (applause); but I am proud, undeserving as I am, to be selected as their representative, and I render hearty thanks for the honor. No pledge is required of my people's devotion. As it has been, so will it abide, pure, unselfish, resolute and unflinching till its great object is reached—the restoration of an upright and constitutional government. (Applause.) You are assembled to consider a great cause and pronounce a momentous judgment. Your hand is on the helm of a mighty and free nation. It is in your power to lay its course in felicity for years, freighted with its vast humanity. The import and value of its decision lies not in mere party victory or the spoils of office. The hour is pregnant with mighty possibilities of good men. Constitutional liberty, stifling amid injustice, calls aloud for resuscitation to purity and power. (Applause). An assemblage of licentious politicians recently filled this hall, too well manufactured to be the product of infant industry. (Laughter.) They insolently claim the continuance of power, and have issued a watered stock of promises to redress disorders they have themselves communicated to the body politic. (Applause.) They offer the infection as a cure for the disease. They tender nothing adequate to the needs of a country rejoicing in the hope of renewed strength and peace and a noble prosperity. They offer the inspiration of national misfortune to a people demanding deliverance from corruption. To an ardent and pure youth they offer a corrupt party machinery. To the clamoring artisan they cry: "Be your master's villain and ye shall have bread." (Applause.) "Soap" is their inspiration and ammunition. The duties of this hour rise far above partisanship. (Applause). How shall we most surely rescue the republic? It is no time for personal devotion. No one man has the slightest personal right to a preference, or should stand a moment in the way of such a course (great applause) as will surely place us in solid array before a country which demands reform." (Applause.) Colonel Vilas concluded with a passionate appeal for devotion to the principles of the Democratic party.

An Interval of Filibustering.

Mr. Souder of Pennsylvania offered a resolution that the roll of States be called for nomination. A point of order was made, but the chair overruled the point of order that the resolution was out of order.

General Cluny of California declared that they could not nominate until they had a platform.

Two dilatory motions to adjourn were made and defeated; a motion was made to proceed and nominate candidates, and another to lay the preceding motion on the table. Great confusion reigned. The roll-call of States was demanded on the motion to lay on the table. The roll was called, and the motion was defeated by a vote of 521 to 282. This was regarded as a great Cleveland victory. The Cleveland men went wild with excitement. The question then arose on proceeding with immediate nominations.

Mr. Cluny of California then moved that no ballot be taken until a platform was adopted.

The call of States for nominations was ordered by a large viva voce vote.

Mr. Harrison moved to adjourn till 7 p. m., and demanded the call of States. The convention refused to allow Mr. Harrison to withdraw his resolution. The resolution to adjourn until 7 p. m. was defeated.

Mr. Cluny of California moved to adjourn till 10.30 tomorrow morning. Lost.

Mr. Mumford's resolution to adjourn till 8 p. m. was also lost.

A motion was then made to adjourn until 11 a. m. Defeated.

Filibustering followed, and Governor Abbett of New Jersey rose and demanded order. The galleries had complete control of the convention, and excitement ran high.

The motion to proceed to present candidates was finally carried by a large majority, and the roll-call began.

Delaware Presents Bayard's Name.

When Delaware was reached, G. L. Gray took the platform amid great applause to present the name of Senator Bayard. Mr. Gray pictured the kind of candidate that is required by the Democratic party to bring victory in November, and denounced the career of the Republican party, and characterized Blaine and the Republican platform as a fitting culmination of the aims of that party. It flung defiance into the face of the American people, and it was a sign of the decadence of a great party. The Democracy of the country demanded as standard-bearer a man who had been tried in the balance and never found wanting. It demanded a statesman of wisdom and experience, a leader of undoubted courage, with no false pretence of personal dishonor; a man of stainless honor, who would strike corruption and could face the electric light of hostile criticism and defy the tongue of slander. A man who in public and private character would be the very opposite of the Republican nominee. Such a man was Thomas F. Bayard. Who had resisted insolent usurpations of arbitrary power toward many States better than he had? How could they afford to pass him by? What account could they give to the Democracy? His nomination would silence the voice of factions and secure the support of the united Democracy. (Moderate cheering.)

Indiana Presents McDonald's Name.

At 2.25 p. m. the call of States proceeded. Indiana was named amid great cheering as Mr. Hendricks nominated McDonald. The scene was inspiring, the whole convention shouted itself wild. All the delegation was on chairs. Cheers for Hendricks were repeated again and again. The chair appealed for order; but the cheers were renewed.

Mr. Hendricks said as this was his first duty as a delegate to a political convention, he felt the delicacy and responsibility of the position. The nominee of the convention was to be chosen president, and he will be the first inaugurated president for twenty years. The speaker proceeded to read a speech in which he arraigned the Republican party and reviewed its actions while in power. He said that the question of revenue reform was of paramount importance.

His speech, though listened to attentively, elicited no enthusiasm. He closed by expressing his thanks for the reception given to McDonald's name. As Hendricks sat down the convention cheered lustily for McDonald, coupling Hendricks' own name with McDonald's.

General Black of Illinois seconded the nomination of Mr. McDonald. "They would present," he said, "a platform which would appeal to the sober judgment of the people. They also needed a man whose antecedents, known of all men, constituted a satisfactory answer to all reasonable objections. They needed a man whose views on all public questions could be found without a search warrant and determined without an inquisition. (Applause.) Mr. McDonald was such a man. He had favored the monetization of silver and the saving of the Pacific coast from coolies or vile labor. A wise legislator, a true financier, a brave statesman; his record glittered with the stars of truth, and all might see its glory. Every star on it was a Democratic star, and all its glories were those of the people." (Cheers.)

California Presents Thurman's Name.

Hon. J. W. Breckenridge of California, son of the last Democratic vice-president of the United States, was heartily cheered when he arose to nominate ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio. He said: "California has sent us here as her representatives, and it is pure and simple work for us to present for the consideration of the Democratic party a man whom needs no eulogy at her hands. She has asked us to present for your consideration a man who, if you nominate him, we believe it is a settled conviction in the hearts of all will be the next president of the United States. (Applause.) Such a selection is a sacred trust and a solemn responsibility. There never was in the history of the party a rarer or a grander opportunity to make an appeal to the country. Let us present a man of whose integrity and devotion to principle there has never been a question; upon whose character or reputation there has never fallen a perceptible shadow or blot or stain; a man whose ability and learning has been commensurate with the duties of the high office to which we would elevate him. Let us nominate such an one. Such a man is Allen G. Thurman. (Great applause.) Of all the honest and illustrious names which shall be and have been presented for the consideration of this convention, there are none which lie nearer to the great heart of the American people than that of the lofty statesman who for more than twenty years has been the boldest and ablest advocate of Democratic doctrine, and exponent of Democratic principles." (Prolonged applause.)



THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

General Durbin Ward of Ohio seconded Thurman's nomination in a vigorous address.

Mr. Carlisle Presented.

Round after round of applause greeted Hon. James A. McKenzie of Kentucky when he took the stand for the purpose of nominating Speaker Carlisle. "In all the essential characteristics of manliness and courage and ability and patriotism," said he, "Mr. Carlisle is the peer of any great name that will be mentioned in this great presence. The presidency of the United States is a position of such transcendent honor, dignity and responsibility that only such as those whose names the republic delights to honor should be mentioned in that connection. Since ill-health has compelled the retirement from the arena of American politics of the sage of Greystone, no name carries with it more of talismanic charm nor more fully commands the respect of the American people than that of John G. Carlisle. It behoves this convention in this great exigency of national affairs that we should name for the great office a man not born for small or selfish things, a man to whom dishonor is unknown, a man made up of greatness, one who breathes the birthright of victory in his name alone, and such a man is John G. Carlisle."

It may be urged, gentlemen, that he comes from the wrong side of the Ohio river; but, my God! if the statute of limitations is ever to be observed again in this country, I pray that it may be effective from this time out. (Great applause.) I belong to a class of men who believe the war is over. I belong to a class of men who believe that there is as much honor and virtue and patriotism in the South as there is anywhere on the face of God's earth. I appeal to the sentiments of this great presence, representing the intelligence of the Democracy of America, and I ask you to recognize that the sword has settled the war. I present you a peace offering in the person of John G. Carlisle."

Massachusetts Called Upon.

When the State of Massachusetts was called, the response was awaited with much curiosity. Cheers and hisses were about equally balanced, but it was announced by Mr. Abbott that Massachusetts had no nomination to make at this time.

Mississippi was called, and Delegate Charles E. Hooker took the platform and seconded the nomination of Mr. Bayard.

As New Jersey was called Mr. Cochrane of New York inquired if it would be in order to move a recess. He was derisively cheered as the chair informed him it would not.

Carter Harrison, who had previously urged an adjournment on behalf of 5000 thirsty people, inquired what would be the result if the roll-call should last until midnight. The chair informed the Mayor that the parliamentary law would remain unchanged if the call lasted until sunrise.

New York and Her Governor.

New York was then called. Daniel Manning announced that the nominating speech from New York would be made by Daniel N. Lockwood of Buffalo.

Mr. Lockwood was loudly cheered as he took the platform, and it was some time before he could obtain a hearing. When order was finally restored he said:

It is with no ordinary feeling of responsibility that I appear before this convention as a representative of the Democracy of the State of New York for the purpose of placing in nomination before this convention a gentleman from the State of New York as a candidate for the presidency. This responsibility is made greater when I remember that the richest pages of American history have been made up from the records of Democratic administrations. This responsibility is made still greater when I remember the only stain in all our political history in aiding an outrage upon the rights of the American people in 1876, and that that outrage and that injury is still unavenged, and this responsibility is not lessened when I recall the fact that the gentleman whose name I shall present to you has been my political associate from our youth to the present hour. Side by side have we marched to the tune of Democratic music and studied the principles of Jefferson and of Jackson, to learn and to know the faith in which we believe. During all this time we have occupied positions as comparatively private citizens, yet always true and always faithful to Democratic principles.

And the only object of our meeting here is to deal with the question so that when we have gone to our homes, the people who are the voters of the country will ratify the nomination we shall make. No man has greater respect than I for the honored names already presented to this body; but the world is moving rapidly. New men who have acted but little in politics are coming to the front, and today there are hundreds of young men in this country (applause) who are to cast their first vote, men independent in politics, and they are looking to this convention, praying silently that there shall be no mistake made here. They want to drive the Republican party from power. They want to cast their vote for a Democrat in whom they believe (applause), and those people knew from the record of the gentleman whose name I shall present to the Democracy that victory with him means honest and pure government and the protection of the rights of the people of every class and every station.

A little more than three years ago, I had the honor at the city of Buffalo to present the name of this same gentleman for the office of mayor of that city. (Applause.) It was presented then for the same reason and from the same cause that we present it now. It was because the government of that city had become corrupt and debauched, and political integrity sat not in high places. Without any hesitation we named Grover Cleveland. (Great applause, lasting longer and showing more unanimity than on any previous occasion during the convention, except when the names of Tilden and Hendricks had been mentioned.) The result of that election, continued Mr. Lockwood, and of his holding that office was that in less than nine months the State of New York found herself in a position to desire just such a candidate and for just such a purpose, and when at the State Convention in 1882 his name was placed in nomination for governor of the State of New York, the same people, the same class of men, knew that that meant honest government; it meant pure government; it meant Democratic government; and it was ratified (applause); and, gentlemen, now, after eighteen months of service there, the Democracy of the State of New York come to you and ask you to go to the country, to go to the Independent and Democratic voters of the country, to go to the young men of the country and present the name of Grover Cleveland as your candidate for the president of these the United States. (Applause.)

I shall indulge in no eulogy of Mr. Cleveland. I shall not attempt any further description of his political career. It is known. His Democracy, his statesmanship are known throughout the land. All I ask is that no passion or prejudice shall influence the duty which you owe the people of the country. Be not deceived. Cleveland can give the party the vote of New York. He can do it by reason of his upright character and pure administration and his undaunted courage to do right under all circumstances. His candidacy we ask on the ground of his honor, his integrity, his wisdom and his Democracy, and in the belief that his nomination will be ratified by his election as a Democratic president of the Union. (Applause.)

Mr. Grady's Protest.

The enthusiastic applause which greeted Mr. Lockwood's speech had scarcely subsided when Senator Grady was upon his feet. The chair, however, recognized R. A. Jones of Minnesota, who seconded Cleveland's nomination. Then occurred one of the most exciting scenes of the day. Mr. Grady again rose to his feet and proceeded down the aisle, meanwhile calling vociferously for recognition. Half of the galleries hooted, the other half cheered to the echo, and the delegates were similarly divided in their demonstrations. Mr. Grady, with folded arms, looked down smilingly upon the tumult. From the head of the New York delegation Daniel Manning mounted a chair and yelled through the din a point of order that if Mr. Grady arose for any other purpose than that of making or supporting a nomination he was out of order. The chair was in doubt for a moment, but finally concluded that as he had given Mr. Grady the floor, it was not within his province to dictate what he should say. Again the crowd howled.

Mr. Grady proceeded, but before his eloquence had got a start Mr. Bragg of Wisconsin, who has in two days earned the soubriquet of "the little great objector," arose to another point of order. He was howled into silence, and then Senator Grady proceeded. Before he had gone far, his admirable delivery and pleasing bearing secured him the attention of every part of the hall, and towards the close of his address he was repeatedly and warmly applauded. In the course of his remarks he said:

At a recent convention within these walls, amid unbounded enthusiasm and waving plumes, the Republicans named their candidate. But the enthusiasm died out almost immediately, and he has been the coldest of candidates ever since. I have no waving plume, and but a plain story that I have no hope will arouse the enthusiasm of those whose only concern is that some local advantage may be gained under the name of Cleveland and reform. (Applause.) I should be glad to support Mr. Cleveland, except that I know and believe I can show you that he cannot carry the State of New York. I point to an unerring test. If Cleveland is the choice of New York, her delegation would not be so widely divided between his friends and his opponents. (Applause.)

It was at this juncture that General Bragg of Wisconsin raised the point that the business before the convention was to nominate candidates, not to attack them.

Mr. Grady resumed his remarks. He repudiated the idea that the Irish or the Catholics, as such, were against Mr. Cleveland. (Applause.)

The anti-monopolist element and labor interests, said the speaker, Catholic and Protestant, and of all nationalities are opposed to him, and would obstruct his election with good reason. Mr. Grady then passed to a review of the history of Governor Cleveland's administration. He asserted that though elected by 192,000 majority he owed that overplus partly to a remarkably enthusiastic Democratic support, partly to the support of anti-monopolists, on account of the then recent passage of the railroad commission bill, which, said Mr. Grady, had afterward been nullified by the Governor's action, and partly to the aid of Republican disaffection on account of the same interference in local concerns of which Cleveland has himself since been guilty. (Applause.) The majority of 192,000 in 1882 had changed to a defeat in 1883 by 18,597 votes of a candidate representing Mr. Cleveland's views. The world was moving too fast (referring to an expression of Mr. Lockwood's) if the party could afford to pass by men with records like those of Thurman, Bayard, Randall, and its other veterans, to take up an obscure man from Erie county, with no record to compare with theirs. Mr. Grady then spoke of the five cent bill as taking the pennies out of the pockets of the poor man to put them into the treasury of a corporation. He entered into the details of the Governor's action on the railroad commission bill, and spoke at length in this strain.

The audience became very impatient, and frequent shouts of "Sit down!" "Finish it tonight!" etc., were heard. When confusion became too great, Mr. Grady would pause and fold his arms composedly, while Chairman Vilas informed the convention and galleries that the gentleman from New York would be protected in his right to speak until he had finished. Many wrangles occurred over motions to adjourn or to take a recess. The orator was several times obliged to pause while three cheers for Cleveland were given in response to a call from some person in the audience. His patience remained unruffled, however, and after each interruption he resumed his calmly expressed analysis of Cleveland's standing. He concluded by saying that while his fellow-thinkers would take the gambler's chance of winning even with Cleveland, they asked for a man, and there were several men such as he had named on whom the party could unite and who could carry New York undoubtedly.

Mr. Grady received applause as he stepped from the platform. There was more disorder after Grady had resumed his seat.

Judge Cochrane's Eloquent Support of Thurman.

Judge Cochrane of New York claimed a hearing, and was met with a storm of "noes" and a chorus of motions to adjourn. In no wise intimidated, however, the chair gave him the floor. He said:

I am here to second a candidate whose name ought to be received with pleasure in a Democratic Convention, and of whose ability to carry the critical State of New York no question can be raised by the majority, and none will be raised by the minority of her delegation. (Applause.) In behalf of that minority let me say a few words which may enlighten you as to the condition of the party in our State.

General Bragg here made the point that the gentleman was not speaking to a nomination. The chair overruled the objection, and Judge Cochrane proceeded.

He averred too, warm personal friendship for Cleveland (ironical laughter), to wish to see him nominated, and made the puppet of the person who had captured the majority of the delegation. "Why is New York invaded without her wish or invitation, to settle her quarrels?" asked Judge Cochrane. "Why hazard this great election, trusting unsupported protestations, instead of consulting prudence and choosing from among the illustrious names which are the common property of the party some candidate whose name with an argument in his favor, whose history will be a platform and whose record will be a long step toward the confidence and support of the voters of the country? (Applause.) I will name a man never concerned in a single act savoring of corporate influence, one who never prostituted the executive pen to the veto of a bill conceived in the interest of labor; whose legislative career is marked by the first great check upon the encroachments of a ruthless corporation and who can never be suspected of desiring to veto a bill to bring fares within the reach of the laborer and to make the necessaries of life more expensive. I nominate a man whose hairs have grown white in the service of his country; a man whose spirit breathes out from the statute book of the United States; whose name will rally to its support all who desire to see the country's affairs administered by one experienced in statecraft, and who will restore to the Democratic column the State of Ohio, which has been too long doubtful. (Cheers.)

Mr. Chairman, in doing this I may violate some rule laid down for the guidance of delegates here. I have a seat here, but no vote. (Great cheering.) The rules disfranchise my constituency, and for that reason I appeal to the sound sense of the Democracy that by their nomination they go before the country with some apology for the action taken yesterday in gagging a minority on the floor of this convention. (Applause.) The gentleman who placed Mr. Cleveland before the convention said many things true only by poetic license. When he declared that it was necessary for the Democracy to turn their backs upon statesmanship, and upon those who could point to long lives as an argument; to disregard years spent in the nation's service, and to select untried and unknown political quantities as our guides, he said what your common sense condemns and what the common sense of the voters will condemn if you take his advice.

I ask if any reason has been advanced to justify distrust of old and time-honored servants; or why hairs grown gray in your service should be ground for disregard, and why years of toil marked upon your country's constitution should be ignored, that an obscure man from Erie county may be advanced to the presidency. (Applause.) We are told he can carry New York, but judicious and ominous silence is kept as to why he ought to carry any State or be selected as our standard-bearer. When told that this gentleman is so available, stop to inquire as to the reliability of your authority. Why is he available? Twenty-five of us here say he cannot carry New York. When you reflect that no convincing argument for his selection is advanced, and even his availability is questioned, will it not be repeating the folly which has beset the Democracy for twenty years to make him our choice before the people?

The gentleman from Illinois (Carter Harrison) has referred to the rumor of Catholic opposition to Cleveland. Gentlemen, I regret that the name of a religious body should even be breathed within this convention. (Loud applause.) I trust the cross will never be bedraggled in the mire of partisan discussion. (Cries of "Good!" and applause.) I trust that no religious question will enter this campaign, but the mention of it here is evidence that it is feared. The man whose nomination I second, when in 1875 bigotry ran riot throughout Ohio and inscriptions calculated to arouse the worst feelings of the human heart were borne through every highway, when the confidence of the people in their common school system was sought to be disturbed by appeals to their passions, grand old Allen G. Thurman (tremendous applause and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, lasting several minutes) stood beneath the lightning in the storm, and conducted it harmless from its object. (Applause.) In the hope that this and all other burning questions may be eliminated from this campaign, I invoke you to pause before you invade our unwilling State. We can settle our own quarrels. We fear no contest when we can fight it out by ourselves, but we protest against a nomination being thrust upon us, when in Ohio stands a colossal figure which will move before the party as the pillar of fire before the children of Israel to light the path to victory, and to discover to your delighted eyes the White House as the ultimate goal of all Democratic effort. (Applause.)

Mr. Cochrane went on to combat the argument that because Tammany opposed Tilden in 1876 all illustrious names be ignored, in order that the man whom Tammany opposes today shall be selected as the standard bearer of the Democracy. He intimated his belief that Tilden would accept, in spite of his letter of declination, as he would have done in 1880 under similar circumstances. Next to Tilden in the eyes of the world Thurman was the man of men, for it was upon his shoulders that Tilden's mantle had fallen—shoulders that filled out its every crease and fold.

Closing Events of the Session.

E. K. Apgar of New York followed Cochrane with a brief but able address in support of Cleveland, making a concise resume of the latter's public career, and urging that it fully justified the presentation of his name.

A wrangle of over half an hour's duration ensued over a motion to suspend the rules in order that an adjournment might be taken.

Resolutions and counter-resolutions rained by the score upon the hapless president, and finally, after the roll of States had thrice been called, the filibusters suspended their tactics and allowed the motion for adjournment until 10.30 tomorrow to prevail.

THE THIRD DAY.

Call of States to Complete the Nominations—Randall and Hoadly Placed in Nomination—Massachusetts Declares for Bayard.

CHICAGO, CONVENTION HALL, July 10.—The delegates were called to order today at 11.10. The convention stood reverently while Dr. Lorimer delivered his appeal to the Throne of Grace, giving thanks for the mercies of the past, and praying for guidance in the future.

Mr. Louden of Tennessee submitted a resolution that the committee on platform print 1000 copies of their report as soon as agreed upon, to be distributed among delegates. Ruled out of order.

Mr. Houck of Tennessee demanded a suspension of business to consider Mr. Louden's resolution for printing the platform. It was evident that a hot fight on the platform would take place.

A resolution to print 2000 copies of the majority and minority report, if any, was adopted.

The business of making nominations was opened by General C. G. Manser of Missouri, who seconded the nomination of Mr. Thurman. General Manser was suffering from extreme hoarseness, and the effort to speak loud enough so that 15,000 people could hear him was evidently a painful one. Mr. Manser characterized Mr. Thurman as the Bismarck of America amid prolonged cheering, and seconded his nomination. A great demonstration followed Mr. Manser's words: "Missouri seconds the nomination of Thurman." Thousands of red bandannas were waved in the air, and three times three with a tiger followed the set cheers, and the audience was fairly wild. Silence was at last restored.

Mr. Manser then proceeded to eulogize Mr. Thurman as the colossal Democrat of the age. He said that nothing but a great blunder could prevent the Democracy from winning in the political contest this fall. Mr. Thurman was great as a lawyer, great as a jurist, and greater still as a statesman. Mr. Conkling had complimented Senator Thurman as the senator who had for seven years led every resisting movement against the despotic measures of the Republican administration. He was authorized to declare that there was no devision in the Ohio delegation against Mr. Thurman; that they were solid for him; that he could carry Ohio; that every German daily in Ohio was pledged to his support, and that 20,000 Germans had declared for him in that State. General Manser also described a conference between himself and the Tammany delegation in which he had been assured of the support of the labor vote of New York for Thurman, the man who had curbed the power of the great monopolies. If New York did not go Democratic with Thurman the blood of the slaughtered Democratic party would be on her head. The speaker said a telegram from the California State Committee to the chairman of the Californian delegation had been received, saying: "Stand firm for Thurman. The State committee promises 20,000 majority for him" (applause); also a telegram from "3000 voters of Ironton, O.," urging the nomination of Thurman as the foe of monopoly and friend of labor. He predicted this moment was close to the time for the downfall of the Republican party. If this convention were true to its duty, success was already assured. Wisdom demanded a labor candidate able to win the worst battle of the campaign in October next in the Ohio election.

Governor Hoadly's Name Presented.

Thomas G. Powell of Ohio followed Mr. Manser, nominating Governor Hoadly. He said the brilliant record of the great State of Ohio would be maintained with the candidate he presented—Governor Hoadly. (Slight applause.) His strength lay in recorded facts. He had never been defeated at the polls. He had received the largest vote ever given a Democrat in Ohio, receiving 19,000 more than Hancock. (Moderate applause at Hancock's name.) Mr. Hoadly was known as a great lawyer, a brave soldier, a governor of great ability and a leader of courage. His character was stainless. He was stronger than his party. He was the friend, the confidential adviser, and would if possible be today, the chief champion of the last great Democratic president, Samuel J. Tilden. (Applause.) Mr. Powell closed with an eloquent appeal for his candidate.

Ex-Senator Wallace, in presenting Mr. Randall's name was applauded repeatedly, and at once plunged into an eloquent speech, the best yet heard on the floor, and the most warmly received.

Mr. Wallace said: "I rise to name as the Demo-

Continued on the Third Page.

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

MONEY IN FARMING.

HOW TO GROW CROPS PROFITABLY.

MANAGEMENT OF LAWNS.

A well-kept lawn is a source of great satisfaction to its owner; but unless it receives constant attention it will often prove anything but ornamental. The dry climate of America requires a deeper and richer soil than England to maintain a continued green through the heat of summer; yet by taking care of the ground properly and keeping the grass cut short, the grass will grow thick and form a dense carpet. The grass on lawns which is cut close and often should have a top-dressing of a mixture of one part nitrate of soda, one part muriate of potash and one part fine-ground Charleston phosphate. These are to be well mixed together and the mixture applied broadcast at the rate of one pound to 100 square feet, costing for the materials for the 100 square feet less than two cents, or for an acre $8. In applying it, it should be mixed with sand or fine earth in order to spread it equally over the surface, otherwise it is impossible to distribute so small a quantity evenly, and the consequence is that the grass would be very uneven in growth. Where these ingredients are used on lawns they are readily recognized in the distinctive color of the grass, it being of a blueish green color instead of the yellowish green color usually seen where other substances are used. As the mixed ingredients do not injure by keeping, but rather improve, and are inodorous, enough can be made to give the lawn two dressings in a season, but only one will be required unless the ground is exceptionally unfertile.

In preparing the land for a lawn one should enrich the soil with well-decomposed peat ploughed in; then level it carefully and see that it is perfectly smooth. The object of using peat is that it will retain moisture even in time of drought, and the lawn will not need to be watered so frequently as it would be if no peat were used. The seed should be sown as early as possible in the spring (if made at that season) and thoroughly rolled in; but, if made in the autumn, September is the best month to sow the seed. Lawns should never be mown late, but a good mass of soft grass be allowed to grow and remain to protect the roots during winter. The lawn will become greener much earlier in spring for such protection. This is better and incomparably neater in appearance than when covered with a coating of coarse, offensive manure.

American lawn-mowers drop the grass as cut, and nothing is carried off; hence the gradually increasing richness of the soil from vegetable accumulations, and one reason why old lawns are better than new. It is better to make the ground as rich as may be necessary before the lawn is sowed, and to add whatever may be needed afterwards in the form of the chemicals previously mentioned. In the autumn, if any of the mixture of chemicals is left, it will be found useful to *thoroughly mix* one pound of it with 320 quarts of earth, or in that proportion, and use this enriched earth for the plants taken up in the autumn for potting. Reserve some of this mixed earth, and add to the surface one teaspoonful each week, as long as needed, for every pint of earth in the pot, and water with warm water, as needed. By following these directions there will be no disappointment of the plants not blossoming during the winter if kept at a proper temperature.

There is a fashion in lawns, the Detroit Free Press says. Of course any great lummux of a man can push a lawn-mower up and down and around, and he can nibble off the grass after a fashion, but when it comes to artistic work pass the mower over to a young lady. A lassie of 18 put a mower at work on a strip of grass on Ledyard street, and before she was half through over thirty men and boys were leaning against the fence and applauding. The first few feet were cut on the bias, leaving a strip along the curbstone as a fringe. On the other side of the walk she started out to tuck and ruffle, but finally cut most of the grass on the gore and finished up with a deep flounce along the street. Over by the fence she hemmed a narrow strip, bound it round with a clean cut, and then performed some of the nicest plaiting ever seen, leaving enough tall grass along the fence board to serve as an overskirt to the lawn. The boys thought there ought to be more padding around the horse-block, but she was busy falling over the handle of the mower just then and limped into the house without taking any of their advice.

A. H. W.

Destructive Insects.

All eyes should now be turned to the fruit and shade trees, as well as to the vegetables. Every tree has destructive insects, and every insect has its parasite. Most insects are partial to certain kinds of plants, but there are others which show little partiality. One year is no guide to another in the destructive work of insects, as they appear and disappear in constant succession, frequently new forms springing into life.

THE CECROPIA MOTH.

The wings of this insect are brown, the anterior being grayish, tinged with red, measuring, when extended, five to seven inches across. The cocoon—an ovoid, grayish pod about three inches by one inch in size, will be found attached to twigs of trees and shrubs, especially the apple tree. Here the chrysalis hibernates, and the moth bursts out about the 1st of June, sometimes earlier. It then matures very rapidly, and the female lays her eggs on the underside of the leaves, fastening them firmly with a glutinous substance. The egg is nearly round, about one-tenth of an inch long, and has a creamy-white color. In a week or two the larva, a knobby, black creature, eats through the shell, and feeds on the leaves, rapidly assuming different forms until it becomes three or four inches long and about an inch thick, the body being distinctly segmented and the color a pale green. Reddish processes appear on the third and fourth segments, the tubercles on the back being mostly yellow. It now eats very ravenously, the loss of foliage being often great, endangering the life of the trees. Insectivorous birds are the most natural remedy; but there are also numerous parasitic insects which assist in their extinction, especially the long-tailed ophion, the Cecropia chalcis fly, and another Ichneumon fly called Cecropia cryptus. The most practical remedy is to pull the cocoons or pods from the trees in winter and destroy them. The larvæ may also be picked from the leaves by hand.

THE APPLE TREE APHIS.

The insect is also known as the apple-leaf aphis, but is popularly called the apple louse; but no plant appears to be free from its ravages. The black eggs of these lice deposited the previous autumn colonize during the winter in the crevices of the bark and around the base of the buds. This insect is exceedingly prolific. It has a sharp, slender beak, with which it penetrates all parts of the tree in quest of juices. The young louse is mostly white, but gradually changes to a greenish color. These lice have been named "ant's cows," from the fact that ants take them prisoner and feed on a liquid secretion which they exude. Numerous remedies have been suggested and tried for the extermination of this louse plague. The chief parasite of these aphides is an insect known as the Lady Bird, of which there are species. The dead bark may be peeled off in winter and the tree washed with a solution of soap and soda. At the time of budding strong soap suds or weak lye may be syringed on the trees. A kerosene emulsion, tobacco water, or other fluid insect poisons sprayed on the trees have also proved effectual. Of the tobacco water one pound of rough stems may be boiled in a gallon of water. A cold day appearing after the eggs are hatched will destroy myriads of them.

THE CURCULIO.

This is the Latin name of a beetle, meaning plum insect, and corresponds to the Anglo Saxon word weevil. It attacks almost every species of fruit. It is grayish or blackish in color, has a rough appearance, and is about one-fifth of an inch long. The female lays her eggs on the young fruit. In warm weather the larvæ, a small, soft, footless grub, hatches out in a few days, feeding on the flesh of the fruit and boring its way into the core. Its length is about two-fifths of an inch, and is of a bright, yellowish white color. The grub matures in about a month. The irritation of the grub causes the fruit to fall before it is mature, the larvæ maturing in the fallen fruit. The grub then leaves the fruit, burying itself in the ground, when it changes into the chrysalis, and from three to six weeks after the beetle appears, escaping through the surface of the soil. The most effectual remedy is to jar the trees, small ones with the hand, and large ones tapped sharply with a mallet faced with cloth, continuing the process every morning and evening for three or four weeks after blossoming. A large sheet should first be placed under the tree, on which the beetles fall, when they, as well as the fallen fruit, should be destroyed. Turning hogs, poultry or sheep into the orchard is a good plan. Burning tar or sulphur under the trees has also been recommended. Spraying the plum trees with paris green (three ounces to forty gallons of water) when the plums are about the size of peas, has had a good effect.

THE CODLING MOTH.

This is a small, prolific and destructive insect. It attacks the apple, plum, pear, crab and peach. Three to four broods appear each season, the early one appearing about the time of blossoming. The fore wings are grayish brown, with variegated spots, the hind ones having a yellowish brown lustre. The female deposits her eggs in the eye of the young apple, rarely in the stalk end or on the cheek, the eggs hatching in a week, the larvæ boring into the core. They attain maturity in three to five weeks, when the immature apple falls to the ground the worm generally escaping before this. The larvæ of the apples which remain on the tree either crawl down the tree, or spin a thread by which they descend to the ground, from which they ascend the tree, spinning their cocoon in the crevices of the bark, the moth escaping in about two weeks. The moth appears only at night. The second brood appears the latter part of July, the larvæ maturing in autumn. If they escape before the fruit is gathered, they seek a sheltering place under the loose bark, or other hiding places. Wherever the fruit is stored they will be seen crawling around in search of hiding places. The most effectual remedy is to trap the larvæ and chrysalids by putting a band of cloth, hay or brown paper around the trees, in which they will find hiding places in their ascent. These bands should be examined every week until the end of August, and all the worms destroyed. A correspondent of the Canadian Horticulturist trapped the moths by setting out vessels of whey, filled to within two inches of the top, into which they fall, attracted by the odor of the whey.—Farmer's Advocate.

Both Sides of the Ensilage Question.

The subject of ensilage is being very generally discussed, and a great variety of opinion is expressed as to its merits. The claim of Professor Miles of Amherst Agricultural College, Mass., and others, that the plan of preserving green fodder in silos favors the production of bacteria germs, which pass into the circulation of the animals, producing disease; the opposition to the use of ensilage by the New York Condensed Milk Company, on the claim that milk made from ensilage will not keep, and the general opinion expressed at the late ensilage meeting in New York that the use of ensilage for horses is not desirable, has increased the number of doubtful Thomases, but fails to affect the faith of the majority of dairymen who have given the system a thorough trial. At the meeting referred to a resolution was passed asking the Department of Agriculture at Washington to make an analysis of ensilage milk and of that produced by the ordinary feeding, and to publish the result, and also requesting the State experimental station of New York to make a similar comparative analysis. In the meantime it may be well to consider experiments and facts already gained in regard to this subject. Professor Miles not only pointed out the dangers arising from the use of ensilage improperly fermented, but suggested a plan for producing uniformly sweet ensilage. The germs called bacteria produce the acidity; hence, he argued, if the bacteria can be destroyed there can be no acidity. The way to kill these and produce harmless ensilage, he thought, is to fill the silo leisurely, and not to put on the weights until the temperature is high enough to prevent its falling below the point necessary to kill the bacteria. This temperature he has found in his experiments to be from 115 to 122.° From Professor Miles' experience as well as others, it appears there are many grades of ensilage, according as the fodder is properly preserved; there are also right and wrong methods of feeding it, all of which may account largely for any failures in the systems that have been reported. At the ensilage meeting in New York the verdict of dairymen was very generally in favor of ensilage for milch cows and for fattening steers. The verdict was unfavorable as regards feeding ensilage to horses, though there were members present who had fed it without injury. At the late meeting of the Vermont Dairymen's Association at St. Johnsbury, there occurred an extended discussion concerning ensilage, during which the evidence of dairymen was decidedly in favor of its use. A vote finally taken among those present who were practically acquainted with the use of silos resulted in thirty-three advocates against three opposers of the system. In France, where the practice of feeding ensilage has long been in use, it is the opinion of some of the best farmers that exposure to the air for a few hours improves ensilage in taste and odor, and renders it more digestible to the animals who feed upon it.—[New York World.

Swine.

The value of a pig from a farmer's point of view depends upon the pork he will produce, the best pig being the one which will make the most and best pork from the least feed in the shortest time. If the question were simply one of naming breeds, it would be an easy one, but the fact is that there is more difference between animals of the same breed, so far as pork-producing is concerned, than there is between the breeds themselves. Inherited tendencies and habits are very strong. In the hands of one farmer a breed of swine may become so accustomed to scanty living that it will be impossible for another man, a generous feeder, to take their offspring and make them fat. If pigs are bred with intention of getting them to mature early, and fatten easily on good, rich food, it will be folly to expect them to do well without such food. It is plain, therefore, that there is something beside the mere name or the breed to be considered. At the same time, there is a marked difference in the possibilities and adaptations of the various breeds.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated by practical men that the small breeds mature earlier, require less food to maintain the system, and, therefore, produce more pork for the food consumed than the larger breeds. It is a question, however, principally of the appetite of the individual pigs; the one having the largest appetite gains the most. Experience has shown that pure-blooded pigs are not the most profitable pork producers. Beside the greater first cost they lack the more vigorous constitution of the common hog. This is remedied by crossing a pure-bred boar upon a common sow of good points, particularly a small-breed boar upon a large sow. The resulting pigs, while retaining the vigor of the mother, have the tendency to early maturity and easy fattening of the father, and, thus constituted, are the pigs for the farmer. The sow ought to be large, healthy, broad across the back and not really coarse, quiet and gentle, and possessing the biggest kind of an appetite. She ought to have all she can eat from the hour she is born, and she should never be used to breed from unless she knows how to eat as a pig should. The boar must have all the good qualities of the sow (excepting size), especially the appetite, and, besides, possess the full, thorough-bred blood which will enable him to transmit the valuable characteristics of his breed to his offspring. The best breed for this purpose is the small Yorkshire. If practicable, breed your own boars from thoroughbred stock; then you can control qualities which are not directly connected with the blood. If you cannot do so, know the boar you buy and what he will do. Breeding hogs should always have ample room for exercise. They must be well fed, and will get too fat without plenty of opportunity to use up some in exercise. Fattening pigs, on the contrary, should have as little as will keep them healthy. Take good care of the sow when about to pig. Remember the value of warmth to both her and the little ones, and make her quarters proof against cold and draughts. Let her food be mild and laxative for some days before her litter is expected. Do not disturb her during parturition, but be at hand, where you can render assistance if needed. For the first week after farrowing feed the sow all the lukewarm milk she will drink. When the litter is a week old they should be persuaded to drink a little milk from a suitable trough, placed where the sow cannot reach it. The drain upon a sow by a litter of strong pigs with the right kind of appetites is prodigious, and by the second week richer food, in the shape of a quart of cornmeal to one quart of oatmeal or wheat middlings, and all scalded until cooked, in plenty of water, should be added to each mess. Coax her to eat all she can hold. With each day's growth the little pigs will show an increased desire for feeding upon anything they can reach, and a quart of oats and wheat may be thrown to each lot of ten pigs to work over, increasing this amount to six quarts when they are a month old and persuading them all the time to eat bountifully of milk with a little bran and cornmeal in it. When about two months old the pigs should be weaned, one at a time, the strongest first; the weakest may be left another week with the sow. It is a serious matter, even cruel to the sow, to have all her pigs removed at once, leaving her no way of getting relief from her milk. After weaning the pigs, feed them oatmeal and cornmeal gruels and milk, the latter in great proportion at first. Have the food just blood warm. Give them an abundant supply of pure, cool—not cold—water. It is necessary that food shall be dissolved before it can be taken into the system. Spring pigs should be fed liberally all summer with rich food, sufficient green food being allowed to keep the bowels in good order. The flesh will be much improved if boiled pease and wheat are given as a portion of the feed used in fattening. For the best results with spring pigs they should be three-quarter blood small breed. Fall pigs should have boiled roots, with a little meal, and boiled barley after they are three months old, until the weather is warm enough to turn them upon grass and clover. This, however, should be supplemented with half rations of cornmeal, for the pig, as now bred, is not a grazing animal, if it ever was. Warmth, cleanliness, fresh air and regular feeding are important factors in maintaining the continual laying on of flesh, which is the sole end of existence to the average pig. Whatever aids in this is gain; whatever retards or disturbs this is loss.—[Rural New Yorker.

Butter-Making Pays.

Having been keeping an account with my cows since last September, I was requested by the North Orange Farmers' Club to report progress at their last meeting in May. I have been called upon by farmers to know if it paid, and how much, they frankly confessing that after many years in the business they did not know whether it paid or not, but supposed it did pay something, as they got along somehow. I am reluctant to present the results without an explanation of the condition of my cattle, as no one ever had stock in a more unfavorable condition for such a trial. It was this unfavorable condition that brought out the experiment. I have but one cow of good record; good size; blood, Jersey and Durham; six years old this spring; her time for coming in to milk, September 1. I needed her milk until I should have some from a heifer, and I very unwisely milked her until within four weeks of her time, then stopped the little meal I had given her, and left her in my pasture—where already there was scarcely a green thing—with my two-year-old horse. I went away on a vacation, fully expecting that rains would come and there would be feed. When I came home, September 1, there had been no rains to start the feed, and the cow looked more than half starved. Her time had fully come, and there was no development of the udder and no signs of milk. I did the best I could for her, but saw there would be no sale for her in that condition, and that I must keep her, and perhaps I might realize about the value of a farrow cow. My three-year-old was away at pasture, and came in in a fair condition; size small. My two-year-old had been in milk three months; also small in size, of good stock, grade Holstein and Swiss, but gave such poor milk that your North Orange correspondent, who had charge of things during my absence, said if I would keep her and give him the milk for the milking he would not do it. Such was the stock I had to work with. I read in the agricultural papers that a good fair cow ought to make 250 pounds of butter in a season, and that farmers might have such stock just as well as to keep those that made but 150 pounds. I thought it just possible I might call my three equal to two fair, average cows; not any more, certainly, and, if I could get the amount of butter, it might nearly pay for the grain and what hay I would have to buy, having, by estimation, hay enough to last until the 1st of March. These were the possible results I hoped to reach. The results obtained from the 12th of September, 1883, to May 24, 1884, were as follows:

553 pounds butter, sold in Athol, at 20c..	$166 05
53¼ pounds butter consumed in family..	16 16
Calves sold........................	19 00
Total................................	$201 21

Up to June 10 the total product was 643 pounds. My cow is now good beef, and the heifer nearly so. If an accident should come to them they would bring what they weigh for beef. My neighbors say there is at least a gain of $40. I think the gain is about equal to all the hay I have bought—about $46 worth. As a proof of their improved condition, we are making from week to week but one pound less butter than at their best, from two-thirds of the milk, the cow and one heifer being in the tenth month of milk, the other a year. I wintered four pigs mostly on the skim and house waste. Two I have killed, worth $27 35. The other two are worth enough to make it fully $50. I had twenty-eight cart loads of the best manure. I put in these last items as results, not claiming that all belong to the credit of the cows.

Expenses: I find by my books that I have bought of mill feed, $64 50. I commenced moderately on grain feed, but, for the purpose of forcing production, increased on my cow until she was having ten quarts per day of mixed feed. This experiment I thought must result in more milk, or beef, or a sick cow. It proved to be beef, so I reduced the feed. Though I have varied the kind of ration from time to time, I have kept near the same cost throughout the trial, as the following daily ration will show:

Cotton-seed, 6 lbs........................	$0 09
Corn meal, 8¼ lbs........................	10
Shorts, 5¼ lbs........................	05½
Total grain cost per day..............	$0 24½

The ration was given according to size and age, as near as I could dip it with a measure, and agrees within two dollars with the amount bought, viz.: $64 50, 254 day rations, at 24½c., $62 23. The small balance goes into the large feed I gave for a time. I weighed some hay and calculated closely the amount consumed, and found it as near as I could feed thirty-eight pounds per day. I bought two tons of hay and calculated upon that, and found it indicated about thirty-five pounds. Now, taking the amount of butter made since I reported to the Farmers' Club, the cows paid over $100 above the hay and grain I have bought. Taking the butter alone as a basis of profit, they have paid for all their hay and grain at market prices and a small margin beside, which to a farmer is of vital importance, for it indicates that he can sell all his coarse fodder and grain products to himself, at market prices, and so retain all the waste products for use on the farm. As sown above, at market price, the daily grain ration was 24½c., the daily 38 pounds of hay, 35c., making the cost per day, 59½c.; per week, $4 16½. The average value of butter per week through the whole time was $5 42; butter above cost, $1 25½. This manner of reckoning, making the whole time winter rations, would not be accurate, as not more than six months could be called winter feed, the other portion not costing more than half that sum. After my calves were sold I commenced to keep an account of milk; each cow's milk was weighed and recorded at each milking; the amount of each day's milk, the amount each week, the amount of butter each week's milk made, and many other things; in fact, I went about the matter with pencil in hand, so as to make it accurate and exhaustive. I believe I am accurate in all essential particulars, and would myself go on fearless under like conditions. I would add that from October 23 to May 24 I made over five tons of milk. But all these things and many others, such as the lessons I have learned, the instruction received and the opinions formed, must be left to some future time, if it shall seem best to give them and time can be found from a busy life at a busy season of the year.—[N. F. Blodget.

Enriching Orchards.

If there is any doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple orchards will repay labor and expenses, or that the successful raising of the apple crop depends upon proper manuring, then we may just as well doubt the virture of manure upon any other crop of the farm. Yet how seldom do we see this estimate given to the enrichment of the apple orchard? And if it is the main object to obtain a crop of hay, this manuring of orchards performs a double service. But how seldom do we see this part of the farm crops treated thus generously? And then when the crop fails it is attributed to other causes that have no existence, especially the idea that apples won't bear any longer in our soil. Now, the fact is, apples are just as well suited to the soil of Pennsylvania, and we may add to the soil of the Middle States generally, as they are to the soil of any other State or section of the country. We manure the land for wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., every year, or we should not expect a crop, nor should we expect apples in the absence of occasional fertilizing. Many farmers entertain the idea that the manure applied to orchards is so much thrown away, which ought to be used on the regular farm crops, and thus habitually neglect the orchard, and then complain that it is useless to attempt to raise apples, as if the soil for such fruit had run out! Experienced growers of fruit, and especially apples, know how fallacious such an idea is; they know that the crop responds to the effects of a dressing of manure as readily and as surely as does any other crop, and they would no more dream of neglecting their orchards in this respect than any other portion of their farm. A top dressing of almost anything applied in the fall or spring will surprise one in its effects. For spring a fine dressing should be bestowed, either of wood-ashes, if it can be obtained, wood pile or road scrapings, washings from ditches, good pulverized muck, or commercial fertilizers. In autumn compost or well-rotted barnyard manure, with the lumps crushed, is to be preferred. Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards should inform themselves upon the subject from successful fruit-growers not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some sorts, as pears, will do much better in one locality than in another, though the distance may be only a mile or two.

Killing Weeds Cheaply.

If farmers could only be made to realize the economy of a thorough pulverization of the soil before planting or sowing their seeds, we should soon find a very marked improvement in the appearance of the cultivated fields in the country, for wherever we go we find a great deal of very poor, and very coarse farm work. Many farmers seem to make as hard work of taking care of a field of corn, potatoes, or other annual crop, and do their work as "back-handed" as a carpenter would who should undertake to build a house, or make a nice piece of furniture out of undressed lumber, and then attempt to smooth it up and polish it off after the parts are all put together. The best market gardeners have learned that the highest success in cultivation of their crops can only be attained upon land that has been most thoroughly prepared, not only by high manuring, but by repeated ploughing and harrowing, and with implements suited to the work. Coarse turfs, stones, or hard lumps of loam or clay are not allowable in any good market garden, and they should not be in ordinary farm fields. Nor is there half the necessity for rough, coarse farm work that one might infer from the too common practices of the average American farmer. It is not necessary to grow a half crop instead of a full crop. Neither is there any need of having one-half the product of our lands returned to us in the shape of worthless weeds. It costs no more to grow a pound of wheat or corn than to grow a pound of weed seeds, and it costs no more to keep a field clear of weeds than to keep it half clear, provided one takes hold of the work at the right end and at the right time. Indeed, good work on the farm saves labor rather than wastes it, just as good work in any other industry proves economical in the long run. No one need travel far in the country at this time of the year to find planted fields that were so rough and coarsely worked during the early part of the season, as to require a great deal of patience, as well as hard work, in their cultivation during the growing period of the crop. All the work of the present season seems to have been done poorly, and far too much left for the future. The ploughing having been but half done the harrow failed to do its part of the work of pulverization. The surface being left rough and uneven, the rows could not be planted straight, nor could the seeds be covered at an even depth, nor upon a uniformly level surface. The rows being crooked, and the hills coming at various heights, the work of the harrow or cultivator must be far from complete.

We have seen, in one instance, a farmer going four times through each row in his corn field with his cultivator, before he could get the soil in any kind of condition for the hand hoe. In other instances, a less amount of team work has left the field so thoroughly tilled that little or no hand labor was required. Good farmers are learning that more than half the effort usually expended in tending hoed crop might be saved by a proper previous preparation of the soil. To do this, we should first plough thoroughly. If the field is sod land, the sod should be turned completely over, and in furrows of uniform width and depth, and the depth should be sufficient to allow of making a mellow seed bed upon the inverted furrows without turning back any of the sod. If the plough runs eight inches deep in some places, and only two or three inches deep in other places, or, if the furrows are partly turned and left upon their edges, this mellow seedbed without turf or sods, will be impossible to obtain, and the subsequent work of tending a crop will be expensive and annoying. Good ploughing is of the highest importance in the preparation of a cultivated field, and upon it depends very largely the cost and perfection of all the subsequent work of tillage and the care of the crop. It may be too late in the season now to apply the principles we have laid down, so far as the ploughing is concerned, but it is not too late to observe the difference between the cost of tending a crop where the previous preparation had been what it should be, and where the work has been but half done. So, if any of the readers of the Farmer find themselves about this time struggling with fields that are tough, rough and cloddy, and so weedy as to render their culture doubtful as to profit, let them look into the matter carefully and see if there has not been some fault in their previous management, which, if properly guarded against, would have removed all such doubt, and left them in a far happier state of mind. The time has come when the cultivation of the soil here in New England, and in all the older States, must be done by the most economical methods possible, that our labor may be fairly remunerative. We can no longer afford to spend our time killing weeds chiefly by hand labor, or by the use of crude, ineffective implements. We must get our grounds in such condition, by good ploughing and good harrowing before the crops are put in, that the later work will be comparatively easy and inexpensive.—[New England Farmer.

Deep and Shallow Ploughing.

A report on deep and shallow ploughing has been made to the American Institute Club, in the city of New York, of which Mr. Greeley was president. The facts stated are the average per acre in the yield of a crop of corn produced upon the said farm; the nature of the soil, that being the thin soil that lay between the Blue Ridge and tide water, and the mode of culture, which was shallow from the commencement. It was also stated that deep ploughing had been found detrimental to the soil, causing a diminution in the yield of all crops. I had before this accepted as a fact that deep ploughing rendered the entire fertility of the soil available; that is, if the soil was fertile to the depth of six inches or more, in order to have the whole benefit of this fertility it should by all means be stirred to that depth. But this report contained some stubborn facts in favor of shallow ploughing that I had not before considered, and presented an agricultural problem which I have since solved in my own way. I did not discard the theory of deep ploughing, and I will here briefly state its advantages. It facilitates the drainage of the surplus water and prevents drowning. It prepares a bed that retains the moisture necessary to the growth of plants.

We will now take another view which should be considered in this connection. The fertility of the soil in a natural state is chiefly found at the surface, unless it is in alluvial formations. In this section this fertility does not exceed more than two or three inches in depth. If you will go to the original forests and examine, you will find a thin strata, which does not exceed more than two or three inches, formed from mould, which contains the entire fertility of the soil. This formation is permeated with myriads of little rootlets, which are the mouths or feeders of the great trees of the forests. If you go below this, these small roots disappear, but you will find larger ones, such as aid in sustaining the tree in its vertical position. These larger roots are, without doubt, feeders, too, and have the capillary power of supplying the water to assuage the thirst of the tree. It is a popular theory that these roots that reach down have the power to draw up and deposit upon the surface the necessory food for plants. This is one of the ways that self recuperation is accounted for. Green fallow only gives it an artificial aid. Redtop clover, with its long tap root, is said to make the best fallow. I do not reject the theory, but, if it draws up plant food from below, of what avail can it be if you immediately bury it again? If we put it below a certain depth, its fertilizing energy becomes inactive, and it becomes useless for any of the purposes of plant food. Nature has so constituted these small roots as to find their life and nourishment near the surface. You cannot teach to go below to find it. Therefore, if we would plough deep to prepare a bed of moisture to supply water to the plant, we should do so before seeding, and be careful not to bury the rich soil at the surface. That any scarifing of the land that suffices to destroy the grass and weeds is sufficient culture to give that free circulation of the light, air and heat necessary to the growth of the plant cultivated, and that the cultivation should be done in such manner as to break as few of the roots as possible. That such crops as are not subject to being affected by drought, such as the very important on of wheat, shallow culture should be the rule. First, for the facility of its ease, economy and despatch; second, because the manure scattered upon the surface is in a great measure prevented from diffusing itself in a loose soil below the reach of its feeders.—[Farming World.

The Plum Curculio and Poultry.

This native insect has almost banished plum culture from our State, and is, without doubt, the greatest enemy the plum grower has to contend with, for when permitted to pursue its revages unchecked, it often destroys the entire crop. But few succeed in raising any quantity of this delicious fruit. This small beetle certainly ranks very high as an orchard pest, and yet, if proper efforts were made by all, the culture of the plum could be revived and made profitable, as the tree flourishes as well, or better, than some of our other fruit trees. This beetle often ruins our cherries by whole-sale, and not unfrequently attacks peaches, nectarines, and even has been known to operate on the apple and his work laid to the codling moth. The curculio is single brooded, but one brood in a season; hibernates in the mature state, during the winter, is secluded spots under the loose bark of trees and other suitable places. In early spring it lies concealed by day under boards and clods, but as the weather becomes warm they remain in the tree and do not go down to hide. As soon as our plums, cherries and peaches are set egg laying commences, and continues even as late as July. The perfect insect is a small, rough, grayish or blackish beetle about one fifth of an inch long, and is provided with a short snout or proboscis, and has a black shining hump on the middle of each wing-case. They are sometimes called snout beetles. The female lays her eggs in the young, green fruit shortly after it is formed, and something after this manner: Alighting on a plum, she makes with her jaws a small cut through the skin of the fruit, then runs the snout obliquely under the skin about one-sixteenth of an inch, and moves it backward and forward until the cavity is smooth and large enough to receive the egg to be placed in it. She then turns around and with her ovipositor drops an egg into it, again turns and pushes it with her snout to the end of the passage. After this is done she cuts a crescent-shaped slit in front of the hole so as to undermine the egg and leave it in a sort of flap, her object apparently being to wilt the piece around the egg and thus prevent the growing fruit from crushing it. The whole operation occupies about five minutes' time. The stock of eggs a single female will lay has been variously estimated at from fifty to 100, of which she deposits from five to ten a day, her activity varying with the temperature. By lifting the flap with the point of a knife the tiny egg, of a pearly white color, can be readily seen.

In warm and genial weather it will hatch in three or four days, but in cold and chilly weather it will remain for a week, or even longer, before hatching. The young larva immediately begins to feed on the green flesh of the fruit, working its way inward until it reaches the seed. It attains its full growth in from three to five weeks, when it is about two-fifths of an inch in length. The irritation arising from the wound and the gnawing of the grub causes the fruit to become diseased and gummy, and it falls to the ground, generally, before the larva is quite full grown. Within the fallen plum the growth of the larva is completed, when it leaves the fruit it has destroyed, enters the ground, burrowing from four to six inches, forms a cavity and changes to a chrysalis, and in from three to six weeks is transformed to a beetle, makes its way through the soil to the surface, and is a perfect insect. Both males and females puncture the fruit to feed on it, but only the females cut the half-circles described. During the day and also on warm nights the beetle readily takes wing; it is less active during the morning and evening.

When the plum curculio is alarmed it suddenly folds its legs close to its body, turns its snout under its breast and falls to the ground, where it remains motionless, feigning death—acting the opossum. Advantage can be taken of this peculiarity to catch and kill them. A sheet, or two of them if the tree is large, can be spread under the tree, and the tree and its branches suddenly jarred, when the beetles fall on the sheet, where they can be gathered up and destroyed. Another method, quite extensively practised in Michigan, is to take advantage of the insects' habit of hiding by day, especially in the fore part of the season, under clods and rubbish under the tree. This is done in this way: The ground is kept nice and clean and smooth as possible. Chips, small pieces of boards or shingles are placed on the ground close about the tree. One gentleman prefers pieces of oak bark, placing the rough or outside up, smooth side down. Three or four pieces the size of a man's hand to each tree, near the trunk, is sufficient. Early in May they will commence hiding under these pieces. Examine these daily and kill all beetles found under them. One gentleman has his peach as well as his plum orchard prepared in this way, and hires boys to pick and put the insects into bottles. He pays them according to the numbers caught, and says it saves him $300 annually. It certainly pays to fight insects on scientific principles. It would be a good plan to have the ground under plum trees prepared in this way, and then jar the trees every morning and evening when the trees are in bloom, and continue until in July. Then examine your board or bark traps every day, being sure not to wait until too late in the day, as toward evening the insects begin to take wing. Small trees may be jarred with the hand; larger ones should have a branch cut off, leaving a stump several inches long, which can be struck with a mallet, avoiding as far as possible any bruising of the bark. It is very important that fallen plums should be promptly gathered and burnt or scalded so as to destroy the larvæ before it has time to escape. This must be done daily if success would be secured. Indeed, to make plum culture a success, the jarring of the trees and the gathering of the fallen fruit must be regularly continued as one of the necessary departments of labor belonging to it. Hens with their broods of chickens enclosed in the plum orchard will devour large numbers of the larva of the curculio. Plant your plum trees in the hennery, if you have one, or near your walks to your outbuildings. A very good plan is to have a strong cord attached to one or more of the larger limbs near the top, and then let every one passing give the cord one or more sudden jerks. Then, with the bark traps and brood of chicks around, success can fairly be assured. As a preventive measure, plum orchards should not be planted near a wood, as the curculios find plenty of shelter there, and are likely to be more numerous than in more open grounds; also avoid giving them shelter by removing all rubbish that may accumulate under and about the trees. Keep the ground under the trees clean from grass and weeds, and if the surface is hard it will be all the better.—[Ohio Farmer.

Roots as Stock Feed.

Mr. R. K. Slosson of Verona, Ill., writes some pertinent thoughts on this subject. We believe that farmers in Kansas ought to devote more attention to roots as stock feed. They take the place of grass when cold weather comes. They are great health preservers, and when land becomes more valuable, as it will soon, they will be found to be economizers as well. We quote Mr. Slosson: The English farmer raises mangolds for cattle and turnips for sheep, whereas the American farmer raises neither only in a very limited sense. It is understood in all lands that roots are healthy food, which should be a sufficient inducement to raise them. The English farmer, from sheer necessity of making the most off from the land he tills, learned the lesson of economy that root feeding taught him. He found that ten tons of roots were worth more to him in the health and growth of his stock than hay or grain that could be raised on the same ground, and he practically applied the lesson. Now mangolds and turnips are not equal in value as food to carrots and sugar beets—why, then, does he not raise these instead? We suppose because mangolds and turnips yield more to the acre, and with less work; and then the turnips are eaten by the sheep in the field without pulling at all. Movable fences are used to enclose the ground according to the number of sheep, and they are kept till the turnips are consumed without much attention. This ground grows enormous amounts of mangolds to the acre, a cheap and abundant supply from little land. As our country grows older, land higher, and economy more urgent, we shall follow in their footsteps, but we expect our roots will be more carrots and sugar beets, because there is considerable more nutriment in them than in the other, and, besides, we shall have to keep them from freezing. But if it be more profitable to raise roots, why do not farmers here raise more now? Roots are raised to some extent where land is worth $100 or more per acre, but it is far from general even there. It takes labor to raise roots, and so it does everything else grown on the farm. But the Western farmers laugh at us when we talk about raising roots for stock. The truth is, his land is yet comparatively cheap, and the great mass of farmers own from 160 to 640 acres. They have plenty of pasture, hay, corn and oats; what need have they of fussing among the weeds to clean out acres of roots so that a respectable crop may be obtained? They deem it of vastly more consequence to devote their time and energies to the raising of wheat, corn and oats; and, as long as land is not worth more than $60 per acre, they will not condescend to pull weeds from about tiny carrot roots—not they! They have not yet learned the value of them, and cannot be expected to save money in that way. Plenty of hay and grain, what more do they need? But Western farmers are sadly deficient in matters of economy, as any one may see by the great number of agricultural tools turned up against the fence to winter. This is a fast end of farming in the West which would cause an Eastern man to wonder how they lived at all and come out with a clean balance sheet at the end of the year. But time and experience is the great healing ointment for these unsightly sores; they will heal in due time, and a more rational economy will supervene, new methods be introduced, and thousands saved which are now annually lost. Roots should come into more general use, because they promote the health of animals—a less area of land is required to feed a given number of animals, which is so much gained for other crops, and the surplus grain raised is a clean gain from raising the roots. Then we believe young stock will gain more pounds of bone and muscle than if fed in the usual manner, because, being healthy, their appetites are kept good; the roots answer another good purpose—that of stuffing.

By the way, this matter of stuffing with coarse but healthy food is really a *sine qua non* to rapid growth. It develops a large and strong stomach, whose mucous coat is susceptible of great digestive powers, just what the animal needs to be putting on the most pounds of fat in the shortest time, by the use of fattening but heating cornmeals. These reasons one would think would compel belief in the economy of using roots, but new-settled countries with cheap lands of great fertility rather induces to wastefulness and nonattention to what they esteem minor considerations in the cultivation of the soil and raising animals. The age of the country and natural progress, linked to financial results, will overcome false ideas and substitute the practical experience of those who are better competent to give advice. We once had a single cow, and we raised carrots and sugar beets for her—that cow gave milk, and she gave a common wooden pail full twice a day. That cow had simply good hay and these roots, but she gave a good quantity of rich milk, and her butter was yellow and of excellent quality. Allow us to say right here that sweet corn sown just thick enough to have small stalks well cured with roots, would furnish rich milk and superior butter. Much grain is too heating for milch cows. The most careless farmers or their children will learn old or new economical methods when the spirit of necessity pricks them in the region of the pocket, and so we have no fears, but ultimately we of the West will adopt the sober second thought of well-tried experience, and abandon some of the hardy foolishness that unthinking independence has thrown about us.—[Kansas Farmer.

The Care of Young Ducks.

Young ducks require much the same care as chickens, but are more tender. In a day or two feed hard-boiled eggs with bread crumbs, and afterward scraps from the table, with bread made of coarse flour and johnnycake. I have found the extra trouble of baking bread and corn-cake pays well in the good start it gives the young birds. The old adage, "Well begun is half done," is true in poultry raising as in much other business. The bread is made with yeast sponge, to which some "drippings" or "shortening" of beef or pork is added, to make it tender and more nutritious. The corn bread is made with buttermilk, as in old-fashioned johnnycake. About eight teacups of Indian meal, one cup of "shortening," half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons (or enough to make sweet) of saleratus, buttermilk sufficient to make a batter easily poured into the dripper. Bake half an hour in a good oven. Never forget the "little salt" in preparing food for young poultry. It assists the growth of the feathers, and helps ward off the gapes. If buttermilk cannot be obtained, wet up with milk or water, and use baking powder instead of saleratus. Sometimes, for a change, make a shortcake of coarse flour. I do not intend to intimate that fine flour will hurt any kind of poultry, but it is better economy to use the cheaper grades. If you are not in the milk business, or are sending to a creamery, the skimmed milk makes the best food for young ducks, and may be fed from the third day; but do not give it to them except in curd. By no means let them wade into anything that will wet and make sticky the fine down. A shallow dish of water for drinking is sufficient. Ducks are hearty eaters, and will thrive in exact proportion to the quality and quantity of food. If near a butcher you can obtain the "lights" of beef, veal or mutton for a trifle. They should be used only when fresh killed. Wash and cut each lung in three or four pieces, and put over the fire in cold water and boil until very tender. Season with a little salt and cayenne or black pepper. The meat will chop easily and may be kept several days in a cool place. To the water in which it was boiled add sufficient meal to make a hasty pudding and cook for half an hour. Boiled or scalded wheat or cracked corn may be added in small quantities to their food after the ducklings are two weeks old, and in four or five weeks they will be strong enough to eat almost anything. They should be fed three times a day, and even oftener for the first week, unless some food can be left for them to pick when hungry. Give them always and all the time all they will eat, if you wish to see them grow fats. For a few days they should not be exposed to the sun if it is at all hot, as they are easily sunstruck. Neither should they be allowed to go in the wet grass or to be out in the slightest rain, as nothing will kill a young duck quicker than a good wetting. For four or five weeks it is safer to keep them under shelter when it rains. When in confinement, plenty of green food, as grass, clover, lettuce or onions, is necessary. If the eggs have been hatched under a hen, the heads of the young birds should be greased with lard in which is a very small portion of kerosene. The duck does not make a good mother, as she is so fond of swimming she will leave her nest too long, and allow the eggs to become cold, and she cannot see why the water in which she so delights is not good for her little ones, and will take them as soon as hatched to the coldest spring, where most of them will die from the chill. If necessary to set a duck, she should be confined to a small space, with food and water convenient. On coming off she should be cooped for two or three weeks, and only allowed to roam in the middle of the day, and in fair weather.

Care of Apple Orchards.

Farmers are greatly pleased with the prospect of an excellent apple crop, the first in three years. Trees have set nearly as full as they blossomed. This I attribute in part to the prolonged dry weather, from which crops suffered during the more than two weeks that the trees were blossoming. Many have remarked that this time was unusually prolonged. Almost every year while apple trees are blooming a long, cold rain falls, which undoubtedly prevents much of the fruit from setting. Some escape and the crop is sufficiently thinned to come to maturity. It is for this reason that the work of thinning apples by hand is not usually necessary. I think it will be this season, and that it will be a good investment to heavily manure orchards that are set full of fruit, cultivate well and be less careful about the crop under than the crop on the trees. With the partial failure of fruits in many sections, owing to heavy frosts the last week in May, we are likely to get a good, and perhaps, high price for apples this season. A tree loaded with fruit will more than pay for the ground which the trees occupy. The few quarts of grain that can be grown under or around the trees cost in labor all they are worth, besides detracting far more from the quantity and quality of the fruit. When a tree is bearing we ought to be as careful about cropping under it as we are about working a mare heavy with foal. Some crops may be grown, as some work may be done, but these should be accompanied by extra feed and care. After the fruit has set there is with apples, ample time to help the crop very materially by mulching and manuring. Water is likely to be one lack during the latter part of the season. Most of our summer rains fall so heavily that much of the water runs off instead of soaking into the soil. The fact that more is absorbed by the soil when cultivated is, I believe, one of the chief advantages of ploughing orchards and keeping them in hoed crops. Where the land is in grass, mulching heavily will take the place of cultivation. Now that trees are in full leaf, ploughing will probably do more harm than good. But if coarse manure can be spared to mix with straw it will rot the sod under the trees, and as the fruit is ripening the rotten sod and mulch may be cultivated with the best results. Woodashes are needed on almost all old apple orchards. Lack of potash is in very many cases the cause of unfruitfulness. Every year's growth of any tree locks up a certain amount of potash, and the apple wood, as every housewife knows, is richer in potash than almost any other. An immense amount of potash is used up in making the annual crop of leaves, most of which, when they drop off, are, in exposed situations, blown away and lost. There the fruit itself requires potash to mature it. With all these demands the tree cannot comply. The leaves must come every year, but there is none to spare for fruit, and little for new wood. Finally, as the tree roots cannot get away, one after another of the branches die out and remain as reproachful witnesses of neglect. If these dead limbs were cut out, burned, and the potash they contain spread under the trees as far as the roots extend, many old orchards would take on a new lease of life. Unless we take to drawing more manure on our orchards, the trees should be much farther apart than they are. Two rods each way is not enough. Forty feet is better, and forty-five better still. But with these wide distances the trees should be sheltered from heavy winds or the fruit will be blown off before it can be gathered. On the other hand too close setting of trees may be remedied in part by heavy manuring. I have in mind an old farmer whose apple trees, set altogether too closely, occupied a half acre, in which his hogs rooted, and lay through the summer. The hogs were fed well, but they rooted the ground so that not a spear of anything could grow. This farmer never failed to have excellent crops of fine apples, which paid him better than any other area of five times its size on the farm. This farm has been under other management the last seven years, and is less productive than formerly. Yet I firmly believe that, with pigs and manure, good crops of apples may be grown every year.—[Country Gentleman.

What Farmers Should Know.

While for general market one should grow those sorts of apples which combine most flavor and long-keeping qualities, it is nevertheless not always desirable to look to quality alone. Early fruits, to sell well, should be attractive in size and color. Winter apples are more apt to be sold upon merit than appearance. The large and showy early fruits sell quicker, however. For one's own use a few showy apples are also desirable. Some time and attention can very properly be given to handsome fruits. They are a source of surprise and pleasure to both grower and visitors. In a pecuniary point of view such fruits are not useless. Most buyers are more favorably impressed with an orchard containing a few showy fruits than with one of the opposite nature.

Don't neglect to pinch off the sprouts which appear on the stock where you set grafts this spring or budded last season. Throw all the vital force of the stock into the new growth.

Until trees get to the bearing age hoed crops should be the only ones grown among them. It is ruinous to young trees to have wheat or spring grain growing on the ground. Seeding to clover is equally bad. If the clover is ploughed in, the alternate stunting and stimulation produces an unhealthy growth, and the trees are more liable to disease.

Turnips do best in a fairly rich and rather moist soil. New soil is good if well prepared. When this kind of land is selected, it should be ploughed early and allowed to lie until July, when it should be ploughed again, and harrowed until fine. Any soil is good for roots which is loose and loamy. The middle or last of July is the best time to sow the seed, but, if the weather is unfavorable, later than this will do. I have sown turnip seed as late as the middle of August, and still raised a good crop; but generally I would prefer the last of July. I also find it better to sow after a rain than just before it. I have the ground all ready, so that when a favorable time comes the work can be done without delay. It is advisable to sow the seed mixed with earth or ashes. If sown just before a rain, they do not need to be covered; but if sown after it would be a good plan to drag a brush over the patch. They need only a light covering to germinate.

The familiar horse-radish, which most of us associate with some grassy, secluded little spot about the house, has of late years become an important product of market gardens. It is cultivated thoroughly, and for profit. Quantities are now ground and canned, and form a not unimportant part of the grocer's stock. Plants set in good ground from root-cuttings in May produce a crop in late fall if good culture be given. The roots are then dug and trimmed, and kept in the same manner as turnips. In this condition the gardener sells it from fall to spring. Cuttings of horse-radish should be made of roots a quarter of half-inch in diameter, and four to six inches long. It is not necessary to have any leaves on them. Gardeners grow about 12,000 plants to the acre. Each plant should yield from a half to three-fourths of a pound.

Barley is claimed by many farmers to be several weeks earlier than wheat or oats, and is therefore much better adapted to localities subject to early frost. This grain is also equal to either wheat or oats for stock feed when ground, and may be ground at a light expense by horse or water power with small mills for grinding feed. Hogs are said to flourish remarkably well on ground barley.

Cauliflowers need very rich land and plenty of water. Some of our rich swamps, with a stream running through them, might be easily converted into favorable places for cauliflower and celery. Cauliflower plants can be set out on rich land as late as August 1.

Keep radish, lettuce and onion beds continually moist if you want to get tender herbs.

The amount of the crop of strawberries next year will depend much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in summer and during the first half of the autumn will give a good crop next year. Scatter manure between the rows or about the stools, and work it into the surface soil with a steel rake or hoe, if in the garden, or with horse culture in the field. Keep the runners out and a fine growth will be the result.

German experiments have proven that sea mud is a much better fertilizer for rye and oats than farm-yard manure.

Warner Moore, Richmond, Va., deals largely in sumach, and is always ready to pay the highest market price for the best article. From his circular we condense his instructions for curing it. Gather between now and the first frost—before it turns red. Take "nothing but leaves," throw out all berries and sticks. Dry in the shade, on a tight floor, very thoroughly, and keep dry or it will heat and spoil. It will gather moisture in damp weather and must be allowed to get perfectly dry again before packing. Cured by the above directions it will alway bring the best prices, which fluctuate, according to the season, on both sides of $1 per 100 pounds.

These two grasses make better hay than either grown separately. The timothy enables the farmer to cure the hay with less danger of spoiling, and the clover adds a nutritive value to the hay which that made from timothy alone does not possess.

So soon as the clover falls down it should be cut. No matter how green it may be, its further growth destroys the vitality of the root, and the lower part of the stalk will mildew and injure the quality of the hay.

The current number of the Botanical Gazette contains a communication relating to the use of cotton seed by Southwestern planters before the seeds were in demand for the manufacture of oil. Cattle were fed with safety upon the fresh seeds, although not in large quantities, but swine were killed by them. It was the custom among some planters to macerate the seed by throwing them over low ground and letting them soak during the rainy season. When the dry season returned hogs ate the seeds with impunity.

Garden slugs, when they become a nuisance, may easily and safely be abated. Distribute pretty liberally over the garden flat pieces of stone or bits of slate or zinc. At nightfall put a little bran on each fragment, and soon the slugs will come out from among the plants and shrubs to feed upon the bran. When it is dark go out with a lantern and a pail containing some strong brine, and remove the slugs from the bran-baited surface and place them in the pail, where the salt and water soon will dispose of the pests.

The use of blood as a food for cattle has, it is stated, been the subject of experiment in Denmark by a chemist, who, as a result, has now invented and patented a new kind of cake, in which blood forms one of the chief ingredients. This new food is stated to be exceedingly nutritious and wholesome, and is eaten with avidity by all sorts of animals, and even by cows and horses, which have naturally a strong dislike to the smell of blood.

There is a saying among stockmen that has come to be accepted as true, that the older and larger an animal becomes the more food it requires to make a pound of growth.

How futile the attempt for muscle to compete against mind in the great battle of life! It is not the skilful hand, the strong arm, or the watchful eye alone that will in these days bring success to the farmer. These are all needful, but there must be brain work to direct them aright.

A slight jarring of vessels in which milk is set for cream to rise rather facilitates than hinders the ascent of the cream and makes it more dense and compact without making any perceptible increase in depth. Much agitation is detrimental to the rising of cream, but when milk is set too deep for the temperature—five or six inches deep at sixty degrees—if the cream is taken off after standing twenty-four hours or so, and the skim-milk poured from one vessel to another and then replaced, a portion of cream will come to the surface that would not have come up if the milk had not been stirred.

Cows that are watered from stagnant ponds or from wells in the barnyard will give milk more or less tainted, and from which it is impossible to make the best butter. So large a part of milk is water that the drink of the cow is of quite as much importance as her food.

During 1883 over 600 cows were tested that produced over fourteen pounds of butter each per week.

Sows about to farrow should be allowed some exercise and be fed mainly with green food. This will make parturition easier, increase the tendency to give milk and prevent the feverish condition which frenzies sows so that they often destroy their pigs. A sow that has once done this is not apt afterwards to make a good mother, and should be fattened as quickly as possible.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such.

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.30
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y Weekly	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
Ohio Farmer	2.00	2.05
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Portland Transcript (new names)	2.00	2.60
Phrenological Journal (without premiums)	2.00	2.55
Phrenological Journal (with premiums)	2.25	2.80
Princeton Review	2.00	2.85
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.55
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.10
Produce Exchange Bulletin	3.00	3.10
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
" Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.55
Scientific American	3.20	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.55
Sunny South	2.50	3.05
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.45
Sanitarian	4.00	4.10
Saturday Night (Weekly story)	3.00	3.30
San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly)	2.00	2.55
Spirit of the Times	5.00	5.55
The Republic (Irish-American, Boston)	2.50	3.00
The Critic	2.00	2.65
Turf, Field and Farm	5.00	5.00
The Arm Chair	3.00	3.40
Vick's Floral Magazine	1.25	1.95
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

THE NEW TICKET.

Continued from the First Page.

cratic candidate for president, one known for twenty years, and no tyro in political affairs. With a luminous record, no dishonest practices have stained his escutcheon. The hour strikes for the nomination of a Democrat grounded in the faith and trained in the service of his party. (Applause.) The pathway of the past is strewn with the wrecks of our failures. (Applause.) We name you a man whose ability will lay so wide the foundations of success that they will never again fail you. (Applause.)

Favoring reduced revenues, he has resisted the waste of public money and public land. He opposed the force bill. (Applause.) No intimidation has overawed him in the pursuit of his duty. I name Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania. (Great applause and cheers.)

On the conclusion of Mr. Wallace's speech, Gov. Abbett of New Jersey seconded the nomination of Randall. He said the great body of our people today believed—here he was interrupted by some boisterous person in the gallery, who twice shouted "louder." "That reminds me," said Governor Abbett, "of the saying of a statesman, when interrupted in this way, that even when Gabriel blows his horn, some jackass will shout 'louder.' (great laughter and applause.)

"But to return to the serious business before us," continued Governor Abbett. "In naming Randall of Pennsylvania (applause), I do not wish to be understood as deprecating Thurman, Bayard, Carlisle or Cleveland. (Applause at each name, but notably longest at the last.) Whatever candidate should be chosen, little New Jersey would support him." (Applause.)

Governor Abbett proceeded to discount Cleveland's claims of high political virtue, and asked if Thurman, Bayard and others have not claims equal to those of the New Yorker. He denounced the idea of letting young men get ahead of the old war horses. He challenged comparison upon a platform of reform between Randall and Cleveland. Admitting all that had been claimed for Cleveland, what was it compared to the record of Randall for twenty-one years? Without a ripple of applause Governor Abbett reminded the convention that the Democratic candidate was defeated on tariff issues.

Massachusetts Declares for Bayard.

Hon. John W. Cummings of Massachusetts, in endorsing Bayard's nomination, spoke as follows: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention: I beg your patient hearing but for a few moments. It may be that you are already wearied with the speeches gratulatory and laudatory that have been made from this platform. We, of Massachusetts, came here believing that with our favorite son we had the candidate who could lead the Democracy to victory in the electoral field as he already had in his own State. We are equally sure that there is still another name, another statesman, who can place Massachusetts once more in the ranks of the States that shall give their voice for the nominee of this convention and restore her to the Democratic party. (Hearty Applause.) For sixty years she has not given her electoral vote to the Democratic nominee. It may be, indeed, that in this convention Massachusetts last, of all, should be heeded in regard to the gentleman who should be the candidate of this convention. But we know how long and eagerly we watched for the signs of victory, and at last, in 1882, Massachusetts took her place in the ranks of the Democratic party, lead by the statesman, who alone was able to pilot the Democratic party to victory. (Loud applause.) If you desire to have Massachusetts once more stand side by side with you, working in the ranks of the Democratic party, the name of the man whom the Massachusetts Democracy will follow to the end, is Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware. Gentlemen of the convention, we heard from the South that no matter whom the nominee may be every State will give him its electoral vote, and the distinguished gentleman who preceded me, Governor Abbett of New Jersey, said that any decent, honest Democrat was good enough for them. Not so. The South has kept the faith unfalteringly and unflinchingly (applause), but it must be seen that no Democratic convention can reconcile itself to the nomination of anybody who will in the slightest degree imperil the States in the future. We are not here for this day alone, or for this generation. The best man the Democratic party can put up will be none too good to carry its banner. None can be too pure or too high for the Democrats, or the South. Pure and high and talented as the nominee of this convention may be, none can be more so than Thomas F. Bayard. (Renewed applause.) We came here to place the garment of success upon our nominee. It must not be a rent and tattered one such as New York presents. (Applause.) It must be a whole and entirely perfect garment in order that victory may be achieved. We of Massachusetts, voting as we please, and for whom we please, not simply a majority, but about the entire delegation will vote for Thomas F. Bayard. We sit in this convention not simply with a voice but with a vote. We sit here not with our hands tied, not enslaved, not lashed down and then forced to accept a man and fight for him while we have no vote in the convention. We know, whoever the nominee of the convention may be, we in Massachusetts will fight for him and do our very best. If he is Thomas F. Bayard we will surely carry the State of Massachusetts for him. (Great applause.) In this solemn hour let us consider the attitudes of these candidates that are before the convention; let us see the position in which the delegates of the great convention are placed when called upon

To Select Between These Candidates.

New York comes into the convention, and a large fraction of her great vote is bound hand and foot. They are enslaved. They have no voice here. They are slaves and cannot speak except by the voice of their masters. Can you believe that the Democracy of the nation is going to be triumphant when an important portion of her delegates are here ostensibly representing her constituents and yet are not allowed to express their sentiments by a vote in this convention? Can you expect them to awaken any enthusiasm in their constituents or bring them back to the fold under these circumstances. (Cries of "No," "No.") The Democracy of my State cheerfully and loyally will take any name which you may choose—we are not here divided. We are here united to fight to the end. We do not distract the great convention with our domestic quarrels. For the last three conventions New York has disturbed everybody with her bickerings, and has almost upset their deliberations with their disputes. A national convention is not the place for them. Let them be delegated to New York. (Applause.) Let us say to the Democrats of New York, "Go back to your own State with your quarrels, and do not come back here with a candidate until you come with clean hands and pure hearts, in peace. Do not imbue the Democratic party in November and offer us a candidate that means defeat." (Applause.) Gentlemen of the convention, I represent a district of my State which is populated by workingmen, toilers with their hands, who have steadily won battle after battle until they have triumphed in their Democracy. Gentlemen, thrust upon us this man, who has upon him a garment rent with the disputes of New York, and we lose the State of Massachusetts. (Loud applause, mingled with hisses from the galleries, for which Mr. Cummings sternly rebuked them.) We of Massachusetts intend to take the nominee that this convention shall select, whatever the name may be. We have looked since 1876 for the morning light to break. We who have watched for the light of victory on the Democratic altar, still with our eyes turned to the East, trust that the name which shall be agreed upon by this convention shall have written upon it the name "Victory!" but at the same time we are anxious that in their momentous deliberations reason and judgment shall not be visited by passion. We are anxious that the voice of the toiling millions of this country will not rise in open war against the candidate we name. The workingmen of this country are the very bone and sinew of the Democratic party of this country. I know the workingmen of my district, and I know that they will not support a candidate who is in the interests of monopoly. If you nominate such a man you banish the labor vote. (Loud applause.) Give us a man independent and honest, true to Democracy and labor, a friend to the oppressed and an enemy of injustice, and Massachusetts will give him her vote by a large majority. Such a man is Thomas F. Bayard. With him for a candidate and Massachusetts is for all time in the Democratic ranks. (Immense and long continued applause.)

At 2.57 p. m. the roll-call proceeded.

Wade Hampton Rose

and said that South Carolina had no candidate. Leroy F. Yeomans of that State, however, followed Mr. Hampton, and indorsed Bayard, as the galleries indulged in a rebel yell. While Yeomans was speaking there were frequent cries of "Time," and he finally ceased speaking in apparent deference to the wish that the roll of States should be proceeded with.

Arkansas was called, and M. M. Rose of that State proceeded to indorse the nomination of Cleveland. Mr. Rose repudiated the accusation of Mr. Cummings that Cleveland was named in a slavish way. There was too much confusion for his speech to be heard.

At the conclusion of Mr. Rose's speech Tennessee was called, but failed to respond, as did also Texas, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia. Wisconsin was then called, and Mr. Delaney announced that the majority seconded the nomination of Cleveland. (Great cheers.) The chair rapped in vain for order.

Speaker Carlisle, in an interview with a representative of the United Press, said: "I cannot predict who will be the nominee, but there is no rubbing out the fact that Mr. Cleveland is fast losing ground, and if it continues to run against him during the day he will be virtually out of the race by night."

"Is there any probability of a ballot today?"

"Oh, no," replied the speaker. "The committee on resolutions will not report until 7 p. m., and I expect there will be considerable discussion then."

General Bragg said: Grim and gray, personally, in fighting the battles of the Democracy, I stand yet today to speak for the young men of my State in seconding the nomination of Governor Cleveland. (Applause.) They love him for his integrity, his ability and his iron will, but most of all for the enemies he has made. (Applause.)

Mr. Grady, standing near the platform, shouted, "In the name of his enemies I reciprocate that sentiment and accept the challenge." (Applause and hisses.)

The chair indignantly

Ordered Mr. Grady to Take His Seat,

and the latter slowly complied.

General Bragg dismissed Mr. Grady's interruption by saying he brought to his attention again at least what should be an honored man. General Bragg then entered upon a denunciation of Mahone and Riddleberger amid loud cheers, and pointing to the New York delegation, he said that labor was not represented in political conventions by the soft hands of political tricksters. The laborer talked of by them was the crank of the machine. (Prolonged cheers.) Their labor was the political chicanery of the midnight conclave. (More cheers.) The people of New York had more nerve than the machine gave them credit for.

"Give us more grapeshot!" amid great enthusiasm, some one shouted.

General Bragg said: "We see again the glimmer of daylight, and young men, our intelligent population, our German-born citizens, ask for an opportunity to again breathe the air of victory." The speaker revived the claims of the old leaders, and compared them unfavorably to the new men. They were like horses that had made 2.40 time compared with those that had made 2.10¼. Let the old war-horses be retired on records pointed to with pleasure; but the people demand new blood and manhood. Every breeze brings indications of victory, but we cannot win without recruits, and they are at our bidding. They bear as their banner the name of "Cleveland and Reform." Let his name be our countersign, and, recruited as we shall be, our ides of November shall be an Austerlitz and not a Waterloo. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Bragg received a perfect ovation of applause.

The request of Mr. Jones of New Hampshire that his State should be allowed to indorse Cleveland having been granted, General Henry O. Kent of New Hampshire proceeded to speak, declaring that the nomination of Cleveland meant certain success, and, amid loud cries of "Time," he proceeded to give numberless reasons why Cleveland was worthy of the nomination. He said that Francis Kernan, Horatio Seymour and Samuel J. Tilden were three men who earnestly desired his (Cleveland's) nomination. (Cries of "No" and hisses.)

Consent to speak was asked for Judge Doolittle of Wisconsin, and granted. He was loudly applauded, but proved to be very hoarse. Few could hear him. He was for Cleveland because he could carry Wisconsin. A change of 10,000 votes would do it, and there was a great disaffection among the German Republicans.

At 2.20 p. m. the convention adjourned till 8.

THE EVENING SESSION.

The First Ballot at Chicago Shows Cleveland in a Minority — General Butler's Battle for Labor.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Colonel Vilas called the convention to order at 8.20 o'clock. For two hours before that thousands crowded about the hall and wended their way in its direction. Every ticket issued seems to have been used; and not only was every seat in the hall occupied, but the aisles were jammed full. The only ripple during the assembling was caused by the entrance of Mr. Hendricks, who was loudly cheered, while many delegates stood and waved their hats. The courtesy was gracefully acknowledged.

At 8.20 General Butler was noticed coming into the delegates' entrance on the arm of Colonel A. C. Drinkwater, and the audience and delegates rose as one man, while ringing cheers swelled up from every nook and corner, and hats and handkerchiefs waved, and the hands of thousands clapped a glorious welcome. Nearly all the delegates rose and waved and sounded their welcome. General Butler acknowledged the courtesy by turning around to the multitudes in every direction and slightly bowing. As he took his seat he was the object of the curiosity of 15,000 people.

At 9.07 General Butler advanced to the platform, where he took a seat and created a tremendous excitement.

R. H. Henry of Mississippi, as soon as the convention was in order, submitted the following resolutions:

Honors for Tilden and Hendricks.

Resolved, First—That this convention has read with profound regret and intense admiration the statesmanlike and patriotic letter of Samuel J. Tilden, expressing the overpowering and providential necessity which constrains him to decline the nomination for the highest office in the gift of the American people. (Applause.)

Second—That though fraud, force and violence deprived Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks of the office conferred upon them by the Democratic party in 1876, they yet live and ever will live first in the hearts of the Democracy of the country. (Applause.)

Third—That this convention expresses the nation's regret that this same lofty patriotism and splendid executive and administrative ability which cleansed and purified the city and State governments of the great Empire State cannot now be turned upon the Augean stable of national fraud and corruption so long and so successfully inaugurated and maintained by the Republican party at the national capital.

Fourth—That a copy of these resolutions be suitably engrossed and that the chairman of this convention appoint a committee whose duty it shall be in the name of the convention to forward or present the same to Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, and Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks. (Applause.)

When the clerk had read two paragraphs of the above, a delegate from Indiana rose to a point of order that the resolutions must go to the committee without reading. The chair overruled this, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted amid applause.

Cleveland of New Jersey sent up a resolution to the clerk's desk. Cleveland's resolution provided simply that, to save time, the States be called for members of the national committee. He failed to include the Territories, and a motion to so include was carried in a viva voce vote by a large majority.

Choosing a National Committee.

The roll was then called. The following-named gentlemen were chosen as members of the national committee:

Henry C. Semple, Alabama; S. R. Cockrell, Arkansas; —— Stokeland, California; M. S. Waller, Colorado: William H. Barnum, Connecticut; Sam Pasco, Florida; Frederick Walsh, Georgia; S. Corning Judd, Illinois; Austin H. Brown, Indiana; M. M. Ham, Iowa; C. W. Blair, Kansas; Henry D. McHenry, Kentucky; Hon. B. F. Jonas, Louisiana; Edmund Wilson, Maine; A. P. Gorman, Maryland; Hon. J. J. Dickinson, Michigan; D. H. Kelly, Minnesota; S. A. Johnston, Mississippi; John G. Prather, Missouri; Hon. James E. Boyd, Nebraska; Dennis E. McCarthy, Nevada; Albert W. Sulloway, New Hampshire; Senator Ransom, North Carolina; W. W. Armstrong, Ohio; J. B. Barnaby, Rhode Island; Francis W. Dawson, South Carolina; Colonel Robert F. Cluney, Tennessee; Hon. O. T. Holt, Texas; P. V. Smalley, Vermont; Hon. J. S. Barber, Virginia; Louis Baker, West Virginia; Hon. W. F. Vilas, Wisconsin: J. D. Rosenburg, Utah; W. J. McCormick, Montana; M. B. Dutreaux, Washington Territory; Hon. M. E. Post, Wyoming; W. A. Beach, Arizona; William Dixon, District Columbia; —— Haley, Idaho.

The following named gentlemen were appointed a committee to notify the candidates of their nominations: Colonel S. W. Bardice, Arkansas; Daniel E. Bestor, Alabama; —— Sells, California; T. M. Waller, Connecticut; W. D. Shipley, Florida; Milton P. Reese, Georgia; A. D. Stevenson, Illinois; Colonel E. D. Banister, Indiana; Hon. L. D. Kinney, Iowa; C. C. Burns, Kansas; Attila Cox, Kentucky; Hon. James Jeffreys, Louisiana; E. H. Osgood, Maine; Dr. George Walls, Maryland; Daniel J. Carteau, Michigan; Henry Bear, Minnesota: Hon. Charles D. Hooker, Mississippi; D. R. Francis, Missouri; Hon. P. Fair, Nebraska; John Hancock, Nevada; John D. Collingham, New Hampshire; W. G. Love, North Carolina; David S. Baker, Jr., Rhode Island; James H. Earl, South Carolina; W. H. Calls, Tennessee; Hon. James E. Dwyer, Texas; Hon. G. M. Spear, Vermont; General Robert Beverly, Virginia; S. W. Howser, Montana; J. A. Cole, Washington Territory; George W. Stevenson, New Mexico; W. Holliday, Wyoming; G. H. Owitt, Arizona; E. D. Wright, District of Columbia. Among the States which were passed on account of their not being ready were New York and New Jersey.

The call of the States having been completed, the committee on platform presented a report on the subject of a chairman of the national committee, which had been referred to them. The committee reported a resolution providing that the committee shall not be restricted in their choice of a chairman to members of that committee, which was unanimously adopted.

Butler on the Field.

W. L. Terry of Arkansas offered a resolution, but at this juncture General Butler marched down the aisle, mounted the platform and shook hands with ex-Mayor Prince and took a seat behind the chair. Loud applause and hisses greeted his progress.

Mr. Terry's interrupted resolution provides that hereafter the two-thirds rule in national conventions shall be abrogated, and that a majority vote shall henceforward prevail. This was met by cries of "No." A vote of States was demanded on this resolution. It was seconded by five States and was ordered.

Mr. Cochrane of New York asked if the resolution did not apply to the present convention, and he denounced the scheme as a revolutionary measure. He moved to lay the resolution on the table.

A scene of confusion followed, a dozen delegates trying to speak. Leon Abbett of New Jersey made the point of order that this convention had no right to make rules for the next convention. It stultified the members of the convention, he said, and made them ridiculous in the eyes of the Democracy of the country. He concluded by moving to postpone the resolution's consideration indefinitely.

A call of States was ordered on the question of an indefinite postponement. A motion to dispense with the call of the roll by States was carried with a rush, and Mr. Terry's designs upon the two-third rule came to nothing.

Congressman Morrison was then recognized to present the report of the committee on platform and the accompanying resolutions. He proceeded to read and was listened to with the greatest degree of respectful attention, but the silence inside the convention was seriously disturbed by the shouts from the lusty throats of thousands of persons outside the building as the Baltimore and Ohio company threw out a bulletin announcing that it was possible that a ballot would be reached tonight.

THE PLATFORM.

Change and Reform the Watchwords of the Hour—Scathing and Conclusive Arraignment of the Party of Corruption.

Hon. William R. Morrison at 9.20 began the reading of the report of the committee on resolutions. He was loudly cheered when he made his appearance. His voice failed, and the reading clerk took his place. Following is the platform as adopted by the convention this evening as the official declaration of the Democratic party: The Democratic party of the Union, through its representatives in National Convention assembled, recognizes that, as the nation grows older, new issues are born of time and progress, and old issues perish. But the fundamental principles of the Democracy, approved by the united voice of the people, remain, and will ever remain, as the best and only security for the continuance of free government.

The preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law, the reserved rights of the States, and the supremacy of the Federal government within the limits of the Constitution, will ever form the true basis of our liberties, and can never be surrendered without destroying that balance of rights and powers which enables a continent to be developed in peace, and social order to be maintained by means of local self-government.

But it is indispensable for the practical application and enforcement of those fundamental principles that the government should not always be controlled by one political party. Frequent change of administration is as necessary as constant recurrence to the popular will. Otherwise, abuses grow, and the government, instead of being carried on for the general welfare, becomes an instrumentality for imposing heavy burdens on the many who are governed for the benefit of the few who govern. Public servants thus become arbitrary rulers.

This is now the condition of the country. Hence a change is demanded. The Republican party, so far as principle is concerned, is a reminiscence. In practice it is an organization for enriching those who control its machinery. The frauds and jobbery which have been brought to light in every department of the government are sufficient to have called for reform within the Republican party that is in authority. Made reckless by the long possession of power, they have succumbed to its corrupting influence, and have placed in nomination a ticket against which the independent portion of the party are in open revolt.

Therefore a change is demanded. Such a change was alike necessary in 1876, but the will of the people was then defeated by a fraud, which can never be forgotten nor condoned. Again, in 1880, the change demanded by the people was then defeated by the lavish use of money, contributed by unscrupulous contractors and shameless jobbers, who had bargained for unlawful profits or for high office. The Republican party during its legal, its stolen and its bought tenures of power has steadily decayed in moral character and political capacity.

Its platform promises are now a list of its past failures.

It demands the restoration of our navy. It has squandered hundreds of millions to create a navy that does not exist.

It calls upon Congress to remove the burdens under which American shipping has been depressed. It imposed and has continued those burdens.

It professes the policy of reserving the public lands for small holdings by actual settlers. It has given away the people's heritage, till now a few railroads and non-resident aliens, individual and corporate, possess a larger area than that of all our farms between the two seas.

It professes a preference for free institutions. It organized and tried to legalize a control of State elections by Federal troops.

It professes a desire to elevate labor. It has subjected American workingmen to the competition of convict and imported contract labor.

It professes gratitude to all who were disabled or died in the war, leaving widows and orphans. It left to a Democratic House of Representatives the first effort to equalize both bounties and pensions.

It professes a pledge to correct the irregularities of our tariff. It created and has continued them. Its own tariff commission confessed the need of more than 20 per cent. reduction. Its Congress gave a reduction of less than 4 per cent.

It professes the protection of American manufactures. It has subjected them to an increasing flood of manufactured goods, and a hopeless competition with manufacturing nations, not one of which taxes raw materials.

It professes to protect all American industries. It has impoverished many to subsidize a few.

It professes the protection of American labor. It has depleted the returns of American agriculture, an industry followed by half our people.

It professes the equality of all men before the law. Attempting to fix the status of colored citizens, the acts of its Congress were overset by the decisions of its courts.

It "accepts anew the duty of laboring in the work of progress and reform."

Its caught criminals are permitted to escape through contrived delays or actual connivance in the prosecution. Honeycombed with corruption, exposures no longer shock its moral senses. Its honest members, independent journals, no longer maintain a successful contest for authority in its counsels or a veto upon bad nominations.

That a change is necessary is proved by an existing surplus of more than $100,000,000, which has yearly been collected from a suffering people. Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. We denounce the Republican party for having failed to relieve the people from the crushing war taxes which have paralyzed business, crippled industry, and deprived labor of employment and of just reward.

The Democracy pledges itself to purify the administration from corruption, to restore economy, to revive respect for law, and to reduce taxation to the lowest limit consistent with due regard to the preservation of the faith of the nation to its creditors and pensioners. Knowing full well, however, that legislation affecting the occupations of the people should be cautious and conservative in method, not in advance of public opinion, but responsive to its demands, the Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests. But in making reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. From the foundation of this government taxes collected at the custom house have been the chief source of Federal revenue. Such they must continue to be. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital thus involved.

The process of reform must be subject in the execution to this plain dictate of justice. All taxation shall be limited to the requirements of economical government. The necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country. Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal government, economically administered, including pensions, interest and principal of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation from custom-house taxes on fewer imported articles, bearing heaviest on articles of luxury and bearing lightest on articles of necessity.

We therefore denounce the abuses of the existing tariff; and (subject to the preceding limitations) we demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes and shall not exceed the needs of the government economically administered. The system of direct taxation known as the "internal revenue" is a war tax, and so long as the law continues the money derived therefrom should be sacredly devoted to the relief of the people from the remaining burdens of the war, and be made a fund to defray the expense of the care and comfort of worthy soldiers disabled in line of duty in the wars of the republic, and for the payment of such pensions as Congress may from time to time grant to such soldiers, a like fund for the sailors having been already provided, and any surplus should be paid into the treasury.

We favor an American continental policy based upon more intimate commercial and political relations with the fifteen sister republics of North, Central and South America, but entangling alliances with none.

We believe in honest money, the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss.

Asserting the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all citizens, of whatever nativity, race, color or persuasion, religious or political.

We believe in a free ballot and a fair count, and we recall to the memory of the people the noble struggle of the Democrats in the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses, by which a reluctant Republican opposition was compelled to assent to legislation making everywhere illegal the presence of troops at the polls, as the conclusive proof that a Democratic administration will preserve liberty with order. The selection of Federal officers for the Territories should be restricted to citizens previously resident therein.

We oppose sumptuary laws which vex the citizen, and interfere with individual liberty.

We favor honest civil service reform, and the compensation of all United States officers by fixed salaries. The separation of church and State, and the diffusion of free education by common schools, so that every child in the land may be taught the rights and duties of citizenship.

While we favor all legislation which will tend to the equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses, we hold that the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law.

All unearned lands heretofore improvidently granted to railroad corporations by the action of the Republican party, should be restored to the public domain, and that no more grants of land shall be made to corporations or be allowed to fall into the ownership of alien absentees.

We are opposed to all propositions which upon any pretext would convert the general government into a machine for collecting taxes to be distributed among the States, or the citizens thereof.

In reaffirming the declaration of the Democratic platform of 1856, "that the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the constitution which make ours the and of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation have ever been cardinal principles in the Democratic faith." We nevertheless do not sanction the importation of foreign labor or the admission of servile races, unfitted by habits, training, religion or kindred, for absorption into the great body of our people, or for the citizenship which our laws confer. American civilization demands that against the immigration or importation of Mongolians to these shores our gates be closed. The Democratic party insists that it is the duty of this government to protect with equal fidelity and vigilance the rights of its citizens, native and naturalized, at home and abroad; and to the end that this protection may be assured United States papers of naturalization, issued by courts of competent jurisdiction, must be respected by the executive and legislative departments of our own government and by all foreign powers. It is an imperative duty of this government efficiently to protect all the rights of persons and property of every American citizen in foreign lands, and demand and enforce full reparation for any invasion thereof. An American citizen is only responsible to his own government for any act done in his own country or under her flag, and can only be tried therefor on her own soil and according to her laws; and no power exists in this government to expatriate an American citizen to be tried in any foreign land for any such act. This country has never had a well-defined and executed foreign policy, save under Democratic administration. That policy has ever been in regard to foreign nations, so long as they do no act detrimental to the interests of the country or hurtful to our citizens to let them alone; that as the result of this policy we recall the acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, California, and of the adjacent Mexican territory by purchase alone, and contrast these grand acquisitions of Democratic statesmanship with the purchase of Alaska, the sole fruit of a Republican administration of nearly a quarter of a century.

The Federal government should care for and improve the Mississippi river and other great waterways of the republic, so as to secure for the interior States easy and cheap transportation to tide-water.

Under a long period of Democratic rule and policy our merchant marine was fast overtaking and on the point of outstripping that of Great Britain. Under twenty years of Republican rule and policy our commerce has been left to British bottoms, and the American flag has almost been swept off the high seas. Instead of the Republican party's British policy we demand for the people of the United States an American policy. Under Democratic rule and policy our merchants and sailors, flying the stars and stripes in every port, successfully searched out a market for the varied products of American industry. Under a quarter century of Republican rule and policy, despite our manifest advantage over all other nations in high-paid labor, favorable climates and teeming soils; despite freedom of trade among all these United States, despite their population by the foremost races of men, and an annual immigration of the young, thrifty and adventurous of all nations; despite our freedom here from the inherited burdens of life and industry in old world monarchies, their costly war navies, their vast tax-consuming, non-producing standing armies; despite twenty years of peace, that Republican rule and policy have managed to surrender to Great Britain alone with our commerce the control of the markets of the world. Instead of the Republican party's British policy, we demand, in behalf of the American Democracy, an American policy. Instead of the Republican party's discredited friendship for American labor, expressed by imposing taxes, we demand in behalf of the Democracy freedom for American labor by reducing taxes, to the end that these United States may compete with unhindered powers for the primacy among nations in all the arts of peace and fruits of liberty.

With profound regret we have been apprised by the venerable statesman through whose person was struck that blow at the vital principle of republics, acquiescence in the will of the majority, that he cannot permit us again to place in his hands the leadership of the Democratic hosts, for the reason that the achievement of reform in the administration of the Federal government is an undertaking now too heavy for his age and failing strength. Rejoicing that his life has been prolonged until the general judgment of our fellow-countrymen is united in the wish that that wrong were righted in his person for the Democracy of the United States, we offer to him in his withdrawal from public cares not only our respectful sympathy and esteem, but also that best homage of freemen, the pledge of our devotion to the principles and the cause now inseparable in the history of this republic from the labors and the name of Samuel J. Tilden.

With this statement of the hopes, principles and purposes of the Democratic party, the great issue of reform and change in administration is submitted to the people in calm confidence that the popular voice will pronounce in favor of new men and new and more favorable conditions for the growth of industry, the extension of trade, the employment and due reward of labor and of capital, and the general welfare of the whole country.

General Butler read the following minority report:

General Butler's Platform.

Resolved, That no taxes, direct or indirect, can be rightfully imposed upon the people except to meet the expenses of an economically administered government. To bring taxation down to this point is true administrative revenue reform.

Resolved, That the people will tolerate direct taxation for the ordinary expenses of the government only in case of dire necessity or war.

Resolved, therefore, that the revenue necessary for such expenses should be raised by customs duties upon imports after the manner of our fathers.

Resolved, That in levying such duties two principles should be carefully observed:

First—That all materials used in the arts and manufactures and the necessaries of life not produced in this country shall come in free, and that all articles of luxury should be taxed as high as possible up to the collection point.

Second—That in imposing customs duties the law must be carefully adjusted to promote American enterprise and industries, not to create monopolies, and to cherish and foster American labor.

Faithful industry is the basis on which the whole fabric of civilization rests. Under our system toilers and producers, the mass of the people, are the governing power. Being the true Democracy, they demand the fullest consideration of measures for their education, their advancement and their protection.

Labor and capital are allies, not enemies. No contention can arise between them if each has done its duty to the other. Under existing laws, State and national, all such controversies can only be settled by brute force, capital starving labor and labor despoiling capital, the contention ending in the crippling or ruining of both; but capital is strong, labor weak. Therefore labor has a right to demand of the government to establish tribunals in which these great controversies, which may lead to revolution, may be judicially and justly determined, with the fullest power to enforce their decrees.

Every species of monopoly engenders two classes, the very rich and very poor, both of which are equally hurtful to a republic which should give to its people equal rights and equal privileges under the law.

The country should provide by law that laboring men may combine and organize for their own protection, as capital may be incorporated and combined for its protection, and that all devices either by contract or terrorism, or otherwise, to obstruct and set aside this right in laboring men are oppressive and in derogation of the rights of an American freeman, and should be made penable by law.

All the great woes upon our country have come because of imported labor. Our fathers made this land the home of the free for all men, appreciating our institutions with energy to bring themselves here, and such we welcome.

But our country ought never to be a lazar house for the deportation of the pauper labor of other countries through governmental aid, nor the importation of the same kind of labor as an instrument with which capital can debase American workingmen and women from the proud position they now occupy by competing with them by imported or convict labor, while at the same time capital asks and receives protection of its interests at the hands of the government under guise of providing for American labor. This evil, like all others that find birth in the cupidity and selfishness of men, labor demands should be redressed by law. Labor has a right to demand a just share of the profits of its own production.

The future of our country unites with the laboring men in the demand for the liberal support, by the United States, of the school system of the States for the common school education of all the children, the same affording a sufficient foundation for the coming generations to acquire due knowledge of their duties as citizens.

Resolved, That the public lands of the United States were the equal heritage of all its citizens, and should have been held open to the use of all in such quantities only as are needed for cultivation and improvement by all. Therefore we view with alarm the absorption of those lands by corporations and individuals in large areas, some of them more than equal to princely domains, and demand of Congress to apply appropriate remedies with a stern hand, so that the lands of the people may be held by the many and not by the few.

Resolved, That the public lands of the nation are held by the government in trust for those who make their homes in the United States and who mean to become citizens of the republic, and we protest against the purchase and monopolization of these lands by corporations and the alien aristocracy of Europe.

Resolved, That all corporate bodies created either in the States or nation for the purpose of performing public duties are public servants, and to be regulated in all their actions by the same power that created them at its own will, and that it is within the power and is the duty of the creator to so govern its creature that by its acts it shall become neither a monopoly nor a burden upon the people, but be their servant and convenience, which is the true test of its usefulness. Therefore, we call upon Congress to exercise its great constitutional powers for regulating internal commerce, to provide that by no contrivance whatever, under forms of law or otherwise, shall discriminating rates and charges for the transportation of freight and travel be made in favor of the few against the many, or enhance the rates of transportation between the producer and the consumer.

The various offices of the government belong to the people thereof, who rightfully demand to exercise and fill the same by whoever are best fitted by capacity, integrity and energy—the last two qualifications never to be tested by any scholastic examination. We hold that frequent changes of Federal officials are shown to be necessary. First, to counteract the growing aristocratic tendencies to a caste of life officers; second, experience having shown that all investigation is useless while the incumbent and his associates hold their places, frequent change of officers is necessary to the discovery and punishment of frauds, peculations, defalcations and embezzlements of the public money.

Resolved, That we adhere to and affirm the doctrine enunciated and established by Jackson, that the government alone has the power to establish and issue money for the people; that the issue of the legal tender note made by the government as a method of borrowing money to carry on the war, in the exercise of a constitutional power, has become the fixed currency of the United States, equal to coined gold and silver; that neither policy nor duty calls for any meddling with it.

General Butler Defends His Platform.

At 10.11 General Butler arose to address the convention in support of the report submitted by him, thirty minutes being allowed for the purpose. He was most generously received, and the hall almost instantly became more quiet than at any other time during the convention. General Butler spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION—I appear before you with great diffidence to say that I am obliged to differ from the very able gentlemen of the committee with whom I was an associate. Many and most things in the platform I agree to. You have heard the various propositions read which I have submitted and which were not agreed to. I shall speak to you now in the time permitted me only on the one where there is the greatest and most radical differences between the two platforms, and it is all comprised in a single sentence. Everything else was agreed to. We both agreed that there was not constitutional power in the government to raise any more revenue than was necessary for an economical administration of the government. We all agreed that money must be raised by taxation for revenue after the manner of our fathers. We agreed that the materials used in the arts and the necessaries of life not produced in this country must be untaxed.

Where we differed was in this. I claim that in raising that revenue it was the duty of the government so to adjust the laws as to best promote American enterprise and foster and cherish American labor. Think now a moment. It may come to refusing when they must raise taxes to raise them in such manner as best to promote their own laboring men. Will that do? Are you ready to go into the contest with your opponents with such a platform? I come here not as a mendicant. I am no beggar. I come here representing more than 1,500,000 laboring men. I have brought their condition before this convention. I demand not that you should give them anything, but when you are taking from the people you should take it where it will hurt them least.

Do you think you can get on without them? I do not; and therefore brought them here as your allies and they will see me go away, sorrowing if you do not. I object to the tariff plank of your platform adopted by your committee, for it took them thirty-six hours to frame it; and if it took such able gentlemen all that time there must be some reason for it; and if they couldn't find out what they meant in thirty-six hours how are my laboring men to find out what it means.

The tariff plank of the platform should be so that he who runs may read. The difficulty was that there were radical differences between us—a difference of principle. The very able chairman of it, Colonel Morrison, for him I have the very highest respect, because he believes that there should be no such thing in it as protection for American labor by revenue taxation. Indeed, I believe he believes hardly that, and I believe there should be such protection, such fostering; he couldn't yield his convictions. I couldn't yield mine, and therefore our associates on the committee had spent all that time to say something that should mean one thing one way and another. Now read that platform, read that tariff plank, and then say if you can find out exactly what it does mean. It does not mean protection. If it did Colonel Morrison is too honest a man to bring it here; yet it is fixed so that it is supposed that it might mean protection. You passed a tariff plank in 1876, "tariff for revenue only," and you had a statesman on it who could carry a very poor platform on his back and yet win. In 1880, with a platform with a tariff for revenue only, it broke the back of the most gallant soldier in the country and you lost; and now you have got a tariff for public purposes exclusively—exclusively means only and only means exclusively. Think it over. This campaign depends upon this question to be decided this night, here and now. If you can't say to the workingmen of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts that you mean protection to their interests. This is no child's play, and success depends on the action taken. If you cannot say to the workingmen that you mean protection, God help you, for I cannot. (Laughter.) Your platform says you won't cut down duties so that labor will be injured. It nowhere says you will not discriminate against the real interests of labor. (Applause.) The Democratic party has held ever since Jackson's time that a tariff did afford protection to labor. If Colonel Morrison does not believe it he rejects old doctrine. You can't change the doctrine in one canvass. Practically so long as we must raise $200,000,000 a year by custom duties, there is no such thing as free trade. Therefore, so long as we must raise this money we must have duties, and in keeping up the tariff we cherish and foster American industry and take care of American men and women, laboring for their support.

And again, let me say to you that the Democracy of this country, if they are right upon this question, will be successful. Tell this country tonight, the workingmen and women of this country, whether you will or will not protect them all. No, not protect, but cherish and foster, like a mother her child, the laboring men and women of the country. Tell them that, and you will sweep the country. Refuse to tell them that and they will be sorrowful. They will go to their shops and their factories, and they will remain there on election day. Mr. President, I shall ask the call of the States on the substitution of my tariff plank for the tariff plank of the majority of the committee. There are objections, there are free trade notions against protection. Theoretically I am a free trader myself. (Applause.)

Again, there ought to be a frequent change of officers in order to look over the books and see who are the defaulters, and they ought to be all turned out, or else when we try to punish them they will protect one another, as they did in the Star route matter. I want a frequent change of officers in order to counteract the great tendency of these times to foster an aristocracy of life offices. If an office is a good thing, I want all the people to have a chance at it. The portrait of George Washington, and he couldn't have passed a civil service examination in the capital named for him for a $1200 clerkship. (Laughter.) His early education was neglected; and, in his will, written by his own hand, he spells "clothes," "CLOATHS." (Laughter.) Therefore I insist that the offices belong to the people.

Again, I represent many greenback men, good and true. Greenback men like Allen G. Thurman (applause), who can answer to every shibboleth of the Democratic faith, and these men are willing to go with you, to root out corruption and wrong in the government, if you will have them. How did the majority of the committee respond to that? By a plank drawn by a capitalist, which begins with, "In favor of honest money." Well, who isn't? (Laughter.)

The phrase "honest money" is made up of words of contempt of the Greenback men of this nation. It is a phrase not original with the Democratic party, but grew up from the taunts of my old friends, the Republicans. Why didn't the author of that phrase say "rag baby?" (Laughter and applause.) Why didn't he get up some other insulting epithet to the Greenback men? Think of it one moment. There are 100 districts in Congress in which a change of 500 votes will deprive the incumbents of their seats, and there are three-quarters of a million of Greenbackers, honest and true, who knew where they were when you did not. (Applause.) They advocated the greenback when all the quid nuncs were crying out that it was unconstitutional. Now the highest court has decided that they were right, Thurman right, the Greenbackers right. (Applause.) The farming Greenbackers were better lawyers than the brilliant gentlemen of the bar. (Laughter.) If any man says that he wants gold and silver, be it so; but let us enjoy the paper currency, which has now become a fixed fact, and let us stop all agitation.

There is no other point in your platform to which I do not agree. I believe that the majority of the committee refer as many as twenty times, fifteen will be enough, to how much you love labor. But you haven't made any specific proposition but one in their favor, and that is linked with the protection of capital. Another thing, they start off in their platform by saying that they are in favor of honest civil service reform. Now, I venture to say that there is not a man in this convention that is in favor of civil service reform unless he is a schoolmaster. (Laughter.) One of the first statesmen of Ohio, one who would have been brought here with pride by his delegation and put before you for your suffrages as a candidate for president, an able and learned man, got carried away by the doctrinaires and drifted into this nonsense of civil service reform, and he was buried utterly out of sight. Remember again there is no such thing as free trade. Impose taxation then, so as to foster and help labor; this assuredly will bring you victory. For more than fifty years the Democratic party has told the workingmen of the country, ever since Andrew Jackson in 1832. It declared in favor of a judicious tariff. It favored protection to them, and they believed it, and they taught it to their children and to their children's children. You can't unteach them that in any single campaign, unless you can get the gentleman from New York (Mr. Hewitt) to go into every school district in this country and explain the plank in your platform. I speak in the interest therefore of the Democratic party. I speak for your success and it is for you to say whether you will grasp success.

Do these things, and not only will you triumph in the coming presidential election, but they will govern the country from year to year and from presidential election to presidential election, until the old times of the Democracy come back again, when they had the country under their control for more than a generation of men. (Loud applause.)

I do not pretend to ask a vote upon any resolution but this tariff one, and I desire to offer this tariff resolution as an amendment to the resolution you have heard read. It was pressed, refused sanction by our committee. I said I will take it before the convention, they, the Democracy of the country, were and are here.

I know you are anxious to get through with your duties and go home, and I will only call your attention to another point of difference, the difference in the planks about the currency, my plank and the plank of the majority of the committee. I followed the doctrine of Andrew Jackson, that the government alone can issue money. I had rather be wrong with Andrew Jackson than right with the committee. I believe in another proposition, which is that the legal-tender currency which fought your battles and saved the life of the nation, paid your soldiers their wages and the pensions of their widows and orphans, freed 4,000,000 of slaves and has been decided to be the constitutional currency of the country by the Supreme Court in solemn judgment 8 to 1, not 8 to 7 (laughter), is the currency of the people, good as gold and better than silver. That being so decided by the highest tribunal of the law, and I do not desire, when wheat is only worth eighty-six cents a bushel in Chicago, to disturb finance and business by getting up a currency discussion. Therefore, I say, let well enough alone. What is your answer to that?

Speeches of Converse and Watterson.

Mr. Converse of Ohio said: "There was much in General Butler's report to which all could subscribe. The thirty-eight members of the committee were practically united on the majority, all agreed but one. (Applause.) Personal differences of opinion on such occasions were laid aside in the spirit of conciliation and fraternity and for success. He claimed that the majority report did pledge protection to labor and industry. The great point in it, however, was the promise of reform in the government. After these overshadowing reforms minor evils could be remedied.

Colonel Watterson remarked that since General Butler had declared his inability to support the party if the majority platform were adopted, the party would probably have to throw itself upon a reliance in God, to whom the gentleman had referred it. (Laughter.) He eulogized the platform and claimed that if the convention selected pure and able candidates they could be elected on that platform. Butler had said he was a free trader, and to prove it had offered a protectionist plank. (Laughter.) I am not a free trader. I believe internal revenue taxation unjust, and have always favored the raising of revenue by custom duties.

At the conclusion of his speech General Butler moved to substitute his tariff plank for that of the committee. This was lost by a vote of 97½ ayes, 714½ noes. His motion to add the residue of his report to that of the committee was lost by an overwhelming viva voce vote. The votes in favor of General Butler's tariff plank were as follows:

Massachusetts	21½
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	11
Texas	2
California	12
Illinois	7
Ohio	4
Pennsylvania	11
Arkansas	5
Indiana	8
Michigan	12
Washington Territory	1

The Majority Platform Was Adopted

in spite of many attempts to obstruct progress the convention proceeded to ballot.

11.40 p. m.—A Georgia delegate claims that the platform as read does not correspond with the one as adopted by the committee. After comparing a printed copy of the platform with the original draft Colonel Morrison announces that the Georgia man is wrong.

11.45 p. m.—A recess was moved till 11.45 tomorrow morning. This was declared out of order.

11.49 p. m.—A ballot has been ordered.

Grady of New York tries to speak, and demands that the galleries be cleared, amid great confusion. Grady demands that delegates take seats and aisles cleared to prevent canvassing.

11.58 p. m.—Faulkner of Mississippi moved a recess until 10 a. m. A call of States was demanded and the motion to adjourn was defeated, and a ballot was taken.

Midnight—During its progress Hendricks asked Illinois who voted for him, and asked that the vote be withdrawn. The chair overruled this. New York's vote was greeted with great cheers.

The ballot was proceeded with. At 12.50 the official announcement was made. Great cheering greeted the announcement of the vote on the first ballot. McCafferty of Massachusetts moved to adjourn till 10.30 tomorrow. A call by States was demanded and ordered on the question of adjournment. This was declared at first to be lost.

General Black of Illinois challenged the vote, on the ground that his State was incorrectly recorded.

The vote as taken was then read to give each State an opportunity to verify or correct the record. The result of this revision showed a majority were opposed to an adjournment.

Governor Abbett of New Jersey again moved an adjournment, and the question was put. The motion was seconded by Daniel Manning and was carried at 1.22 a. m. The hour of assembling tomorrow will be 10 a. m.

The First Ballot.

Whole number	820
Necessary	547
Cleveland	392
Bayard	170
Thurman	88
Randall	78
McDonald	56
Carlisle	27
Flower	4
Hoadly	3
Tilden	1
Hendricks	1

THE FOURTH DAY.

Details of the Morning Session—The Stampede to New York's Governor—An Ovation to Hendricks.

CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, July 11.—The hour at which the convention adjourned this morning, coupled with the fact that the thermometer is close on 90° in the shade, acted as an effectual damper on the punctual attendance which so far has characterized the convention. At 10 o'clock (the hour appointed for reassembling) twenty delegates were in their seats, and less than half of the galleries were occupied. The crowd outside was not as large as yesterday, and there was a noticeable diminution of enthusiasm.

At 10.20 Mr. Hendricks entered the hall amid the greatest ovation received since the convention opened; but John Kelly received equally as hearty a reception when he appeared.

By 10.40 a. m. every part of the hall was crowded. The delegates were in their places, but President Vilas, usually ahead of time, had not put in an appearance. Meanwhile the throng on the outside of the hall had increased to several thousand.

At 10.50 a. m. President Vilas arrived and at once called the convention to order.

While the convention was being called to order hand-bills containing an extract from a letter written in June last by Carl Schurz to Senator Bayard, eulogizing the latter, were distributed to each delegate, and also among the audience.

Rev. Clinton Lock, D. D., of Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago, was called to offer prayer. The reverend gentleman prayed that every delegate might be kept from being guided by selfish aims or by the fear of what might be said of him; that bribery and illegal voting be kept from the country, and that after the election all factions should join in

Loyal Support of the President.

When the prayer was concluded the chair made an earnest appeal for order during the day.

Carl Schurz writes to a friend that the Independent Republicans will not vote for any candidate whose nomination would be accepted as a victory for Tammany Hall.

The names of States which yesterday failed to respond with names for the national committee were called, after which the chairman announced the receipt of numerous telegrams favoring various candidates, which the convention declined to have read or placed on the record.

Mr. Mumford of Mississippi, submitted a resolution that on a roll-call of States for nomination, the vote of a State, when once announced, could not be changed until the succeeding ballot. Voted down.

11.07 a. m.—Samuel J. Randall withdraws.

At 11.20 a. m., a delegate from Pennsylvania moved to proceed to ballot. Pennsylvania withdrew Randall's name.

At 11.25 the roll-call was ordered and began.

There were great cheers when Illinois voted 1 for Hendricks. The applause for Hendricks was the greatest demonstration of the week. Mr. Hendricks rose to his feet, supported by two delegates, overwhelmed by the ovation. Messrs. Kelly, Grady and the Tammany men crowded around him. The demonstration was as hearty as ever at the end of ten minutes. The band played "Hail Columbia." The enthusiasm increased in intensity. The delegates appeared to be wild. Tammany Hall yelled. All the delegates were on their feet.

The Indiana Shield was Hoisted

with the American flag. The demonstration was equal to the historical one which greeted Blaine last month. During the applause umbrellas and red parasols were opened, raised and waved in the galleries, adding to the remarkable display of handkerchiefs, canes and hats.

The chair was unable to preserve order. The band was overshadowed. The audience was crazed. The applause was deafening. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," but could not be heard for the cheers.

Tammany continued to lead the Hendricks demonstration. Crowds of delegates flocked around Hendricks. There were rumors of a bolt to Hendricks; that Illinois was going to give a solid vote for him. It was rumored that Pennsylvania would withdraw from the convention for the purpose of consulting, with the view of supporting Hendricks; that a motion to nominate Hendricks unanimously would be submitted. The demonstration for Hendricks still continued, though it had already lasted twenty minutes. Senator Voorhees took the platform amid immense cheering. The band still played, but could not be heard, neither could Voorhees. The band finally headed the audience off with "Fatinitza."

Voorhees, when order was restored, said he understood that

A Call of States Was in Progress.

He stood before them to announce that it was the unanimous request of his delegation that the name of McDonald be withdrawn for the purpose of voting for Hendricks. Voorhees withdrew from the stage amid the wildest enthusiasm. The noise and confusion were renewed, and were long continued.

During the excitement Hendricks sat smiling, but was apparently in a great state of agitation.

Ex-Governor Palmer of Illinois announced the vote of that State as follows. Illinois—thirty-eight for Cleveland. (Great applause.) Cleveland boomers then took their turn and the convention was in an uproar almost equal to that for Hendricks. The band played "America" and "We won't go home till morning." Half of the delegates were on chairs. The New York shield and flag were carried through the aisles. When order was restored the ballot proceeded.

When California changed her sixteen votes to Cleveland his nomination was assured, and banners of the Cleveland delegation were carried around the hall.

As soon as it became evident that Cleveland had secured the necessary two-thirds vote the convention was a scene of the greatest confusion. An immense floral anchor, with an eagle and Cleveland badge, was borne to the platform amid cheers.

Mr. Menzies of Indiana, on behalf of Hendricks, moved to make Cleveland's nomination unanimous.

California seconded this motion on behalf of Thurman.

The chair ruled the motion out of order at this time.

At 1 p. m. the bands were playing national airs, cannons were booming on the lake and thousands of people outside were yelling for Cleveland. The excitement ran high and all was confusion.

An anchor and picture were brought to the front of the stage while the chair made the official announcement that Cleveland was the unanimous nominee of the Democratic party. The picture was hoisted on the chairman's desk, the band played, and enthusiasm reached its height. In the midst of the din of voices and the blare of the band, Tammany slowly retired.

At 1.22 the convention listened to a congratulatory telegram from Governor Hoadly, and at 1.25 adjourned to 5 p. m.

Ohio for the Democracy.

A moment before the recess was taken, and while quiet had been restored for a moment, the dispatch from Hoadly was read. It was dated Columbus, and congratulated the convention, Democracy and country upon the wise work done. He said they were firing 100 guns, and that in October Ohio would give the first victory for the Democracy. The name of Hoadly was greeted by prolonged applause.

HOMAGE TO HENDRICKS.

The Evening Session—The Old Ticket—Doing Justice to an Ex-Vice-President—Final Adjournment.

CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, July 11.—The delegates to the National Democratic Convention returned to the scene of their labors a little wearily as the hour for reassembling approached, and the thousands of lookers on who have been in attendance during the exciting struggle for supremacy which has waged for three days between the supporters of Grover Cleveland and those who sought to defeat him returned to Convention Hall even more leisurely than the delegates. Many of them did not return at all, and when at 5.35 p. m. the convention was called to order the number of persons present in the gallery was scarcely a third of that which witnessed the afternoon proceedings. There were gaps, also, in the delegations, and the fact forced itself upon the observer's mind that already hundreds of those who had participated, either as delegates, reporters or spectators, were preparing to leave behind them the memorable scenes in which they had played an active or passive part, according to the circumstances.

The business of the evening session began by the adoption of a resolution contemplating the making of speeches limited to five minutes in presenting the names of candidates for vice-president.

The call of States then proceeded, but there was no response until California was reached, when Niles Searles presented the name of General W. S. Rosecrans of California. He said:

As a representative of the delegates from the Golden Coast, I desire to name for your suffrages a man eminent in the nation's councils, and who has led your soldiers to battle and to victory. I name the hero of Stone river, the grand old commander whose image is impressed upon the heart of all the men who served under him, at the sound of whose voice the echoes will awaken to cries of rejoicing at his nomination—General William S. Rosecrans of California. (Applause.)

Governor Grant of Colorado nominated McDonald, in an appropriate speech.

When Georgia was reached John C. Black of Illinois was named, but he hastened to rise and emphatically declined the honor, on the ground that he was present as the spokesman of McDonald.

Indiana declined to present any candidate.

Hon. F. B. Fenlon of Kansas presented the name of Governor G. W. Glick of Kentucky.

The Nomination of Rosecrans

was seconded, and the proceedings, which up to this time had been rather commonplace, were given at this time a most extraordinary impetus by ex-Senator Wallace of Pennsylvania, who mentioned the name of Thomas A. Hendricks, and was greeted with a storm of applause. He said:

It would be beneath the dignity of this convention to refuse to nominate the man who has already been elected vice-president of the United States, but has been deprived of his office. I move that the rules be suspended and that the convention nominate Thomas A. Hendricks for the vice-presidency by acclamation. (Great applause.)

Mr. Menzies of Indiana was upon his feet in an instant and declined the nomination on behalf of Mr. Hendricks, but although he insisted that he was authorized to do so, he was most industriously coughed down by the convention and Governor Waller of Connecticut quickly rose and indorsed Hendricks' nomination. He said:

I rise on behalf of the delegates I represent here to second the nomination of Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. The Democratic party of this country will have power enough in defiance of fraud and in accordance with law to place him in the chair. If any man in this convention says that he knows that Mr. Hendricks at this time would not accept the nomination in these circumstances, I will withdraw his name. He does not want this nomination, every man knows. But, gentlemen, he is entitled to a position on the presidential ticket, for he was robbed of an election in 1876. Your candidate for president in 1876, owing to physical infirmities, could not be named in 1884, but, thank God, Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana is in good sound health. He can again serve the party and the ticket, and with the statesman from New York on the ticket in 1884 to represent the East, and Thomas A. Hendricks representing again the West, there will be in the opinion of every Democrat a glorious victory in November. Thomas A. Hendricks had been chosen the vice-president of the United States in 1876, and the Democratic party demand of him again his name as their candidate, and they will not take "no" for an answer. I move that the rules be suspended and that this convention nominate Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana as its candidate for vice-president by acclamation.

At the conclusion of Governor Waller's remarks California quietly withdrew the names of Rosecrans, Kansas followed with the withdrawal of Glick, Indiana speedily substituted Hendricks for McDonald, and Governor Hubbard of Texas, taking advantage of the tide that had set in towards Hendricks, secured the attention of the audience and spoke, indorsing

The Selection of Hendricks as Vice-President.

He said:

Texas instructs me to say that all along, since the terrible robbery in 1876, she has favored wiping out at the ballot box that foul enormity (applause), and when she cannot have the head of that great ticket because of his physical infirmity, she wants to give to that part of it not so debarred that which is his own. (Applause.) Hendricks will give us a living embodiment of the issue of that great crime. (Applause.) He will unite the element of hostility that was provoked against the nomination of the gallant head of the ticket, whom we unanimously chose this good day as our leading standard-bearer. He will carry Indiana, which we need, with the majority such as it gave in 1876. (Applause.) For God's sake, give it to him. He deserves it. With one voice that shall resound from the lakes to the mountains and from sea to sea, give it to him by acclamation. (Great applause.)

Smith Weed of New York gave in the adhesion of his State for Hendricks, and the nominations ceased by unanimous consent. A ballot was then proceded with, and, with the exception of one vote by Mississippi for McDonald, which was afterwards withdrawn, on the ground that it had been erroneously cast, the selection of Hendricks was unanimous from first to last, and it was officially announced by the chairman that the entire vote, numbering 816, was for Hendricks for vice-president.

Between the conclusion of the roll call and the official announcement of the vote there occurred a scene probably unparalleled in the history of political conventions; one impossible of imagination and indescribable by pen. General Menzies of Indiana had scarcely concluded the final announcement that Indiana desired to cast their vote for Thomas A. Hendricks, when, as if moved by common impulse, the entire house was upon its feet. A moment later, like a flash of lightning, the representatives of every delegation on the floor, bearing aloft the shields and banners emblematic of their States, moved to the centre of the hall and surrounded the Indiana delegation. For fifteen minutes cheer after cheer,

Continued on the Sixth Page.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1884.

AGENTS WANTED.

We wish every subscriber would act as agent to secure subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. Democrats should remember that in doing all they can to increase its circulation they are contributing to the election of a Democratic president. Push THE GLOBE everywhere; ask everybody to subscribe. Agents' rates and sample copies sent free upon application.

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All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

CLEVELAND made a gain of nearly 300 votes between the two ballots.

The convention went pell-mell for CLEVELAND when it got started that way.

It is very appropriate that Mr. BLAINE should be dubbed LL. D. by Bowdoin College. He has doctored a great many laws and pocketed his fees.

The grand total of appropriations for the coming fiscal year is $186,166,470. That is, it takes over $500,000 per day to grease the wheels of government.

The New York Sun says that the crop prospects continue to improve, and that as soon as the abundant harvest is made a certainty we shall begin to see a revival of trade.

The immigration statistics of Canada will be swelled largely next spring. By a singular coincidence the ringsters will disappear from Washington about the same time.

Mr. BLAINE FINANCE JONES, the head of the Republican National Committee, was the first manufacturer of this country to attempt to crush a strike by importing contract laborers.

Bankers and merchants feel encouraged over the New York bank statement of yesterday. It showed an increase of $7,000,000. The reserve is now $24,000,000 over the legal requirement. It means very cheap money.

Jay-Eye-See did some wonderful travelling on the first half mile of the Chicago race track. It was impossible that he should finish the mile as he began it. If, as the season advances, he should fulfil the promise this gives, he will make a marvellous record.

The court of inquiry investigating the Navy Department is ready to report, but Mr. CHANDLER has not decided to permit the court to make the results of its work public. The report will show up more corruption than was suspected in the medical bureau.

The man that the Republicans have to fear is Governor CLEVELAND of New York. And don't let the Republican managers make any mistake about that. He would run away from JAMES G. BLAINE like a race horse.—[Boston Transcript, May 2.

It is said that the reason of Mlle. BERNHARDT'S lack of success in London is due to a determined attempt to boycott her. The royal circle and consequently all the leaders of fashion have betaken themselves elsewhere than to the BERNHARDT play. Cause, they disapprove of her. The social set that looks up to the Prince of Wales with adoration as its leader attempting to give BERNHARDT or anybody else lessons in morality is a sight for the gods.

In view of the fact that $70,000,000 have been invested in the South during the last few months in a long list of new industrial enterprises, the occasional talk about the danger of the "solid South," the contemptuous remarks about the "rebel yell," and all the rest of the nonsense becomes sillier than ever. Much of the money must have come from the North, and the uniting of the two sections by such strong ties of business interests is stronger than any political differences.

President ARTHUR gave as a reason for refusing to do justice to PORTER that the reversal of judgment of a court-martial was an unheard-of exercise of power, and he pretended that he did not want to set a bad precedent by restoring to the service an officer dismissed by sentence of a military tribunal. The fact that Congress and the President have restored ten officers to their rank in the army after dismissal by sentence of court-martial not only answers the President, but proves that his action in PORTER'S case was not based upon honest opinion.

Some one who knows General GRANT says that he is much distressed by the failure of the House of Representatives to notice the bill giving him full pay as a general, and also by the fact that the Republican Convention acted as if it had never heard of him. It is really too bad. Never having had any money from the government or his friends, nor any honors from the people or his party, this systematic ignoring of his dues and necessities is enough to provoke his just indignation. Does General GRANT expect that the stream of wealth and honors is going to pour into his open mouth during the length of his natural life? He should remember that the public man's day of adoration in this country is short. His was brilliant enough while it lasted, but it is over now and the best thing he can do is to keep quiet and not call attention to his present insignificance and unworthiness.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Democratic Convention at Chicago selected the next president of the United States when it bestowed the highest nomination in its gift upon GROVER CLEVELAND of New York.

The convention was composed of 820 of the best representatives of a party which has seen the birth and death of every other party, save one, during our existence as a nation. The exception is the Republican party, and GROVER CLEVELAND'S nomination means that the grand old organization which has stood defeat after defeat for nearly a quarter of a century, will once more grasp the crown of victory in November and bury its great rival beyond hope of resurrection.

Of this convention of 820 delegates, representing all the elements of the party, 683 cast their votes for GROVER CLEVELAND on the second ballot and then made the choice unanimous. This proved that, while favorite sons of other States were candidates—as they had right to be—the decision of the party was that its best candidate for this emergency was the man who was selected.

With Mr. BLAINE in the field THE GLOBE did not hesitate to urge the nomination of General BUTLER against him. His hold upon the people, East and West, and his unbounded popularity with the masses gave General BUTLER a peculiar strength for the head of the ticket. Evidence of this great strength was not lacking in any section of the country. A strong BLAINE Republican, who fought General BUTLER hard last fall, and who has been travelling over the West for the last month, stated yesterday that he was amazed at General BUTLER'S strength in that section. It was greater than he had ever dreamed was possible. This confirms the belief and position of THE GLOBE, though hardly necessary to show the strength of the man whose candidacy in Massachusetts carried the opposition vote up to such splendid figures as 150,000.

But the convention decided that GROVER CLEVELAND is to be the standard-bearer. He is a man who challenges the support of every newspaper and every man who desires to see a change at Washington. GROVER CLEVELAND will again set up that standard of honesty and the practical exemplification of good government which every lover of his country desires and has the right to expect from such an administration as the nominee will give to the United States. The States that are surely Democratic have 153 electoral votes as follows:

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	North Carolina	11
Delaware	3	South Carolina	9
Florida	4	Tennessee	12
Georgia	12	Texas	13
Kentucky	13	Virginia	12
Louisiana	8	West Virginia	6
Maryland	8		
Mississippi	9	Total	153

And the so-called doubtful States are these:

California	8	New York	36
Connecticut	6		
Indiana	15	Total	74
New Jersey	9		

Mr. CLEVELAND will require 201 votes. He can carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. The fifty-three votes which these three States add to the 153 will give him 206, or five more than are necessary for an election. We believe that he has a good chance of carrying California and even Massachusetts, as well as Indiana. The Chinese question is not now an issue in California, and in the matter of fighting railroad monopolies the people are with the Democratic party. Mr. Hendricks' nomination ensures Indiana for the ticket.

Concerning the slight differences of opinion which have existed in the ranks of the Democratic party we have little fear of their continuance or influence. Democrats cannot forget that after long years of waiting they can now see victory in their grasp. After standing up loyally and vigorously year after year and bravely facing defeat, they are not going to forget their zeal and loyalty at this time simply because the fairly-elected representatives of their party, by a five-sixths vote on the second ballot, have selected a man who did not happen to be their first choice.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

The action of the Democratic Convention in supplementing the nomination of CLEVELAND with that of THOMAS A. HENDRICKS for the vice-presidency was highly appropriate.

There can be no question but that the spontaneous wish of the whole Democracy of the country was for the nomination of the old ticket. This plan, however, was rendered impossible by the positive refusal of the head of that ticket to undertake the arduous labors of a campaign that would a second time give him a majority of the popular vote of the country and seat him beyond all question in the position out of which he was once defrauded.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the impossibility of nominating Mr. TILDEN, there was on the whole something very natural in the action of the convention in turning towards GROVER C. CLEVELAND as the man who was by choice and position closely akin to him.

And when once this course had been decided upon it was even more natural and wholly desirable that the ticket should be made as nearly like the winning ticket as possible by the addition of the name of THOMAS A. HENDRICKS of Indiana as the nominee of the party for the vice-presidency. It was a spontaneous movement on the part of the convention, although it was partially foreshadowed by the magnificent ovations tendered to Mr. HENDRICKS whenever he appeared in the convention. His friends among the delegates who admired him for his integrity and ability numbered hundreds, while probably no man that could have been mentioned would have excited so little antagonism.

In his own State, Indiana, Mr. HENDRICKS is particularly strong, and his nomination removes all doubts that may hitherto have been entertained as to the ability of the Democratic party to carry Indiana by a large majority.

Outside of his own State HENDRICKS is known as an upright and able man, and his name is endeared and strengthened in the minds of the masses through his connection with TILDEN and the old ticket.

Looked at in every aspect, the nomination is an appropriate one and the strongest that could have been made.

CONFIDENCE BEING RESTORED.

[Philadelphia Call.]

There is a growing belief that the depression in business has touched bottom, and that a gradual, and possibly rapid, recovery will now take place. It is difficult to indicate the exact evidence of such a change. It is rather felt than seen. As in nature, certain events are felt to be in a given form, rather than known to be; so in business, there is a feeling that the worst is over before any distinct evidence is seen. Yet, even now, there is a basis for the belief that so widely prevails. The crops have matured, and are being gathered. These are so abundant and good that they represent a vast increase of our national wealth. This is substantial and real. Hence there is the assurance that we are substantially wealthier than we were several months ago. It is noticed that legitimate business, while it suffered in the speculative panic, produced no disastrous failures and is in a healthy condition. There are even signs of an advance. In many departments business shows signs of picking up. Hence the courage that is being revealed in so many directions. Confidence is being gradually restored, and we regard it as conclusive that we will certainly have a full recovery in the early fall if we do not find the summer one of great promise.

WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

The breaking up of the Republican party, which has been confidently predicted for at least four years by observers not blinded by party feeling, is now imminent. Indeed, the organization is already in process of dissolution, and it will require but one defeat to finish the work, and a very brief time to bury the debris.

The managers of the party machine knew in 1876 that without the offices the party could not be held together for another campaign, and that the exposure sure to follow a change of administration would pile up a pyramid of infamy that would sink the machine out of sight in the mire of oblivion. It was desperation that invented the fraud of 1876 and raised the money to bribe voters in 1880. But these expedients only delayed the inevitable. A party cannot exist long without principles. The cohesive power of public plunder is great, but it cannot perpetuate the rule of rascality in a government of the people. The Republicans long since ceased to have any principles, but it takes time to wear away the prejudices and habits of the majority of men and leave them capable of seeing things as things really are.

Time and the nomination of a notorious political jobber have opened the eyes of the more intelligent and honest Republicans, and they now see that the party does not represent the issues, the principles or the methods in which they believe, and however much they may regret the severing of old ties and associations, they feel that the time has come for abandoning the degenerate organization and rescuing the government from the control of the spoilsmen.

The Democratic party has been out of power so long that the vitality of its principles is clearly demonstrated. Nothing else could have held the organization together all these years. The masses of Democrats have marched to certain defeat year after year, animated by no hope of reward, no promise of spoils. Had Democracy meant nothing but control of the offices, the party would have lost its identity and become merged in some other organization after the defeat of 1860, when radical disagreement on questions demanding immediate decision shattered its power.

The Republican party in 1860 occupied a position resembling in some respects that in which the Democratic party stands today. It was in sympathy with the popular sentiment of the day, and attracted the men who found themselves compelled by their convictions to leave the ranks of the older parties. The bolters, the new men, joined it to administer the punishment which they thought was deserved by the men who had been in power for many years. And they did the work thoroughly.

Everything points to a repetition in 1884 of the history of 1860, with the parties reversed. But the situations are parallel only in the particulars noted, for it is very improbable that the Republican party, as it now exists, can survive the shock of a defeat. It will be dissolved into its original elements, which will attach themselves to either the Democratic party, or some other organization representing the opposition on some issue concerning which public opinion will be divided.

That the hour of final defeat for the g. o. p. is at hand, is evident. It is divided against itself to a greater extent even than was threatened in 1876, before the HAYES poultice was applied. HAYES united the forces then, and kept the Independents in line, but the party was beaten at the polls by a quarter of a million majority. The Democratic party has in 1884, as it had in 1876, a reform governor of New York for its candidate, and in other points is even better equipped for the contest. Heretofore the weight of press influence has been thrown into the Republican side of the scales, the Democrats having but one paper of any consequence in New York to aid them, and that one sometimes being rather eccentric as an ally. Now the Republicans can command the services of only one paper of limited circulation and dubious influence. The World has become a power in New York journalism, and leads the Cleveland forces, and the Democratic candidate is warmly supported by the Herald and Times. In Boston the conditions have similarly changed, the Democrats being aided in the battle for reform by all but two papers. It is the same throughout the country. The secular and religious journals of largest circulation and greatest influence are fighting on the side of reform and honest administration with the regenerated Democratic party. The party no longer suffers for lack of funds with which to pay the expenses of speakers, circulate campaign documents and employ canvassers. The prospect of success has brought the financial support necessary for the proper conduct of a campaign. Everything indicates the triumph of principle over the corrupt elements of politics.

WHERE THE WOMEN ARE.

They say, and all true Americans are proud of the fact, that the United States is the "woman's land," the country where they have at the same time the most liberty and the most respect. But it is not the "women's land" as far as their numbers are concerned. Though perhaps if there were not nearly a million more men than women in the United States, members of the feminine sex would not find it such good fortune to be born here.

If there is anything in that view of the question, women ought to find that the times get better for them in this country. For in numbers the men are gaining on them.

The effects of the war were still to be seen in 1870, when the native-born women were slightly in excess, but the male element of the foreign population made up the deficiency and turned the masculine excess into the hundred thousands. Since then the excess of the gain in male population over the female gain has been half a million or more.

A monograph just issued by the bureau of education gives some interesting diagrams of how the excess is distributed. It is generally thought that there has been at least a moderate rush of the "superfluous women" of the East to the Western States. But these diagrams show that the male excess has been rapidly increasing through all the Western States and Territories, the increase extending even as far east as Ohio.

Even polygamy cannot turn this growth in the opposite direction, for Utah, with an excess of men of only 1000 in 1870, shows four times that ten years later.

The figures on these maps make it look as if Massachusetts would be the best place to bring up the Mormon argument of the relative numbers of the sexes. This Commonwealth seems to be a magnet for the female sex. Its excess of women increased from 49,000 in 1870 to 66,000 ten years later. The excess of females among its foreign-born increased 13,000 in the same time, and an excess of 1000 in colored male over colored female population in 1870 had dwindled entirely away in 1880. Is Massachusetts going to become an Adamless Eden in course of time?

The States in which the female excess is found are the New England States—excepting Vermont, New York—in which the excess numbered 70,000 in 1880—the Middle States, and then the line of the Southern States along the coast—excepting Florida—and also Alabama and Tennessee. It is an odd fact, too, that through nearly all these States there is an excess of colored females over colored males.

In regard to sex, the population of the United States is certainly not well balanced. For, with a large predominance of men in the sum total, there is yet a narrow strip along the eastern coast in which women are in excess.

WHAT EVERYBODY NEEDS.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE—being first and always a family newspaper, interesting and valuable to every one, high or low, rich or poor, old or young, of this or that religious or political faith—will continue to make so good and necessary a weekly paper that no live reader can afford to do without it. It will present every week an appetizing and wholesome table of contents. Some features which are peculiar to it, and render it pre-eminent among weekly newspapers are its agricultural department, alone worth the subscription price; its ladies' department, alone worth the subscription price; its letters by George Alfred Townsend, alone worth the subscription price; its sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, alone worth the subscription price; its original novels, twelve a year, alone worth the subscription price; its side-splitting "Telephone Talks with Blaine," to begin shortly, alone worth the subscription price; its political and general news is alone worth the subscription price.

THE UNIT RULE.

The Democratic Convention made a mistake when it decided to retain the unit rule. Such a rule is directly opposed to the doctrine of democracy and should have been abolished long ago. It is the antithesis of free speech and fair play, and it makes representation in the convention a farce. The unit rule destroys independence of opinion and action and falsifies the record of a convention's deliberations. It puts all the power into the hands of a majority of the majority, which may mean a minority of the whole, silences delegates who have a right to be heard and makes them mere puppets instead of participants in the councils of the party.

The Republicans got rid of this gag rule four years ago, because it was too undemocratic for even a Republican Convention. Under the tyrannical and unjust rule the votes of the New York delegates who voted to overthrow it were actually counted as sustaining it. Certainly there can be nothing fair, nothing honest in such a rule. It is not fit for the guidance of Democrats.

AND STILL IT COMES.

Government has not started a whit too soon in the investigation of the importation of cheap labor, which is one of the duties of the new labor bureau. It might have begun a good deal sooner with benefit to workingmen. A flagrant case, as yet no farther than the intention, has come out in Columbus, O., where the Coal Exchange has decided to import a new lot of cheap laborers to take the place of 3000 miners who are now locked out of the mines in the Hocking valley.

It is getting to be a very easy thing for large corporations to quell a strike or any attempt at a strike by sending over to Europe and importing a horde of cheap laborers, whom, by dint of misrepresentation and fair promises, they get over here and put to work at starvation prices. And when they learn the wisdom of American freedom all the corporation has to do is to import some more. It is a refined way of turning the screw upon labor in which wealth manages to put a faint imitation of justice and right. And it is highly probable that if it is turned off from this it will find some othey way to reach the same end.

But still, the labor bureau has a good work before it in investigating this matter, and it is to be hoped that the next session of Congress will see the end of it.

MAGNETISM OR MUSCLE.

Miss LULU HURST, the electric girl from Georgia, is giving New York an exhibition of her alleged wonderful powers, and New York is divided in opinion concerning the nature of said powers. Professional athletes, who have been hurled across the stage of Wallack's Theatre by the touch of the laughing girl's palm, shake their heads and own up that they don't understand the thing at all. Dr. HAMMOND, who has not seen the performance, admits that he knows all about it, and that the source of Miss HURST'S power is simply extraordinary muscular strength. Dr. FORREST, who has closely observed the performance, declares that it is a trick, and that anybody can do what Miss HURST does. He repeated one of her experiments the other night, and hurled a fat man from a chair on the stage, thereby bringing on a row and breaking up the show. The doctors are positive that there is no electricity, no magnetism, nothing but muscle in the hands of Miss HURST. The trained athletes, who were vanquished so easily by a mere girl, are not so ready to accept the explanation given by the doctors. The question might be settled by giving Miss HURST a chance to try her powers upon the Boston strong boy, if the B. s. b. can be caught sober enough to appear before a New York audience.

Spain has got more Cuba than she wants, and would like to get rid of the island before there is another revolution there or the whole island is bankrupt. The Spanish commission that has been investigating matters will recommend the plan of putting Cuba in a hat and passing her around to see which of the powers will take her off the Spanish hands. They think of trying to lease her to the German government with the hope that after the Germans have sucked up all that the Spanish have left the United States will be willing to buy her. The idea of giving Cuba the independence her many revolutions have entitled her to does not seem to have entered the Spanish head. The only use they have for the island is to squeeze all the money out of it they can get.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Chicago News: "No," said Fate, looking sorrowfully down on Chicago, "I will not send the cholera to annoy them. They have had one convention and are about to have another. Poor things!"

"The crops promise well" is the word from the West, whereupon a laugh goes up at the stereotyped expression. Isn't it much better, however, to be hopeful and sanguine than to have the blues all the time? When the West teaches the East hopefulness it is doing a good thing.

Syracuse Herald: Chinese farmers in California have begun the cultivation of the opium-yielding poppy, and are making a success of it. If Chinamen propose to increase the alarming spread of the opium habit in this country by cheapening the drug, the sooner they are marched into the Pacific ocean the better.

Eli Perkins, who is in England, writes that he thinks that "live Americans could come to England and establish agencies or stores for the sale of American corn, bacon and fresh meat, and make a great deal of money." Possibly; but Americans propose to see to it that this country is run so that they can make a decent living on their own soil.

New York Sun: "What are you going to do with the dog?" asked a gentleman on the street of a friend who was carrying a small poodle under his arm; "take him down to the river and drown him?" "I wish I might," was the sad response; "but he belongs to my wife. I am taking him over to the barber's to have his hair cut."

The lady critic of a San Francisco paper attributes the charm of Mrs. Langtry to cleanliness. This would appear to be a pretty broad hint to other actresses to—but we forbear.

When Albert Giles was a small boy his father put him into a half orphan asylum in Virginia, though not compelled by poverty to do so. Albert lately retaliated by sending his paupered parent to a poorhouse, though abundantly able to take care of him. The case is being considered by the church to which the revengeful son belongs.

A gentleman who has been tried in Dublin for polygamy, having five wives, has been adjudged "insane with regard to his matrimonial engagements." And married paragraphers are all exclaiming "a righteous judge. The man has been removed from his home to another insane asylum.

Chaff: Deacon—"My lad, can you tell me how far it is to Brownville?" Boy (mistaking the deacon's sun-burn)—"Why its only five miles, but it might be ten for you as there are four taverns on the road."

A writer alleges that doctors cannot settle the cholera question, do not know what it really is, where it comes from or how it travels. Nobody cares to have it, however, so that the doctors may become posted, and with good quarantine protection we don't think America need be visited by it.

Some one figures up the dimensions of heaven from data furnished in the Book of Revelation. After allowing plenty of space for streets, throne, court, etc., he has enough left for rooms, sixteen feet square, to allow a hundred rooms for each person in a hundred worlds like ours, during a thousand centuries of time.

Graphic: A recent advertisement in a morning paper read, "When will my own love return? Jane." The next day the following appeared, "When does the old man leave town? Tom." It is believed that the two have some sort of connection.

Country youths who think that a poorly-paid clerkship in the city is better than being a skilled artisan, may see their mistake sometime. Not that a clerk may not make a good merchant, but many clerks would make better mechanics or professional men.

Graphic: "I hope your uncle won't give me away," remarked young Auger to Miss Gimlet. "Don't you worry about that. He never gives anything away. He's a pawnbroker."

"Street car etiquette is declining," remarked the conductor, "and the principal cause is the presumption of the female sex."

Science meddles with so many things in this life and scares so many timid people that there is reason for the sarcastic remark of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette that "science will no doubt eventually prove that the earth is not a fit abiding place for man." The sensible thing to do is to eat and drink what agrees with you, be cheerful and live to the good old age of the forefathers.

"That pale, loose-jointed clerk, that nervous and dyspeptic professional man, or his neighbor, the business man, who thinks he is in health because a quantity of flabby flesh covers his bones, although he is conscious of sundry ailments for which he swallows drugs, might all be happy, hearty men if they would desert the doctor and druggist and join a gymnasium," says a writer. The importance of a good instructor should not be overlooked. Then there is no danger of overtraining.

A good story comes from an Anglo-Indian station. A sub-lieutenant took sick leave, and spent his leisure in steps preliminary to getting married. The colonel heard of the indiscretion and telegraphed: "Join at once." The youth's betrothed, however, knew how to act in the emergency, and in forty-eight hours the colonel received the following reply per telegraph: "Your orders are obeyed. We will join at once."

If any letters from France come for you tell your mother-in-law she can open them in your absence on your vacation. You should have no secrets from her and should divide everything with her—even the cholera.

Ferdinand Ward is only 30 years old, but he succeeded in borrowing $17,000,000. It is perfectly proper, therefore, that he should be locked up and give other borrowers a chance.

A writer recalls the fact that during the reign of the cholera in Pittsburg in 1854 the total number of deaths was something like 1000, or an average rate of fifty a day. There were as many deaths in the hill districts as in the low districts.

After seven years of labor a New York lady has completed a silk quilt composed of 14,000 pieces. The total number of stitches was 420,000. Its value is $500.

Pittsburg Telegraph: Benedict Arnold's descendants are doing well in Canada. Benedict, it will be remembered, bolted his party.

A New York barber alleges that customers who do not "tip" the barber must expect a hard scraping and a gash or two. If that is the custom in New York travellers will be investing in a shaving set.

A veteran country peddler reports that he has no faith in hydrophobia cures. In fact, he does not believe in the disease as affecting humans, he having been bitten more than a hundred times, and there being proof in every case that the dog was very mad.—[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.] This is also the theory of Dr. Al Watts of this city.

The pastor of a Georgia church took a vote of his congregation last Sunday on the whiskey question. When he called for all those in favor of selling whiskey in the county only one person rose. But when he called triumphantly for those opposed nobody rose. This displeased the good pastor, and he has notified his congregation to change its mind or give him up.

"We wish our candidate had as clean a record as Governor Cleveland," said many honest Republicans yesterday. Character is going to count in this campaign as well as votes.

The Democratic nominee is too popular with thousands of Republicans to make the Blaineites feel comfortable.

Lack of confidence in him in his own party is what is going to handicap and defeat James G. Blaine.

The public will be pleased to learn that the Democratic nominees are not interested in any guano beds in South America.

Some of the Blaine Republicans are chuckling because Governor Cleveland is a poor man. Money cannot buy character.

Mr. Blaine's nomination did not affect the stock market on the day it was made, but it is significant that yesterday, after the news of Governor Cleveland's nomination, prices immediately took an upward turn in the New York stock market. Before his selection there had been numerous Republican rumors that his nomination would lower prices. These lies were nailed very quickly.

The salaries of public officials in Switzerland are small. A man with an income of $2500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have $5000 is to be rich.

SIMON, THE PHARISEE.

Mr. Beecher's Last Sermon for the Season.

The Lesson Taught by Jesus at the Dinner at Simon's House.

His Forgiveness of the Woman Who Was a Sinner.

BROOKLYN, July 13.—Mr. Beecher spoke this morning upon the scene in the life of Christ which is recorded in the seventh chapter of Luke's gospel, beginning with the thirty-sixth verse.

One that walks along a path in some country street or lane, he said, and morning and night treads upon a thousand roots and chance flowers, at the end of the season only remembers that there was a greensward at each particular root, and neglects and scarcely discerns the single flower. They were all wayside flowers, and he has learned nothing, except that there was a cushioned path for his feet. So one walks the shaded places of the Bible. So familiarity with some of the richest scenes, both of the Old Testament and of the New, takes away from them both their beauty and their profit to us, and this is especially the case in the life of our Saviour. We have derived less benefit from the teaching of Christ, whether by lip or by conduct, than we should have done if for so long time the mind of the church had not been turned to the question of his divinity. Men have attempted to make that mark the circumference of identifications that are known to prove that one walking in human guise was, nevertheless, divine. Now to my mind while this has had periods in which it was most important, and although this question of the divinity of Christ is of transcendent importance, I think at last we have got to the wrong end of it, and it is far more important for us to know what divinity would do clothed with flesh and put under conditions of human life than to know whether a given man in the flesh was divine or not. It is to the last degree important that we should know the contents of God. The meets and the bounds of infinity no man can understand. What the personality of God is no man can imagine.

The conditions of divine existence are such that every man that thinks must be an agnostic. He must say, "by searching I cannot find Thee." He must perceive the wisdom of that early declaration of God to the inquiring prophet, "I am that I am," without limitation. But that He is personal we understand as a matter of declaration; as a matter of portraiture never, not till we see Him as He is according to the intimations of the New Testament. But the qualities, the attributes, the emotions that do fire the eternal and central being of the universe, those we may know. We know what truth is, not in its incomparable grandeur, nevertheless in certain special elements. Nevertheless, we have in our earthly experience simple tastes, but not ample combined portraitures of the whole of them altogether in their applications.

Our God must be to us an imagined personality, and there must be enclosed in the secret which every man sweeps and calls God all

Those Grand Attributes of the Higher Nature,

and where shall we go for them? Something we may get from the poet, something from the orator.

Now, there walked in Jewry in olden days one who declared that he came he knew whence, from God and returns to God and that He represented God. Instead, therefore, of an arithmetic attempt to solve the dynamic problem of the divinity of Christ, assume it or neglect it as you please, but this is a question of interest. If Christ was so united to God that his disposition and conduct reflected exactly what God felt, we now have important elements by which to figure to ourselves the eternal Father, and all those scenes in the New Testament are deep past fathoming. They are revelatory far more than any ordinary human searching, more than any philosophy; and the scene that I shall read and comment upon this morning is to me one of the profoundest.

He had been in discussion with the rabbis and with the Pharisees in the temple, "and one of the Pharisees desired Him that he would eat with him, and He went into the Pharisee's house and sat down to meat," or rather, reclined to meat. Now it is a question of some curiosity, and also of something more important than that. Why did Simon want Him to come and dine with him? Simon was a Pharisee and evidently a man of position in society.

Christ was neither rabbi, though He is sometimes called so, nor was He a prophet in his own designations. He was born in the most humble circumstances, and yet there was that in Him that led Simon to invite Him to dine. What would be thought if one of our prominent millionnaires, going forth through Five Points, should see some plain man and more plainly dressed, consorting with drunkards and harlots and attempting to teach them somewhat, and should step up to him and say, "My good friend, come and dine with me today or tomorrow?" What if he should bear him away in his carriage to his house? Every one would say, "What ails him? What has he done that for?"

Now, I suppose that Simon was a good natured fellow; shallow, but easily excited and easily forgetting it. He was a slate on which you could write and which you could easily rub out. And everybody was running after the Saviour; the whole town was agog, and Simon was one of those men that liked to catch lions and parade them in his house. He was, therefore, patronizing Christ. Still, he did it cautiously. He did not profess to be his disciple. He professed simply to be his gracious entertainer. Christ went. It is of more importance, perhaps, to be thought, why did he go there? Well, he went because

Christ Was Not an Ascetic

or a vigorous moralist, after the modern sense of the term. He never was afraid of soiling himself. He never was afraid of going anywhere. He carried himself that light which dispels darkness. He who carries a torch has no night. It annihilates it, and that simple and quiet consciousness that was in Jesus Christ that He was own brother to every human soul led Him to oppose himself directly to the asceticism of John. We have in this very context where Christ speaks of this very matter: "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." That is, you say that he is a lunatic, is crazy. "The Son of Man is come eating and drinking (social, just like everybody else), and ye say, behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners," and simply because of his social relations to men charged with being a drunkard and a hariot-monger, for that is the meaning of "the friend of sinners."

The very first act of His public ministry was the attending at the three days of the marriage that took place in Cana of Galilee, and there He created wine in order that He might enhance and prolong the festivities, and if any man knows what an oriental wedding is he will have some means by which to determine what was the hilarity long continued through days and nights, to which Christ gave his presence. He never separated himself from the innocent aspects of human life. Rich and poor are merely marked outward conditions, and have nothing to do with human nature. The man that was good needed Him, and the man that was evil still more. If He had lived in our time you would have seen Him wherever crowds gather; you would have seen Him at political gatherings; you would have seen Him in Wall street walking up and down and conversing with men in their avocations; you would have seen Him in the stately church at the head of Wall street, that with strong eyes looks down upon living, throbbing hearts. So, then, for various reasons, Simon, the Pharisee, invited to his goodly house and his bountiful table the Lord. And Christ, because of His good will, accepted the invitation. Nor do I suppose that He ever once thought, "What would folks say? Is it best for me to go?" He was so conscious of the sympathetic feeling towards humanity, that it never occurred to Him that He could go anywhere that would be wrong.

And while they were thus reclining, there was an uninvited guest that came in. Behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment and stood at his feet behind weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears (wet, rather, it should be) and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet and

Anointed Them With the Ointment.

To look outwardly upon this mission of a despairing woman, to whom life was as darkness, as a gulf of corruption, to look upon her inward torment and bewildered love, how many of us can? Her outward life had been as bad, probably, as belongs to that unfortunate class who sell the sanctities of love, who debase themselves by debasing that which is the door of life and should be opened only by the hands of sanctity, scarcely less than those of God himself. Sold herself, sold herself again from day to day; the basest bargain, for the basest coin known to humanity. And yet it is very plain that she didn't sell herself, except her outward self; it is very plain that there was a woman within the woman; a soul hidden within the body; that her life was not sweet, and that she was not spoiled. How knew she of Christ? She had heard him, doubtless. She knew what was in men pretty well, and cursed the whole of them. But she had heard of this man, and said within herself, "If there is any good man living, that man is good." She said within herself, "O, if I had had such a teacher or such a guide, I should not be what I am now." And, as still more and more she heard His gracious and heart-searching words, she revolted from her outward self and her ignominious life. "Would to God there was a way in which I could escape." Her conscience and the ineffaceable delicacy on the woman's nature were struggling within her, and when one day she heard, "He has gone to dine with that Pharisee," the impulse became an organism. See Him she would; see Him she did.

What kind of a teacher must that man have been who could inspire in a harlot's bosom these conceptions of human and divine greatness as manifested in Christ, and who could also have drawn toward him from out of all the lines of wickedness a creature like unto this woman? Christ's purity was drawn into sympathy with true human nature from the bottom upward. We are to bear in mind that this is a very strange scene. I think it is the only time we have

Any Evidence That Christ Was Kissed.

There is no evidence that he kissed his mother or the sisters of Bethany. The practice was oriental. It was very common. It was part of the mark of familiar friendship. Even those not very intimate, meeting each other, salute by osculation to this day in the Orient, and it is scarcely possible there should not have been some memorandum somewhere if any such thing had taken place in the life of Christ. It must be said, therefore, that a harlot was the only one that ever kissed Christ, and that she kissed his feet. I know not how it affects you, but it touches me profoundly. Such a scene as that is a revelation of the exquisite tenderness toward the undeserving that was not only manifested in Jesus, but that interprets the scope and the grandeur of the infinite tenderness that has possession of the universe. Though we cannot see all the ways of God in His boundless benevolence, yet when we stand in the great beyond and all the shadows are passed behind us, and we see Him as He is, I think it will be found that the eternal Father has treated the whole universe with the same rare, deep, sweet and touching sympathy with which Christ received this woman's touch and kiss.

You are to bear in mind that while Christ said nothing, His conduct, too, was very striking. The circumstances were embarrassing, and all the details that were passing before Him were affecting both His mind and the mind of the spectator. He knew what had been the outward life of this down-trodden creature, her soul life not yet corrupted. He knew, too, what a liability, he was under to venomous imputation. Simon himself was probably the most surprised man. He had invited this eminent prophet, as he supposed him to be, to his house to dine with him and to be shown some attention. He meant to patronize him, just as some men now buy pews—they do not mean the Lord to think that they are neglecting him entirely. Simon had an unspoken thought. Of course Simon was a good man, but his whole thought was narrow, and found ample space, as it were, between his two fingers. He had no sensibility to this marvel. He had no thought of what purities had been treasured up in the secret soul of this bad woman. He did not see them, and yet all was right before him. Christ saw not only the woman, but he saw the man; her depth and power, his shallowness and feebleness. He then preaches a short sermon to him.

When the man who had bidden him saw it, he spoke within himself, saying: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman is this that toucheth him, for she is a strumpet; nothing but

The Most Inconceivable Simplicity

could excuse him." Jesus, answering, said unto him, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee," and he saith, "Rabbi, say on."

"There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed 500 pence, and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both; tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?" Simon answered and said, "I suppose to whom he forgave most." He said unto him, "Thou hast rightly judged."

Now the trap is sprung. He turned to the woman and said unto Simon, "Seest thou this woman? I entered thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head; thou gavest me no kiss, but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet; my head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven," and he saith to her: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Here the curtain drops; we follow her not one step further. Let us not suppose that she wandered again.

Now, for yourselves translate from this wonderful scene some lessons. The first is the lesson of your own duty. We are moving up and down in a world of temptation, and it is scarcely possible that one hour of a day should pass that we do not find in one way or another some wounded soul, some man that has been overwhelmed. I think that the saddest scenes in human life must be our prisons. Not the corpses, not the heaps and heaps of dead on the battlefield could be to me such a valley of slaughter as to walk through prison and see the men that through wrong-doing have come to shame and disgrace.

Another lesson: Have faith to believe that under bad appearances there yet lurks and yet sighs a soul, and that with men, even men who are out of society, there is some door by knocking at which you could get admission.

One word more, with which I close fitly this last discourse of my year. Never forget that when any man has gone wrong he can go right. Repentance is not a mere ecclesiastical brand. When a man has gone wrong repentance means stopping and going right. God is on the side of the wrong-doer that wants to stop; God is on the side of every man that having stumbled and fallen gathers himself together and gets up. Trust in Him; love Him until you are like Him. Die where you may—in prison, upon the gibbet, in the sea, or rotting in hospital in a foreign land; let one thought go with you and guide you through all your life and out of it, as the star guides the sailor, "God is love, and therefore in Him I hope."

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THE FRENCH FETE.

Parisians Celebrating the Fall of the Bastile.

Alsatian Societies Participating in the Ceremonies—The City Thronged.

Trains From Marseilles Fumigated—Enraged at German Flags.

PARIS, July 14.—Thousands of sightseers anxious to participate in the revels today, the day of the national fete, arrived in the city early this morning. So great were the throngs poured into every railway station in the city by excursion trains that the usual precautionary measures against the introduction of cholera were dispensed with, except in cases of passengers from the south arriving at the Lyons terminus, who were put through a course of fumigation and disinfection which was anything but pleasant. The city is handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and is crowded with people dressed in holiday attire, bent on enjoying the festivities of the day, notwithstanding the published opinions of several physicians that the holding of the fete under existing circumstances is certainly running a dangerous risk. The military governor of Paris concluded the preparations last night for the disposition of his forces for the grand reviews today. The spectacle was a magnificent one. At 10 a. m. the brigade of artillery of Vincennes, commanded by General Thevenin, and the sixth division of infantry united at the Place du Trone. General Grevy, the brother of the President of the republic, then passed them in review. At the same time the artillery brigade of Versailles, commanded by General de Contamine, and the seventh division of infantry, under the orders of General Rolland, defiled before General Saussier, military governor of Paris, at the Champs Elysees. In the afternoon the cavalry brigades of Paris, Versailles and St. Germain, composed of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Dragoons, the Seventh and Tenth Cuirassiers, and the renowned Eighteenth Chasseurs, moved upon Longchamps, where they were joined by three batteries of horse artillery. The President and ministers were present in the tribune generally reserved for them, and the minister of war was represented by General Gressot. The programme of the evolutions was unusually attractive, but the march past was shorn of some of its dignity in consequence of the dispersion of the troops in different districts, which was done to lessen the danger of contagion.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

Alsatian Societies Enraged at the Display of German Flags.

PARIS, July 14.—Several Alsatian societies arrived in the city this morning, for the purpose of taking part in the celebration of the fall of the Bastile. On reaching the Continental Hotel, which was gayly decorated with flags of all nations, a number of the Alsatians became enraged at the sight of a German flag flying from the front of the hotel and rushed up and tore down the flag. They then began stoning the buildings, smashing many of the windows and doing considerable damage to the property. They then burned the flags. A number of other German flags were torn down in other parts of the city by the Alsatians, and the city is in an uproar of excitement.

A Savage Riot in Belfast.

BELFAST, July 13.—The Orangemen who left here to participate in the procession at Newry, Saturday, in the celebration of the battle of the Boyne, caught a party of Catholics, on their return here, in the act of destroying the triumphal arches and other emblems erected by them to commemorate the day. They immediately attacked the Catholics, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. Pistols, clubs, stones and all sorts of missiles were used in the melee. A large number of the rioters were injured, over thirty by actual count having been conveyed to the hospital. Many others, it is believed, were taken to their homes by friends and cared for, fearing prosecution as participants should their identity become known. The police during the fight repeatedly charged the mob, but were as often beaten back, and a number of them received severe injuries. When the rioting was at its height the gas in the street was suddenly extinguished. Many buildings and stores were badly wrecked.

BELFAST, July 13.—The riotous demonstrations of Saturday night were renewed tonight. The streets were filled with warring Orangemen and Catholics, whose shouts and imprecations incited others to join in the conflict. The police charged again and again, and though their ranks were thinned by volleys of stones from the rioters, they succeeded in quelling the fight. When the police finally gained the mastery, they handled the mob severely, inflicting serious injuries upon many who were still disposed to be belligerent. Eighty arrests were made and many more will follow. The city is now quiet.

BELFAST, July 14.—Ninety of the Nationalists and Orangemen who were arrested for participating in the riotous demonstration yesterday were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from one to nine months. The excitement in the city is very great, and fears of another outbreak are entertained.

Will Fight the Lords.

LONDON, July 10.—The Liberal members of Parliament held a meeting today in the foreign office for the purpose of considering the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the franchise bill. Mr. Gladstone addressed the meeting, and vehemently denounced the House of Lords for antagonizing the Commons in their endeavors to grant the right of franchise to two million persons, and said the Liberal party would refuse to play their game by dissolving Parliament, but instead would propose to abandon all the other important bills, together with the unimportant, and prorogue Parliament as early as possible, but that next October the Commons would take up the franchise bill as the first order of business, and repass it. Much enthusiasm prevailed, and the remarks of Mr. Gladstone were heartily approved.

Berber's Fall Confirmed.

LONDON, July 11.—A special from Assouan in the News of yesterday says: "The treachery of the mudir of Dongola is at last confirmed. The Christians in the town are imprisoned, and have been compelled to turn Mahometan to escape the vengeance of the mudir. El Mahdi has made the mudir his emir. The battle of Debbeh was an invention of the mudir's brain. He has control of all telegraphic communication with Dongola, and has been deceiving the Khedive since the 20th ult., when he actually had possession of Dongola in the name of the Mahdi. Seventeen fugitive soldiers have arrived here from Derber, and confirm the reported fall of that town."

Arrest of Cornwall and His Accomplices.

GLASGOW, July 13.—Mr. Cornwall, the secretary of the Dublin Post Office, recently defeated in the libel suit brought by him against Mr. O'Brien, editor of United Ireland, was arrested last night at Linlithgow. He will be brought to Dublin tomorrow to stand trial on the charges contained in the libellous article.

DUBLIN, July 13.—Several witnesses in the Cornwall-O'Brien libel suit have been arrested for complicity in the crimes charged against Cornwall in United Ireland. The people are greatly excited over the developments in the libel suit, and threaten to take the law into their own hands in dealing with parties proven guilty of the shameless offences charged.

If Jules Ferry Is Caught He Will Be Lynched.

PARIS, July 13.—A stormy meeting was held here tonight to denounce the rejection by the Chamber of Deputies yesterday of the amnesty measure which sought to effect the release of Socialist and Communist convicts. The speeches were of the most violent and inflammatory character, the government being held responsible for all sorts of calamities, including the cholera. One of the speakers, who said he resided in Toulon, declared that Mr. Ferry would be promptly lynched should he make his appearance in that city.

Myers Breaks the Six Hundred Yard Record.

LONDON, July 12.—A large crowd witnessed the athletic sports at Nottingham today. The 150-yard-race was won by Cowie, who beat Waldron, the American; time 15¾ seconds. Snook won the 1500-yard-race, beating Fredericks, the American, by fifteen yards; time, 3.46 2-5; Myers, the American champion, won the 600-yard-race in 73 2-5 seconds, beating the record. Murray, the American, beat Whyatt in the thre-mile race, but Murray's style is considered unfair.

The Philadelphias Defeat the Northumberlands.

NEW CASTLE, July 12.—The match game of cricket begun yesterday between the Philadelphia team and the Northumberland club was concluded today, the Philadelphians winning by 96 runs.

Treachery of the Mudir of Dongola.

CAIRO, July 12.—Official information has been received by the government which removes all doubts as to the treachery of the Mudir of Dongola. He has publicly announced that he has joined the Mahdi's cause, and is now making active preparations for a march on Wady Halfa with the force under his command. He expects to receive large additions to his army en route, and be able to capture the place before it can be properly fortified.

The Cholera in France.

MARSEILLES, July 13.—The official report of the health authorities places the number of deaths resulting from cholera during the past twenty-four hours at thirty-six.

PARIS, July 13.—Thirty-six deaths from cholera were officially reported at Toulon today. Unofficial reports from Marseilles state that fifty-nine deaths occurred there during the past twenty-four hours.

MARSEILLES, July 11.—The panic here is increasing, and the exodus now has reached 20,000 persons. Dr. Koch believes that no genuine remedy for the disease exists. Many persons have been knocked down and trampled upon in the great crowds that seek to obtain tickets at the railroad stations. Dr. Koch considers phenic acid the best disinfectant. Several factories have closed, and thousands of artisans are deprived of work. The heat continues to be suffocating.

No Amnesty for the French Socialists.

PARIS, July 12.—The Chamber of Deputies has rejected the amnesty measure which was recently introduced to effect the release of a number of Socialists now confined in prisons in France. The action of the members will no doubt cause M. Grevy, the President, to reduce the number of pardons he intended granting on the 14th instant, the national fete day, to persons imprisoned for seditious offences.

Fumigation Leads to Trouble.

ALEXANDRIA, July 14.—A conflict has arisen here between the Egyptian customs officials and the French agent. The Egyptian officers, in fumigating the mails to guard against cholera, discovered and seized a quantity of contraband valuables. The French agent protested against this as an interference with the mails, and hence the trouble.

TENEMENT-HOUSE TRAGEDY.

Terror-Stricken Tenants Jump from the Windows—Three-Story Leap Made by a Young Mother with Her Infant in Her Arms.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Shortly after 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the basement of the four-story apartment house No. 2195 Second avenue. The building was occupied by half a dozen families, and the flames spread so rapidly that in a few minutes the retreat of those living on the upper floors was entirely cut off, and a report was circulated that many lives had been lost. Mrs. Eva Landon, who, with her husband, occupied the second floor, became so frightened that she jumped out of the window and broke her arm in two places. Annie McMahon, aged 24, became so panic-stricken that she picked up her three-months-old child and jumped out of a window on the third floor, breaking her leg and fracturing her skull. Strange to say, the child was not hurt. Mrs. McMahon's injuries are supposed to be fatal. The infant child of Margaret Berz was thrown out of a window by its mother, and caught in the street by a policeman. The child escaped with slight injuries, and was restored to its mother shortly after. Two young girls, named Mary Schulton and Bridget Morris, jumped out of a window on the second floor, and were seriously injured. Several other inmates were also injured while trying to escape. All the injured persons were conveyed to hospitals in ambulances. The loss to the furniture and building will not exceed $2000.

THE LIE OF THE SEASON.

Millions of Crows Caught Drunk in a Waterbury Cornfield.

WATERBURY, Conn., July 12.—Charles Fogg is a Waterbury young man. He is married and his father-in-law has a farm out of the city, and also an ingenious young hired man. Crows had become very troublesome and destructive in the cornfields, and this lad had read in some wise agricultural paper that corn boiled in alcohol and distributed over the field would be freely taken by the crows, and the birds would become intoxicated and could be easily captured. Not having the alcohol, he took cider and added a bottle of laudanum, boiling his corn and distributing it in the field. He acted privately, preferring to experiment without telling the family. Nothing came of it for several days and the lad himself had almost forgotten it, but one morning an old lady of the neighborhood came in and requested the men folks to come up and see what was the matter in the cornfield. She said millions of crows were there and would not fly away nor budge for her, but were "acting awful funny." Sure enough, when the men and the lad went out there they found hundreds of crows rolling about on the ground, flapping their wings, cawing and making themselves generally ridiculous. In fact, they were all as drunk as lords and numbers of them were easily despatched.

A PRISONER IN MEXICO.

A Citizen of the United States Brutally Treated in Frontreras.

NEW ORLEANS, July 12.—Morgan Morgans, formerly a colonel of a New York regiment of volunteers, and since the war sheriff of St. Charles parish in this State, has been kept in prison for some time at Frontreras, Mexico, under the following circumstances:

Mr. Morgans purchased 200 head of cattle below Frontreras, and, when nearing that place, had seventy-five of them stolen from him by a Mexican in his employ, whom he arrested there. The Mexican authorities forced Mr. Morgans to give up all the money he had with him to pay for the maintenance of the prisoner, and allowed him to start for Tombstone, Ari., to get more money. When about five miles from Frontreras he was overtaken, badly beaten on the head with a six-shooter, and taken back to Frontreras, where he is now incarcerated. Morgans wrote letters to Consul Willard at Guaymas and hopes that prompt action will be taken in the case. This intelligence was just received in New Orleans and the prisoners friends here have telegraphed the Secretary of State about the matter.

EXPLODED PREMATURELY.

Fatal Results of a Blast in a Vermont Quarry.

BURLINGTON, Vt., July 13.—A terrible accident occurred in Catlin's stone quarry, near this city, Saturday evening. A large seam had been fired several times without good results when the workmen put in a keg of powder and were tamping it when a terrific explosion occurred, tearing immense masses of rock and hurling the men in every direction. Jerry Patnaude and Frank, his son, were hurled sixty feet into the air and over a fence fifty feet distant, being instantly killed. Paul Le Claire was thrown across the road but not injured. George Mascotte was buried under a mass of broken rock. When taken out it was found that his arm and leg were broken and his head terribly bruised. He was conscious, and was taken to the hospital. If he lives till tomorrow his leg will be amputated, but he is likely to die at any moment. All the injured were residents of Winooski. Jerry Patnaude was 50 years old, and leaves a large family, his wife being seriously ill. Frank Patnaude was 17 and single. George Mascotte is 44, and has a wife and six children.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Spoiled an Artist's Calculations and Broke Up a Happy Gunning Party.

CUMBERLAND, Md., July 14.—The summer residents at Elk Gardens, W. Va., are greatly shocked over the unfortunate end of Mr. James Ketzmeller, last Saturday, the result of gross carelessness. With a number of other gentlemen, Ketzmeller was out hunting, and during the day they came across a photographic artist taking views of the scenery, and they thought it would be a good joke to have a picture of themselves taken with their guns pointing at each other in fighting position. While the artist was in the act of pulling the slide of the camera, and all were in position, one of the guns accidentally went off, instantly killing Ketzmeller.

Forfeited Land Grants.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 12.—The commission of the general land office has decided not to issue patents for lands to any railroad whose land grant is proposed to be forfeited by any of the bills now pending in Congress. Bills declaring forfeited the land granted to railroads passed the House at the last session, and now awaits action in the Senate and seven more are still on the House calendar for consideration at its next session. The only case in which patents will be issued for lands involved in those proposed forfeitures is where settlers prove a priority of right to certain of these lands over the claim of the railroad company.

The Acid Burned His Clothing All Off.

EVERETT, July 12.—William Dumphy, a plumber, was employed today at Cochran's chemical works, repairing a pipe in a large lead sulphur acid tank. Suddenly it burst, and a stream of boiling acid struck him in the left chest and arm. It burned his clothing completely off, and his flesh hung in shreds, so that the bones of his arm were exposed. Dr. Sullivan of Malden was telephoned for, and rendered medical aid, but Mr. Dumphy is in a very critical condition.

IF your hair is getting thin, the application of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will promote a thick, new growth.

THE POULTRY KEEPER, printed at Chicago, Ill., is the best poultry journal ever published.—[Woonsocket, R. I., Patriot.] Read their large advertisement in another column.

WONDERFUL SPEED.

The Pacer Westmont Makes a Record at Chicago.

He Travels a Mile in 2.01 3-4 Amid the Wildest Enthusiasm.

Jay-Eye-See Breaks the Half-Mile Record in 1.03 1-4.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 10.—The fourth day of the Chicago Driving Park summer meeting was productive of the most extraordinary event in the history of trotting or pacing, namely the travelling of a mile in two minutes and one and three-quarter seconds, by the well-known pacer Westmont, a son of the great trotting sire Almont, whose death was announced a few days ago. This feature of the day's entertainment was wholly unexpected by the large crowd in attendance, who had expected to see Jay-Eye-See and Johnston try to beat their records; but the black trotter did not show at all, and the 2.10 pacer went around the track informally in 2.13¾. There were three regular races programmed, the 2.19 class, 2.24 class and 2.17 pacing class. These were all disposed of in straight heats, and the betting was light. The track had been elegantly shaped up after the recent light rains, and was in fine condition. Purely to entertain the big crowd, Mr. Johnson, the owner of Westmont, consented to let the horse go a mile with a running mate, and John Campbell, part owner of Richball, drove the pacer. At the word he sent them off at a lightning clip, and they made the first quarter pole in 30¼ seconds. The rate was now perceptibly quickened, and the pacer, with his galloping mate, sped on to the half-mile pole, in exactly 1 minute, pacing the second quarter in 29¾ seconds. Without a waver the horse went to the third quarter in 1.30 at a 2-minute gait, and rounded for home with no perceptible diminution of speed. The pair had reached the distance stand, and it seemed a certainty that the mile would be done in two minutes, when the unsteadiness of the running horse carried Westmont off his feet. Campbell tried hard to bring him back to a pace, and slowed him up materially, in the effort, but he crossed the score on a break in the unparalleled time of 2.01¾. The enthusiasm of the crowd was boundless when the figures were hung out from the blackboard, and a day of rather commonplace sport was converted into the most notable day in American turf history. The owner of Westmont, Mr. B. J. Johnson of Cresson, Ia., had already matched his horse to go with running mate against Frank and mate for $2500 a side, and $500 forfeit had been put up by each party.

Some of Westmont's History.

The pacer Westmont, who made such a wonderful mile yesterday at Chicago, is a chestnut gelding, 8 years old, about 15½ hands high, and was got by Almont out of the mare Annie. His first appearance on the turf was in the year 1882, in which race he received his first "mark" of 2.26½, July 12, at Indianapolis. On August 17, at La Salle, Ill., he lowered the record to 2.24½, and at Lawrence, Kan., September 23, he paced and got a record of 2.21¾. In 1883 he was driven in and out, and the party trying to keep him out of the free for all, September 26, at Beacon Park, he went the mile in 2.15½, where he stopped. The best time any pacer ever made to harness was made by Johnson at Chicago October 9, 1883, when the watch marked 2.10, and this was thought to be the limit. For a mile with a runner, Frank has made the fastest, 2.08½, at Prospect Park, November 15, 1883. This is one of the first times that a pacer has ever been sent with a runner, and it is a wonderful performance, to say the least.

Jay-Eye-See Beats the Half-Mile Record in 1.03 1-4.

CHICAGO, July 11.—Jay-Eye-See made an unsuccessful effort at the Erving Park today to beat the trotting record, and fully 10,000 people assembled to see him make the attempt. The track was absolutely perfect and the weather was very favorable, unless it was a shade too sultry. A running horse hitched to a sulky and driven by John Splan served as encouragement to the little brown gelding. A mile was done in 2.19¼, to get the horse in good shape, and then, after scoring twice, Bithers gave a nod for the word. He made the first quarter in 31½ seconds, and the second quarter in 31¾, the half-mile being done in 1.03¼, which is the fastest half mile ever trotted. Then the gait became slower. It was much too fast for a first half, as the result proved. Splan saw it was a killing pace after the quarter was passed, and called out to Bithers to take his horse back a little. He gave the gelding a strong pull, but the wilful horse shook his head angrily and would not be checked. The consequence was he was pumped out by the time he reached the third quarter, in 1.36¾, and lagged badly from there to the wire. He tired, and slowed up to a 2.20 gait at the distance stand, and had to be lifted and urged, besides tapped lightly with the whip, in order to cross the score in 2.11¼. A great deal of money was laid at odds of two to one that 2.11 would be beaten. After an hour's wait the horse was sent around again, but this time made no effort and finished in 2.21¾.

A PLUCKY CONDUCTOR

Saves From Wreck a Train Bearing Chicago Delegates.

VINCENNES, Ind., July 13.—On the Evansville & Terre Haute railway, five miles north of this city, last night, an extra train jumped the track and nearly caused the wreck of a train crowded with passengers from the Chicago Convention. An engine and caboose were running on the Chicago train's time, and were but two minutes ahead of it at Fort Knox, the scene of the disaster. At the point of the curve, the tender of the extra jumped the track, dragging off the rear drivers of the engine, and hauling the caboose over the ties and rails for six hundred yards. The ties were torn from the road, bed, and the rails for that distance were bent like straws. The tender is now a mass of bent iron, and the caboose is broken into splinters. The wheels and trucks are scattered all about in the woods promiscuously, and the ruins of the caboose lie 100 feet away. The occupants of this car were the conductor, William Lucas; fireman, James O'Brien; and Mr. Mitchell of Decatur, Ill., a machinist. Lucas crawled out of the wreck and started around the curve to flag the approaching passenger train, taking off his coat and waving it as he ran. When he saw that he was recognized by the engineer of the passenger train, he dropped to the ground from exhaustion. His injuries are serious. Mitchell had his nose and a leg broken. Fireman O'Brien is bruised and injured internally. He and Mitchell are unconscious, and it is feared they will die. The engine remained upon the track and the engineer escaped injury.

A PILGRIM'S RESTING PLACE.

Monument Erected Over the Grave Discovered on Cole's Hill, Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH, July 9.—Yesterday a handsome polished granite tablet was placed over one of the Pilgrim's graves on Cole's Hill, in Plymouth. The grave was found in October last, but repairs on the hill have delayed the placing of the stone. A brick vault was built on the precise spot of the original burial, in which a dead casket containing the bones was placed. Last autumn another grave was found a few feet distant, at about the same time, but the bones were not disturbed. The discovery of the graves was made by workmen while digging holes for stone posts of the fence enclosing the hill. The tablet is five feet long, three feet wide and seven inches thick, and bears the following inscription: "On this hill the Pilgrims who died the first winter were buried. This tablet marks the spot where lies the body of one found October 8, 1883. The body of another, found on the 27th of the following month, lies eight feet northwest of the westerly corner of this stone."

BESIDE HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

Joseph Flocher of South Lancaster Found Dead in a Clinton Cemetery.

MARLBORO, July 10.—Joseph Flocher, a well-known resident of South Lancaster, was found dead in a Clinton cemetery last night, his body being but a short distance from the grave of his wife, who died about a year ago. Mr. Flocher has been absent from home since Friday. He was seen in the cemetery last Monday by some boys at the spot where he was found last night, but it was then supposed that he was merely asleep. Upon his person was a gold watch and considerable money, which indicates that there was no foul play. Suicide by poison is intimated, but the remains were too far decomposed to admit of a post-mortem examination. He had evidently been dead several days. Mr. Flocher was 71 years of age, and leaves three married daughters.

Invited to Supper and Death.

PIEDMONT, W. Va., July 12.—Late last evening a man named Glenn, living near Bayard, Md., shot one Stevenson. Glenn claims that Stevenson was too intimate with his wife. Last evening Stevenson was invited to supper at the Glenn residence, and while seated at the table Glenn drew a pistol and shot him dead. Glenn immediately surrendered, and was taken to Keyser (W. Va.) jail.

GERTIE PHILLIPS' FATE.

Her Young Lover Arrested, Charged With the Murder—A Mystery.

WELLSVILLE, O., July 10.—On the 26th of last June Gertie Phillips, living near Salinville, went to town with her mother. The latter returned home in the evening, leaving her daughter with friends. She remained that night and the following day, which was Sunday. When last seen she was in company with George Hunter in a tract of land near the town known as Farmer's woods. She suddenly disappeared after Sunday, and nothing more was heard of her until last Saturday, when her body was found in the woods with a hole in her forehead, made by a 32-calibre bullet. The victim was 17 years of age, well known in Salineville. She was a dashing girl in appearance, and of fine physical development, of a lively, frivolous disposition. She had numerous admirers, but Hunter seemed of all others the most fortunate, and it is he who is today charged with her death. Her hat lay on the ground about ten rods from where she was found. The earth near the fence corner bore traces of a struggle. Men's tracks were also discovered in an oat field on one side of the woods, and in a rye field on the other. Leading to this fence corner the woman's foot marks were found near others, which warrants the theory that the girl was followed by her murderer to the spot where the murder occurred, and the body placed where it was finally found. The surgeon who conducted the post-mortem examination states that no outrage had been committed before the girl was killed. Viewed in this light the cause of the murder seems more inexplicable. Robert Farrish, William Mahony and George Hunter, the latter the man in whose company Miss Phillips was last seen, were arrested, accused of the murder, but at their examination yesterday Mahony and Farrish were released, and Hunter was bound over and remanded to jail. Hunter is 22 years old, of a mild, inoffensive disposition, and has been looked upon as the lover of the girl. He displayed great affection for her, and his passion seemed to be reciprocated by her. He was not jealous of her, and it is said never had reason to be.

THOSE AWFUL MEN.

A Pennsylvania Widow's Will Denying Them Her Money and Her Burial Lot.

READING, Penn., July 10.—The strangest will ever recorded in Berks county was filed this morning, and is the will of Maria L. Engleskindt of this city, recently deceased, in which she directs that no man be interred on her burial lot in the Lutheran cemetery, and ignores all male relatives in her bequests. Mrs. Engleskindt was a native of Germany, but had resided in Reading for about nineteen years. Her husband died twenty years ago, since which time she remained a widow. She lived on Maple street, beyond Cotton, and during her lifetime never showed a particularly strong aversion to men. She was a familiar figure on the streets of Reading, for many years being engaged in the business of collecting umbrellas from house to house, and repairing them. In this way she made her living, and at the time of her death had amassed property worth possibly $2000. Alderman Hall, who is named in the will as administrator, was asked what cause Mrs. Engleskindt had for making such a strange provision debarring men from being buried alongside of her, and he replied that apparently she had none whatever. He wrote the will about a year ago, and she directed that such a provision be inserted. The alderman tried to persuade her to leave it out, but she insisted. As she was a strong-minded woman she had her own way. Her daughter, who resides in New York, gets the income of all the woman's money, and when her daughter (Mrs. Engleskindt's grandchild) gets to be 25 years old she is to receive one of the houses, but all male grandchildren, should there be any, are debarred from receiving anything. An old man named Casper Sharl, 65 years old, whom Alderman Hall says claims to be Mrs. Engleskindt's husband, is allowed to occupy only one room in her house as long as he behaves himself, together with as much furniture as he needs.

HAD FORGOTTEN HIS MOTHER.

Pathetic Feature of the Return of the Larock Boy to His Home.

CONCORD, N. H., July 8.—The little Larock boy, who was mysteriously stolen from his mother two years ago during pending of divorce proceedings between his parents, was very reluctant to leave his father when taken by Sheriff Norton at Boston yesterday, and was with difficulty persuaded to remain here with his mother, who cannot speak French, the only language which the little fellow has command of. From this fact it is supposed that he has been in Canada for the last two years among Larock's folks, who reside there. Mrs. Larock has since remarried to an industrious mechanic here, but could obtain no trace of her lost child till she saw him on the street in this city last Thursday, and was herself assaulted while trying to get possession of him by persons who supposed she was trying to kidnap the lad, not knowing the relations between them. Larock has been employed as night watchman in Boston for some time, but his purpose in bringing the child here cannot be easily divined. It is not known who brought him here, as he is quite reticent. This forenoon he was at play with a number of children in the neighborhood, and apparently making the best of his new surroundings. The case is shrouded in much mystery, which a little time may solve. The boy will be carefully guarded by his present legal guardians, and the best of care taken that the father shall not get possession of him. He is a bright, active and quite interesting fellow, though evidently burdened with some secret or solemn objuration which he dares not divulge at present. He is apparently feeling his way cautiously and shrewdly for one of his years among his newly found friends.

SOLID SHOT VS. SANDWICHES.

A Toledo Picnic Party Scattered by Cannon Balls from a Battery.

[Cleveland Leader.]

TOLEDO, July 5.—A picnic of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen went up the river yesterday afternoon for a quiet Fourth, encamping about one-half mile from the river bank, opposite Perrysburg. At the same time a section of the Fourth Battery, with one gun, was stationed on the bank opposite them, at Perrysburg, awakening that sleepy old town with the sound of exploded gunpowder, which echoed and reverberated up and down the vally. After firing a few blank cartridges, they commenced using solid conical shot, their target being a small brush pile, located on the big island, three-eighths of a mile distant. Five of these shots were fired, and two of them ricocheted for a distance of over three-quarters of a mile, dropping into the picnic camp, to the great consternation of the pleasure party, who dispersed in all directions, and hastily despatched a messenger on horseback, via the bridge, to notify the captain of the effect of his shots. No damage excepting shattered nerves. The members of the party had thrilling tales to relate of their narrow escape on their return home. The captain of the battery greatly regretted the unfortunate incident and made due apologies.

CLEANING OUT THE TOWN.

Two Gamey Montana Desperadoes Killed in a General Fight.

HELENA, Mon., July 12.—Thursday, two desperadoes, known as Bill O'Fallon and Rattlesnake Jake, quarrelled with several half-breed Indians at Lewiston, eighty miles northeast of Helena. The row ended in all parties drawing weapons. At the first fire Rattlesnake Jake had three fingers shot off, whereupon he and his partner swore they would "clean out the town," and commenced firing at everybody in sight. There were only three guns in the town, but these were used with good effect, and both desperadoes were soon crippled. O'Fallon, finding himself mortally hurt, rode to his partner and said: "I am shot and am a dead man, but will stay with you," and fell from his horse. Raising himself to his knees, he took deliberate aim with his rifle at a young man named Smith, not concerned in the fight, and shot him dead. The citizens then opened a general fire on O'Fallon, who had again struggled to his feet. He was shot five times before he fell, and then, lying flat on the ground and covered with blood, continued fighting until dead. Rattlesnake Jake also fought desperately, continuing shooting until he died, wounded in fourteen places. The citizens escaped with a few slight wounds.

UNPARALLELED HAIL STORM.

A Piece of Territory in Iowa Four Miles Wide Covered One Foot Deep With Hail Stones.

BROOKLYN, Ia., July 13.—News has been received here that a cyclone and hail storm visited Jefferson township, Poweshick county, Friday night, demolishing grain and orchards, tearing up houses and barns and carrying away roofs and chimneys. The storm came from the northwest at 10 o'clock and was attended with much lightning. It was followed by a severe hail storm. The stones laid one foot deep. Nine barns and five residences and a school house were destroyed. Mr. Dixon and his family were seriously hurt when their house was wrecked, but it is thought they will recover. One woman was badly injured by lightning. The small grain is demolished in Tama and Iowa counties. The country is in a bad condition, and the people are nearly destitute. The storm was about four miles wide. One man lost thirty hogs by the hail stones.

Good News for the Letter-Carriers.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Representatives Cox and Ryan had an interview with the postmaster-general today in reference to the letter-carriers' leave of absence. The postmaster-general has not yet examined the law, but Mr. Cox says he informed him and Mr. Ryan that he had made an examination of the funds at his command and was satisfied that there was sufficient money to pay substitutes for all the carriers during their fifteen days' leave. Mr. Cox says there will be no trouble about the carriers getting their full fifteen days.

BITTEN BY A DIAMOND-BACK.

Carelessness of a Showman with a Pet Rattler.

Guyed by the Crowd, He Relaxes His Grip Upon the Neck of the Reptile.

Chances That the Unfortunate Man Cannot Recover.

In Kyle's Park at Highbridge, says the New York Sun, just to the right of Kyle's Hotel, is a large, white, oblong tent. Both sides of the entrance are adorned with huge dime museum oil paintings. Mr. James Reilly owns the show, and is by profession a snake charmer. S. Clark is manager and fire-eater, and Clark's wife is the Circassian girl. The chief attraction of the show, next to the Circassian girl and a young female gorilla, is three diamond-back rattlesnakes, which Mr. Reilly caught in Mexico, and which, he says, are the only ones of the kind in this country.

At 4.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon twenty exhibitions had been given, and Mr. Reilly, in order to stimulate the curiosity of the crowd, and to prove to them that the things were alive, took one of his rattlesnakes in his hands and went out to exhibit it to the crowd. Mr. Reilly is a muscular man, of medium height, with light hair, blue eyes and sandy moustache. His friends say that he is a man of dauntless nerve, and that he never drinks.

The snakes are kept all together in a large square box with a glass cover. Mr. Reilly has owned them a little more than a year, and during that time they have been fed but once. Mr. Clark, the manager, said they only needed to eat once a year, when each of them swallowed a live rabbit or pigeon whole, after having first charmed it.

The smallest of the three rattlers had recently shed his skin and was getting hungry. During the morning he had shown signs of ugliness, and when Reilly took him out of the box to exhibit him outside the tent the snake made an attempt to bite him, which it had never done before. Clark called Reilly's attention to it, and told him to be careful, but the latter grasped the snake firmly by the neck and laughingly remarked, "I can squeeze worse than he can bite." Then he went outside the tent with

The Snake Wrapped Around His Neck,

holding it firmly with his right hand, just below the head. In a short time several hundred people gathered around as the snake charmer played with his dangerous pet.

Among the spectators were three young fellows somewhat elevated with the beer they had drunk. They guyed the snake charmer, asked him who pulled the snake's teeth out, and whether it was not too old to eat hay. Reilly became irritated, and replied angrily. He was holding the snake over a large table with both hands. To emphasize his remarks, he let go with one hand, dropping the body of the snake upon the table. As he did so the grip of his right hand, which was about the snake's neck, was loosened.

Quick as a flash the snake's head darted out. His half-closed eyes flashed fire. His jaws opened wide, and, before Reilly was aware of his danger, the snake's fangs were buried in the back of his right hand, between the thumb and forefinger.

The crowd yelled and fell back, thinking that the snake would be dropped among them, but Reilly was not that kind of a man. With his left hand he pulled the snake back into his former position, and, renewing the firm hold of his wounded hand, carried him into the tent and replaced him among his brothers.

Fully 200 people crowded in after him, while Clark ran for assistance. Reilly had told Clark that a bite from the snakes was sure death, and he repeated this to the crowd around him. After he had succeeded in emptying the tent he went over to the hotel and drank glass after glass of strong whiskey.

Meanwhile Clark had been vainly searching for a physician. He returned in half an hour, accompanied by six policemen, carrying a stretcher. Reilly, encouraged and advised by all around him, had been steadily drinking whiskey, and when his partner arrived the barkeeper said he had taken more than half a pint. He was placed on the stretcher and taken to the police station.

While he was waiting for an ambulance there, Dr. Case of 330 West Fifty-ninth street was called in. He approved of the whiskey treatment, and administered as much more as could be forced down, at the same time making deep incisions in the man's hand in the neighborhood of the wound. Dr. Case said that the depression of the action of the heart was amazing.

The Man was Almost Pulseless.

Reilly, who was semi-unconscious when he was not drinking whiskey, mechanically sucked his wound. He had been doing so ever since the snake bit him.

The physicians at the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, where he arrived at 6.15 o'clock, said that the only thing which could have assured his recovery would have been prompt amputation of the right hand. The wound was very deep. Nothing could then be done for him but to continue the treatment of stimulants already begun. Whiskey was poured steadily down his throat, and frequent injections of the liquor were made under his skin, in order that the alcohol might the more rapidly mingle with the blood.

At 11 o'clock last night Reilly was very low, and little hope was entertained of his recovery. A puffy, dropsical-like swelling had risen to a height of several inches over the wound, and was gradually extending up the forearm as the poison penetrated more and more into the system. At that time the quantity of alcohol taken by the patient was sufficient to have killed any man under ordinary circumstances. The doctors said that, with the poison acting as an antidote, he could not contain liquor enough to harm him. The patient frequently vomited blood.

The greatest interest was felt in the case by the whole hospital staff, and two or more were constantly in attendance at his bedside. Mr. Clark, Reilly's partner, said: "It's wonderful that Reilly should have been so careless, when he had told me a dozen times that a bite from one of those diamond back rattlers was sure death. But the fact is he wasn't afraid of anything. The snake that bit him has fifteen rattles, and that would make him 16 years old. It takes two years to get the first rattle, and every rattle after that counts for one year."

The doctors say that Reilly cannot recover.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Seventy Millions Invested in Industries in Half a Year.

BALTIMORE, July 10.—The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record publishes its semi-annual statement of the progress of the South, showing that during the last six months nearly $70,000,000 has been invested in new industrial enterprises and in enlarging those already established. For the past two months the amount invested was $13,744,000, a falling off from the earlier months of the year, due mainly to the usual summer dulness. The list of new enterprises established during the first half of the year shows a wide range of industries, including cotton mills, woollen mills, flour mills, saw and planing mills, iron furnaces, agricultural implement factories, machine shops, foundries, cotton seed oil mills, fertilizer factories, tobacco factories, ship building yards, paper mills and many others. The aggregate investments foot up $69,221,000, Alabama heading the list with $13,840,000; Kentucky, $13,497,000; Virginia, $11,032,000; Texas, $7,934,000; Tennessee, $4,849,000; Georgia, $3,759,000; Maryland, $2,832,000; North Corolina, $2,638,000; West Virginia, $2,428,000; Louisiana, $1,830,000; South Carolina, $1,529,000; Florida, $1,506,000; Arkansas, $780,000; Mississippi, $767,000.

FIFTY MILES A DAY.

New York Gentlemen Who Will Ride Horseflesh to Saco, Me.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 12.—Last evening two handsome blood bay Kentucky thoroughbred horses, ridden by two distinguished-looking horsemen, dashed up to the Sterling House. The riders were R. C. and J. H. Shannon of New York. They were on their way to Saco, Me. Each horse was caparisoned after the latest style of equestrian equipment, the saddle bags and holsters being covered with delicate tinted shrimp pink and salmon-colored leather. This morning a large crowd assembled at 9 o'clock to see the gentlemen start off. Each rider wore a "Stanley hat," corduroy suit, leather leg-covers and white "spats." The Messrs. Shannon are wealthy gentlemen, travelling on horseback for pleasure, and say that they intend to make fifty miles each day. They attract considerable attention as they travel, owing to their showy equipments.

The "Biggest Town" Pays Its Indebtedness.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., July 10.—The citizens in town meeting assembled this afternoon voted to appropriate a sufficient sum to meet the claims of the mill owners on the Blackstone for damages to their water privileges by the taking of the water of Abbott run. They also voted to erect a new brick school house of four rooms, the present school facilities being unequal to the rapid increase of pupils.

She Was Extracting Powder with a Nail.

NORWICH, Conn., July 12.—Mary Roarke, aged 14, was yesterday seriously hurt by the bursting of a small cannon from which she was trying to extract the powder by driving a nail through the wadding. One ear was torn off, and her face and head terribly cut by flying pieces of iron.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STOCK AND MONEY RECORD.

Quotations for Money, Bonds and Stocks, Showing Fluctuations.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 12, 1884.

There is but a moderate inquiry for the use of money, and rates for loans and discounts continue to rule quite firm. The banks, however, after attending to the wants of their regular customers, which they do at 6@6½ per cent., remain indifferent to outside offerings and are doing but little. Good mercantile paper rules at about 6½ per cent., slightly lower or higher, as circumstances may warrant; miscellaneous paper of a good grade ranges from 7@7½ per cent. discount, while corporation notes and acceptances are still quoted as held at 5 per cent., with the banks bidding 5½, and but few transactions at any price. Call loans on collateral range from 6@7 per cent. per annum, while the country banks are firm, with local discounts ranging from 6@7 per cent.

Between banks today the rate for balances was firm at 6 per cent.

In New York money has remained firm, with good double-named paper ranging from 6@7 per cent., and single-named paper at 7@8 per cent. discount, while on the Stock Exchange call loans have ruled at 1½@2 per cent., and elsewhere at 5@6 per cent.

Although the banks are preparing for the usual drain from the West, which begins with the harvesting of the winter wheat, the effect is greatly offset by their chariness in lending money on stock collateral, although they are willing to meet the wants of other legitimate business, and the indications are that money will very shortly become more abundant at a cheaper price than that now ruling. Today's bank statement promises this, the reserve showing an increase for the past week of over $7,000,000, while the banks are now nearly $24,000,000 in excess of the legal requirement. The actual changes are as follows:

Loans, decrease	$2,791,800
Specie, increase	7,760,800
Legal tenders, increase	2,101,400
Deposits, increase	9,248,000
Circulation, increase	32,500
Reserve, increase	7,550,700

The banks are now $23,853,500 in excess of legal requirements, against $16,300,812 in excess last week, and $8,518,155 in excess of the corresponding week last year.

The above statement, when announced, caused a general surprise, as it was much better than had been expected, especially in the matter of reserve. It caused strengthening prices in the stock market, and a more cheerful feeling now prevails in financial circles, as the statement is taken as indicating cheaper money.

At the Boston clearing house the gross exchanges this morning amounted to $11,707,844, while for the past week they aggregated $61,025,571; the balances this morning were $1,176,212, and for the week past amounted to $7,786,351.

New York funds today sold at 20@33 cents discount per $1000.

Foreign exchange holds firm at the rates ruling yesterday, as follows: Sight, 4.86; 60 days, 4.84; commercial bills, 4.81½; francs, sight, 5.16¼@5.17½; 60 days, 5.18¾@5.20.

Government Bonds.

These securities close firm. The closing bids today as compared with those of last week on Thursday, July 3, show the following gains: 4 per cents, 1⅛; 4s, ⅜; 3s, ⅛; while the 6s remain unchanged.

Sales at Boston Stock Exchange, July 14.

FIRST BOARD—BEFORE CALL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

50 Mex Teleph. 1¾

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$3000 K C. Spring & Memp 6s. 90	155 Atch.T&SF ex-div....... 60¼
$2210 Mex Cen 7s. scrip 63	250 do........ 60⅛
$1000 N M & S P 7s 112½	6 Chic. B & Q.113
$2000 N Y & N E 6s 88	5 do.........112⅞
$2000 OregonShort Line 6s...... 65	33 do.........112¾
$2000 Tol.C&StL6s 13¼	100 Flint & Pere Marq com.. 19
$8000 do....... 13⅛	24 Old Colony..139½
RAILROADS.	50 UnionPacific 31¾
1 At & Pacific blocks...... 75	MINING COS.
10 Fitchburg...110	15 Osceola...... 12
	MISCELLANEOUS.
	20 Erie Teleph. 17

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$2000 Eastern 6s...107¾	10 Vt & Mass.126½
$16000 Mex Cen 7s. 31½	MINING COS.
$520 do scrip... 63	1 Cal & Hecla.143
RAILROADS.	MISCELLANEOUS.
100 Boston & Alb164	15 Erie Teleph. 16¾
260 Atch.T & S F ex-div....... 60	10 do......... 16½

SECOND BOARD—FIRST CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$1000 DenverEx4s 85½	50 Lt R & Ft S. 14
$3000 C, B & Q 7s124	100 Ia F & S City 69
$1000 Sonora 7s.... 85	16 Old Colony..140
RAILROADS.	25 Rutland pref 19⅞
15 Atch.T & S F ex-div....... 60½	5 UnionPacific 32
50 do... ..... 60¼	3 At & Pacific blocks...... 80
125 do......... 60⅛	MINING COS.
16 Bos & Prov..160	7 Cal & Hecla.142½
5 Chic. B & Q.113	LAND COS.
1 Fitchburg...110	100 BosWat Pow 1⅝

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$2000 At & Pac 6s. 84	100 N Y & N Eng 10
$5000 K C. Spring & Memp 6s. 90	14 Old Colony..140
$1495 Mex Cen 7s. scrip........ 63	31 UnionPacific 32⅜
$5000 do.. inc.. 7¼	125 Atch.T & S F ex-div....... 60⅛
	50 Mex Central 7⅛
	MINING COS.
	40 Quincy...... 36

Closing Quotations of Bonds and Stocks.

[Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

LAND COMPANIES.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Brookline...	2½	—	Metrop H....	72	—
Boston Land.	4⅞	5⅛	Mexican Cen	7⅛	7¼
Boston W P..	1¼	1¾	Iowa F & S C	—	69
BONDS.			L R & F S....	14	—
A,T&SF1sts.	117½	118½	N Y & N E...	9⅞	10⅛
A & P 6s.....	84	—	Old Colony...	—	140
Chi, B & Q 7s	124	125	Rutland pref	19½	20
do 4s, Den ex	85¼	85½	Union Pac...	32	32½
Eastern 6s...	107⅝	—	Wis Central..	8¼	9
Mex Cen sc'p	—	63	MINING COMPANIES.		
Mex Cen 7s..	31½	32	Allouez.....	—	1
Mex Cen inc.	7	7¼	Atlantic.....	7¼	—
N Y & N E 7s.	96½	—	Bonanza.....	75c	1
N Y & N E 6s.	87	—	Cal & Hecla..	—	142½
P & A Val 7s	—	112	Franklin.....	6½	—
Sonora 7s....	84	85	Huron.......	1⅛	1¼
Union Pac 6s.	107	—	Osceola......	11½	12
Union Pac 7s	105¼	—	Pewabic.....	25c	—
RAILROADS.			Quincy.......	36	—
A. T & S Fe..	60⅛	60¼	TELEPHONE COMPANIES.		
Bos & Alb'y..	164	—	Amer'n Bell..	151	152
Bos & Maine.	150	—	Erie.........	15½	16
Bos & Prov..	160	—	Mexican.....	1¾	1⅞
Ch, B & Q....	112⅞	113	New Engl'd..	18½	19
Fitchburg...	109¾	110	Tropical.....	1⅝	2
F & P Mar...	18½	19	MISCELLANEOUS.		
do pref.....	94	—	Pull Pal Car.	101	101½
Mar, H & O..	14	20			

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, July 12, 1884.

BUTTER.—The is no improvement in the market and prices continue in favor of buyers. We quote:

Northern Creamery, fine, 21@22c ⅌ ℔; good to choice 19@20c. Northern Dairy—Franklin county, Vt, 18@19c; New York and Vermont, choice lots, 17@18c; do do fair to good, 14@16c; do common, 10@13c.

Western—Creamery, fine, 20@..c; do, good to choice, 18@19c; choice dairy, 16@17c; imitation creamery, choice, 14@15c; ladle packed, choice, 13@14c; do, fair to good, 8@12c.

CHEESE.—There has been a better demand for Cheese and a prices are a shade firmer.

We quote Northern choice full cream at 8½@...c; fair to good, 7@7½c; choice Western, 7½@8c ⅌ ℔; do fair to good, 6@7c ⅌ ℔; common skims, 2@5c ⅌ ℔; Worcester county, full cream, 8½@9c ⅌ ℔; do common and skim, 4@8c ⅌ ℔.

CORN.—The market has been firm and the demand shows improvement. We quote:

Steamer mixed at 62@62½c; steamer yellow at 63@64c; high mixed at 66@67c; and no grade at 55@60c.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS—There is a firmer tendency in bleaching powders, owing to an advance of 10 shillings in England, and lots to arrive are held at $1 85@1 90; jobbing lots on spot are selling at $2@2 12½; soda ash is quiet at $1 45@1 50 for round lots; sal soda at $1 12½@1 15 to arrive, and $1 17½@1 20 on spot; caustic soda at $2 75@2 80; Sicily crude brimstone seconds at $24 50@25 ⅌ ton; cream tartar crystals are in light request at 32@32½c; cutch in bales is easier at 5¾@6c, but box is steady at 6¼@6¾c; cochineal is quoted firm at 22@28c, with small sales at 26c; bichromate potash at 11@11½c; prussiate potash at 23@24c for yellow, and 47@50c for red; chlorate at 14¾@15½c for crystals and powdered; brown sugar of lead at 6@6¾c, and white at 11@11¼c; balsam Peru is lower at $1 95@2; Chinese cantharides at $1@1 15; cardamoms at $1 40@2 50, as to quality; druggists' gums are quiet but prices are firmly maintained for all kinds, and particularly so for Arabic; varnish gums in good demand; cod liver oil at $1 20@1 30 for Newfoundland; oil peppermint at $3@3 50, but other essential oils are dull and rule in favor of buyers; quicksilver stronger, owing to higher markets abroad, and quoted at 39@40c; opium at $4@4 25, duty paid; The higher market is owing to the report of serious damage to the crop through heavy rains and, in consequence, a rise in the price at Smyrna; It was thought that the yield would be near 6500 cases, but now not more than 4000 cases are expected; in morphine there is a firmer feeling, in sympathy with opium, and outside lots are now offered below the manufacturers' price, which is $3 20; sulphate quinine at $1 15@1 17½ for German, in bulk, and $1 25@1 30 for American; potato starch at 4¾@4½c, and there have been sales of 50 tons at 4¾c; castor oil at 18½@19c, in bbls and cases; shellac in light request and ranges from 22@25c, as to quality, for common and D. C.; Gambier at 5¼@5⅞c, from store. Other articles remain the same, have been sold in lots as wanted by the trade at prices in the range of quoted rates.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $21 00@24 00 ton; fustic, lima and sapan wood are quiet at nominal.

FLOUR.—The market for flour remains dull and sales are confined to small lots as wanted. We quote:

Spring Wheats—Western superfine, $2 75@3 25; common ex, $3 25@4 00; spring wheat bakers, $4 25@5 25; spring wheat patents, medium and good, $5 75@6; good and choice, $6 00@6 25; fancy Minnesota, $6 25@6 50.

Winter Wheats—Choice patents, $6 10@6 25; do common to good, $5 75@6 00; New York roller flour, $5 25@5 65; Michigan, $5 25@5 35; Ohio and Indiana roller flour, $5 25@5 75; St Louis and Illinois, $5 25@6 00; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 00@5 25; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 00@5 25; Michigan straights $4 75@5 15; winter wheat seconds, $3 25@3 75 ⅌ bbl. Rye flour, $3 50@4 25 ⅌ bbl; cornmeal, fresh ground and kiln dried, $2 80@....; oatmeal, Western ground, $4 75@5; oatmeal, cut fancy brands, $5 50@6.

FREIGHTS.—There has been a good demand for room for grain, sack flour and provisions. We quote:

By steam to Liverpool—Corn, ⅌ bush, 3½d; wheat, ⅌ bush, 3½d; barrel flour, 1s, 3d; sack flour, ⅌ ton, 12s 6s; butter and cheese, ⅌ ton, 22s 6d; provisions ⅌ ton, 17s 6d; leather, ⅌ ton, 25s; cotton, ⅌ ℔ 5-23d; tobacco, 30s 0d; measurement goods, ⅌ 40 cubic feet, 15@20s. By steam to London—Corn, ⅌ bush, 4½d; wheat, ⅌ bush, 4½d; barrel flour, ⅌ bbl, 2s 0d; sack flour, ⅌ ton, 12s 6d; butter and cheese, ⅌ ton, 20s 0d; tobacco, 37s 6d; provisions, ⅌ ton, 17s 6d; measurement goods, ⅌ 40 cubic feet, 27s 6d. By steam to Glasgow—Corn, ⅌ bush, 4d; wheat, 4d; barrel flour, ⅌ bbl, 1s 9d; sack flour, ⅌ ton, 13s 9d; provisions, ⅌ ton, 17s 6d; butter and cheese, 20s; tobacco, 30s 6d; measurement goods, ⅌ 40 cubic feet, 25s. Measurement goods to Australasia are taken as follows: To Melbourne, ⅌ foot, 20@22½c; Sydney, 18c; Adelaide, 21@22½c; Dunedin, ..@..c; Brisbane, 25c. To California rates are unchanged, and we quote on a basis of $9, dead weight capacity. Coal freights from Baltimore to Boston rule at $1 30@1 40; Portland, $1 35; Fall River, $1 20; Providence, $1 20; Salem, $1 40; New York, $1 20; New Haven, $1 25; New London, $1 16; Portsmouth, N. H., $1 40 ⅌ ton. From New York the rates of coal are as follows: To Boston at 90c@$1; New-Haven, 50c; Providence, 80c; Portland, 70@75c. Philadelphia rates of coal rule as follows: To Boston at $1 15@1 25 ⅌ ton.

FRESH MEAT.—The demand for beef has been very good and prices are higher. Lamb and veal are easy. We quote:

Choice beef hindquarters, 14@14½c ⅌ ℔; common, 9@11c; do choice forequarters 7@7½c ⅌ ℔; do common to good, 6½@7c; ex mutton, 9@10c; do common to good, 4@6c; choice fall lamb, ...@...c; common to good, ..@..c; choice spring lamb, 13@15c; choice spring lamb, common to good, 8@12c ⅌ ℔; veal, 10@....c ⅌ ℔, do fair to good, 7@9c ⅌ ℔; common, 4@5c; do Worcester county, choice, 9@12c; do do common 7@9c ⅌ ℔.

FRUIT.—There is a fair demand for Malaga raisins and prices are firm. We quote:

London layers have been sold at $2 35@2 40, loose Muscatel at $2 25@2 30 ⅌ box. Valencia raisins have sold at 6@6½c, and Sultana at 7@8½c ⅌ ℔; Smyrna figs at 10@20c ⅌ ℔; citron at 17@17½c; dates at 3½@7c ⅌ ℔ as to quality for the different kinds. Turkey prunes at 5¼@5½c; French do at 8@14c ⅌ ℔. Peanuts have been in steady demand with the sales at 6½@7½c for Wilmington, 8@10c for Virginia. Green fruit has been in steady demand, with sales of Valencia Oranges at $7 50@11 ⅌ case; Messina and Palermo at $3 50@5 00 ⅌ box. Lemons have sold at $3 50@5 50 ⅌ box, as to quality.

GUNNY BAGGING.—Domestic Bagging has been in moderate demand. We quote:

Sales of 2¼ ℔s average at 11½c ⅌ ℔; 2 ℔s average, 10¾c ⅌ ℔; 1¾ ℔s average at 10c ⅌ ℔, and 9½c ⅌ ℔ for 1½ ℔s average.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for choice grades of hay are a little firmer. Low and medium grades are slow. Rye straw is easy. We quote:

Choice Northern and Eastern, $16 50@17 00; good, $15@16 00 ⅌ ton; fine, $13@14 ⅌ ton; poor, 10@12 ⅌ ton; damaged, $5@10 ⅌ ton; Western Timothy, $..@.. ⅌ ton; swale hay, $8@9 ⅌ ton; choice rye straw, $19 00@20 00 ⅌ ton; do common to good, $17@18 00 ⅌ ton; oat straw, $9@10 ⅌ ton.

HEMP.—The market for Manila hemp has been firm; and we quote at 9@9¼c ⅌ ℔. In Sisal Hemp sales have been at 4¼@....c. Jute butts have been moderate and prices range from 2½@2¾c ⅌ ℔ for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES AND SKINS.—We quote current prices as follows:

Calcutta cow—Slaughter, 12½@13; dead green, 10½; buffalo, 9@9¾; Buenos Ayres, 23½@24; Rio Grande, 21½@22; Montevideo, 23½@24; Gambia and Bissau, 24@27; California, 22½@23; Buenos Ayres, wet, 11½@12; Western, dry, 16@18; do, wet, 9@10; Southern, dry, 15@18; do, wet, 9@10.

Goat skins—Madras, 55@60; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cape Good Hope, 24@25.

HOPS.—There has been a light trade for hops and we quote:

Fancy, 1883, 30@...c ⅌ ℔; choice Eastern, 27@28c ⅌ ℔; fair to good, 20@25c ⅌ ℔; common, ...@...c ⅌ ℔.

INDIGO.—We quote fine Bengal at $1 65@1 80; good consuming, $1 40@1 60; ordinary, 80c@1 25; Guatemala, 70@85c ⅌ ℔.

INDIA RUBBER.—We quote sales of fine Para at 53@64c ⅌ ℔; coarse do, 38@40c ⅌ ℔.

IRON.—The market for pig iron continues dull and sales are limited. We quote:

American pig, $20 00@23 ⅌ ton; Scotch, $20@20 50 ⅌ ton for Eglinton, $21 00@23 ⅌ ton for other brands. Bar Iron has sold at $170@175 ⅌ 100 ℔s for refined. Common sheet ron has been selling at 2⅞@3½c ⅌ ℔. Steel rails are quoted at the works at $30@32 ⅌ ton at the mills.

LEAD.—The market for pig lead has been quiet and we quote:

Pig lead at $ 65@3 70 ⅌ ℔; lead pipe, 6@..c; tin, lined pipe, 15@..c; block tin pipe, 45c; sheet lead, 7..c. Old lead has been taken in exchange for new at 3½c for solid and 2¾c for tea.

LEATHER.—There has been a little better demand for sole leather and we quote:

Sole—Buenos Ayres, light, 25@25½c; do middle, 26@26½c; do heavy, 25@25½c; common, light, 22½@23c; do middle, 23½@24c; do heavy, 23½@24; buffalo, 22½@23c. Upper in rough—Hemlock, 22@27c; oak, 23@28c. Calf skins, ⅌ ℔—Rough, 45@50c; finished, 60@85c; French, $1 20@2.

LIME.—The market is steady, with sales at 95c@$1 ⅌ cask.

LUMBER.—Following are the current prices: Clear pine—Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26; coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; shipping boards, $...@...; spruce—1 and 2, $13 00@....; hemlock boards, Nos 1 and 2, $10 50@12 50; Southern pine—flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $30@32; do ¼ and ½ step, $31@33; ship stock, $28@30; yard orders, $20@21; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $18@20; black walnut, $50@95; cherry, $70@80; white wood, inch, $28@36; do 6/4 inch, $22@25; oak, $35@40; ash, $35@40; clapboards—heart pine, $40@55; saps, $33@50; spruce, $15@31; shingles, $1 50@5 00; spruce laths, $1 87@2 12; pine laths, $2 25@2 50.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There is a light demand for poultry, but prices are fairly maintained. We quote:

Northern turkeys, choice, 14@16c ⅌ ℔; common to good, 10@12c ⅌ ℔; choice winter chickens, 18@22c ⅌ ℔; common to good, $...@...c ⅌ ℔; choice fowl, fresh killed, 16@17c ⅌ ℔; common to good, 10@15c ⅌ ℔; spring chickens, 30@35c ⅌ ℔.

Wild pigeons, $2 50@2 75 ⅌ doz. Live fowls, 12@13c; live spring chickens, 18@22c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for beef continues quiet and steady for beef. We quote:

Western mess at $11@12 50; Western extra mess at $11@12 50; Western plate at $13@14 00; and Western extra plate at $13@14 ⅌ ℔.

Pork—Sales of extra prime at $...@...; old mess at $...@...; mess at $16 50@....; clear, $16 50@17 00; short cut at $17@17 50; and backs at $17 50@18 ⅌ bbl.

Smoked hams are firm at 13@14½c ⅌ ℔.

Lard—Sales of Boston and Western, 8@8½c ⅌ ℔; fancy brands command ....@....c ⅌ ℔.

STARCH.—We quote current prices as follows: Poto, 4⅜@4½c; corn, 3@4c; choice do. 4⅛@5c; wheat, 6¼@7c.

WOOL.—In washed fleeces sales have been quite large, but prices are irregular and unsettled. Sales include Ohio and Pennsylvania in the range of 32½@36c for X, and XX and XX and above. In combing and delaine Michigan fine is quoted at 33@34c, and 34@35c. Fine and No 1 combing are nominally 36@38c for Michigan and Ohio. Pulled wools sales have been at 32c for X, and 24@35c for supers, mostly from 30@35c ⅌ ℔. Foreign wool is without sales of importance.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, July 12.

FLOUR—Was in moderate demand and steady.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were less active at an advance of ½@¾c; Chicago was rather bullish, owing to decreasing stocks; some claimed it was a purchase on breaks; sales, 2,528,000 bush No 2 red; August, 97½@98¼c; September, 97⅞@98⅝c; October, 99¼c@$1; November, $1 01@1 01¼; spot sales, 140,000 bush. Of rye, 8000 bush sold at 69½c, C. I. F. Oats firmer; sales, 205,000 bush; No 2 mixed, 36½@36¾c; No 2 mixed for July, 36@36½c; August, 33⅝@33¾c; September, 32⅝@32⅞c; October, 33⅜c. Corn futures were dull and irregular, opening higher and then reacting; sales, 480,000 bush. No 2 mixed; July, 60¼@60⅝c; August, 60⅛@60⅝c; September, 60½@61c; spot sales, 65,000 bush. After change—Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 97½c delivered; August, 98¼c; September, 98⅝c; October, 99¾c; November, $1 01¼. Corn dull; No 2 mixed, 61½c delivered; July, 60¼c; August, 60½c; September, 60⅞c; October, 61¼c; Oats dull; July, 36c; August, 33⅝c; September, 32⅝c; October, 33⅜c.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures were depressed and much less active; sales 8600 tcs mainly at 7.57@7.61c for September, but including October at 7.70c, and December at 7.64c; after change the market was unsettled, closing at 7.40@7.44c for August, 7.57@60c for September, 7.67@7.70c for October, and 7.65c for December. Spot lard declined 10c ⅌ 100 ℔s, and was more active at the reduction; sales 1400 tcs at 7c for No 1, city 7.20 for prime do, and 7.45@7.50c for prime Western. Pork doing rather better; new mess, 16.50@17. Bacon and cut meats very quiet. Dressed hogs lower, at 7½@7⅝c. Tallow lower at 6⅛@6 3-16c. Oleomargarine lower at 7⅝c. Butter dull, weak; creamery, 16@22c. Cheese steadier; factory, 5@9½c. Eggs, 17½@19c for Western and State.

COTTON.—Futures declined sharply, partially recovered, but closed dull, at 10.87c for July, 10.96c for August, 10.88c for September, 10.57c for October, 10.43c for November and December, 10.51c for January, 10.63c for February, 10.75c for March, and 10.87c for April; sales, 40,000 bales. Spots easier but not quotably lower; middling uplands, 11c.

PETROLEUM.—Refined for export was steady and quiet at 7¾c for 70° Abel test. Crude oil certificates had an uninteresting day; sales were 9,289,000 bbls, at figures showing a slight weakness from 61¼c to 60c, closing at 60⅛c. Average daily runs to the 10th inst., 60,922 bbls, and deliveries 56,164 bbls.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee options were dull and weak; sales, 8750 bags, closing dull but steady as follows: July, 8.15@8.25c; August, 8.25@8.30c; September, 8.35@8.40c; October, 8.40@8.45c; November, 8.45@8.50c; December, 8.50@8.55c; fair cargoes, 9¾@10c; sales, 2400 bags Rio, 1500 Maracaibo, and 700 Savanilla on p. t. Cuba 50° test molasses quoted 16½@17c. Raw sugar quiet; fair, 5c; 211 hhds English Islands sold at 4⅝c; refined rather weaker; granulated, 6 15-16@7c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, July 11, 1884:

Western cattle, 2365; Eastern cattle, 110; Northern, 442. Total, 2897.

Western sheep and lambs, 12,320; Eastern sheep and lambs ...; Northern sheep and lambs, 2658. Total 13,978.

Swine, 14,355. Veals, 1160. Horses, 386.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4 50 to $9 50.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$6 75 @7 25
First quality	6 12½@6 62½
Second quality	5 25 @6 00
Third quality	4 12½@5 12½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 00 @4 00

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

	per pound.		per pound.
Brighton hides.....7	@7½	Calfskins	10@11c
Brighton tallow....	@6½	Sheepskins, sh'd	20@25c
Country hides, l't.6	@6½	Lambskins	40@50c
do heavy.......6¼	@7	Wool skins	75c@$2 25
Country tallow...3½	@4		

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, July 12—[For the week past.]—There has been 46 fishing arrivals. Total receipts, 800,000 pounds codfish, 290,000 pounds halibut, and 1600 barrels of mackerel. The receipts of codfish and halibut have been liberal, but the receipts of mackerel are less than one-half for corresponding week of last year. The receipts of mackerel have been mostly small fish, with the mixture of a few large. A trip of this kind sold Wednesday at $4 25 ⅌ bbl, out of pickle, barrel included.

Fresh halibut—Last sales at 8c ⅌ ℔ for white and 6c ⅌ ℔ for gray.

Large Georges cod, $5 00@.. ⅌ qtl; medium, $3 50 ⅌ qtl; large new Western bank $3 62½ ⅌ qtl; medium Western Bank $2 75 ⅌ qtl; old Bank cod, $3 00 ⅌ qtl; large shore cod, $4 50 ⅌ qtl; medium shore cod, $3 00 ⅌ qtl; haddock, $2 25 ⅌ qtl; hake, $2 00 ⅌ qtl; cusk, $3 00 ⅌ qtl; pollock, $1 87½; pollock, slack salted, $2 50 ⅌ qtl; boneless and prepared hake, 3½@4c ⅌ ℔; do do cusk and haddock, 4@4½c ⅌ ℔; do do codfish, 4½@7½c ⅌ ℔; smoked halibut, 12½c ⅌ ℔; smoked salmon, 17c ⅌ ℔.

Labrador herring, $4 ⅌ bbl; round shore herring, $2 50 ⅌ qtl; trout, $14 ⅌ bbl; pickled codfish, $5 00 ⅌ bbl; pickled haddock, $5 ⅌ bbl; cod tongues, $10 00 ⅌ bbl; codfish sounds, $12 ⅌ bbl; tongues and sounds, $11 ⅌ bbl; halibut heads, $3 50 ⅌ bbl; halibut fins, $15 ⅌ bbl and sparse; scaled herring, 18c ⅌ box; No 1 herring, 14c ⅌ box; bloaters, $1 ⅌ 100. Pure cod liver oil, for medicinal use, $1 10 ⅌ gal; blackfish oil, 70c ⅌ gal; cod oil, 47@48c ⅌ gal; shore, 45c ⅌ gal; porgie oil, none in market; porgie scrap, $12 ⅌ ton; liver do, $7 ⅌ ton; fish skins $4 ⅌ ton.

THE NEW TICKET.

Continued from the Third Page.

equal to the roar of heaven's artillery, echoed through the structure and was communicated to the thousands on the outside. Then, taking advantage of a temporary lull the musicians, who had caught the enthusiasm of the moment, struck up the familiar and soul-stirring strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Effect Was Electric.

the scene one never to be forgotten. The audience took up the song, and in a moment it was pealing forth from 15,000 throats. Delegates from Texas clasped the hands of their brethren from New York, the men of Maine fell upon the necks of their confreres from the Territories, and the strong men who but a few hours before had been pouring forth grape shot invectives sat back in their chairs with the tears pouring down their cheeks. On the platform, hands clasped in hands, each voice trying to outvie the other, as the refrain "In the name of Auld Lang Syne" was reached, was a circle composed of President Vilas, Henry Watterson, General Black, Colonel Clunie of California, Governor Waller of Connecticut, and ex-Governor Hubbard of Texas. A yard away General Butler was wringing the hands of a delegate from Colorado. Even that stanch old leader of the Republican party, E. B. Washburn of Minnesota, who had been on the stage throughout the convention, joined in the ovation with his tremulous voice as he waved his handkerchief over his head.

Suddenly the band changed the air from "Auld Lang Syne" to "America," and again the audience took up the patriotic refrain with, if possible, more heartiness than before. Succeeding this, came "Home, Sweet Home," and now the gathering, exerting its voice with might and main, completely drowned the music of the band. The soprano notes of several hundred ladies who were scattered about the hall rang out high and clear above the more robust tones of their stronger companions. As the voices died away in the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," General Breckenridge of California requested the band to play "Old Hundred," and once more the blended voices of those present grandly swelled to the music and rhythm of "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The demonstration lasted forty-five minutes.

During the evening session a resolution was offered that the Democratic National Committee should be empowered, in the event of the death of either of the candidates, to choose his successor by a majority vote. This motion was antagonized from several parts of the floor, and was finally postponed.

Resolutions of thanks to President Vilas, Sergeant-at-Arms Bright, Press Chairman Austin H. Brown and other officers were adopted, and at 7.30 p. m. the Democratic Convention of 1884 came to an amicable and apparently satisfactory close.

The Second Ballot.

Whole number of votes cast	820
Necessary for a choice	547
Cleveland	683
Bayard	81½
Hendricks	45½
Thurman	4
Randall	4
McDonald	2

THE CANDIDATES

Who Will Lead the Democracy on to Victory—Sketches of the Lives of Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks.

Grover Cleveland, having been identified with the West since boyhood, is thought of and spoken of as a Western man. He is, however, from the East, and almost from "Down East." He comes of good New England stock, and is the descendant of several generations of preachers. His great-grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, was a Congregationalist minister of Norwich, Conn., and his father, Rev. Richard Cleveland, went from that place to Caldwell, New Jersey, where he settled as a Prebyterian pastor. There Grover was born, March 18, 1837. Four years later the family moved to Fayetteville, N. Y., and as their residence was opposite an academy, the little Grover, fascinated by seeing the boys at play, begged earnestly to be allowed to go to school. After some hesitation, on account of what the effect might be on a lad so young, his wish was granted. The lad went for more than play, however, and soon showed a great aptitude for study. When 12 years old he was admitted to membership in the church, and soon after went clerking in the line of drugs and medicines, groceries and dry goods. When 15 he was sent to an academy at Clinton, N. Y., where he continued to study hard, with a particular taste for languages. After a year at the academy he started for New York City to fight the battle of life for himself. He procured a situation as teacher in the blind asylum, corner of Ninth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, but, after a short engagement, he returned to his home and started for the West. He was accompanied by another young man, and their idea was to "go West and grow up with the country." This was in May, 1855, and Grover had all the hope and courage which is to be found "in the lexicon of youth." Naturally enough, he was attracted by the city bearing his name, Cleveland, O., and it was determined on as the destination. When he got to Buffalo, however, he spent a few days with his uncle, and the result was that he concluded to go no further. Taking a clerkship in his uncle's store, he served until he found an opening more congenial to his tastes, in the law office of Rogers, Brown & Rogers. He was duly entered as a student, improved his time, and was admitted to the bar in 1859. Fond of his profession he devoted himself to it with zeal, and soon gained a reputation for ability and proficiency. Three years later he was appointed assistant district attorney for Erie county, and after holding that position for three years was nominated for district-attorney on the Democratic ticket. He was defeated after a close contest. Five years later, in 1870, he was elected sheriff of Erie county.

In 1881 he made the first long step toward the position which he holds today. A mayor was wanted for Buffalo, and the man needed for the place must be one in whom all classes would have confidence, and who would have the courage and ability to reform long-standing abuses. There was a feeling that no Democrat should apply. In the preceding year the city had given Garfield a majority of 3000, and in the face of this the Democratic probability of success looked wonderfully small. Cleveland was nominated, and he succeeded not only in gaining his election, but in reversing the figures of Garfield's majority, and taking a majority of 3000 over the Republican candidate.

As mayor of Buffalo, Cleveland entered on his duties with practically no experience in politics, and, naturally, with a clean record. His idea was to err, if he did err, on the side of caution, and to indorse nothing which he did not understand. He gave the cold shoulder to various rings and combinations, and exercised the power of veto in a way new to the men who had been accustomed to "run the machine." This mode of performing his duties soon gave him a record, and his reputation spread to all parts of the State. His fame grew during his incumbency, and when the party cast about for a candidate for governor in 1882 Mr. Cleveland was their nominee. He had the good fortune to have not only the solid support of the Democratic party, but of the Independents and many old Republicans as well. The result was his election over Hon. Charles J. Folger by a majority of 192,000, which broke the record on all previous majorities for the office of governor in any State of the Union. His progress from private life to the gubernatorial chair in one year, and his extraordinary majority made his record a very remarkable one, and much interest was felt as to how he would fill his new position. He followed the same principles as had distinguished his course as Mayor of Buffalo. He was a good business man, with very conservative ideas and a direct way of dealing with public matters. His outspoken opinions and his non-partisan ideas made him enemies among many who had interests at stake and jobs to put through, but with the Independent voters, and all who had been aiming at a better system in affairs of state, his popularity grew stronger day by day.

Before entering into public life Mr. Cleveland had proved himself an able lawyer. This was due largely to his cautious and methodical habits, which served him so well in the offices which he afterwards held. His practice was a large and lucrative one, and he was looked upon as of the leading lawyers of the State. As a pleader he was one whose arguments carried force with a jury, though devoid of any of the mere flash of rhetoric. This, however, does not prevent him from making a good after-dinner speech of the impromptu style of oratory. Physically he is of large frame and vigorous constitution. He is a bachelor, and, were he to be elected, would be the first bachelor to occupy the White House since the time of James Buchanan, as well as being the first Democrat to fill the same position.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

Ringing and Statesmanlike Utterances of Grover Cleveland When He Was Mayor of Buffalo.

[New York Herald.]

Some of the Blaine sheets that dread the nomination of Governor Cleveland, and Tammany shouters who do not like him because he is not one of their kind, have been trying to create the impression that Irish-American voters have reason to go against Cleveland and for Blaine. They refer, of course, to Blaine's "vigorous foreign policy," and hint that Cleveland cares little for the rights of naturalized American citizens abroad. They probably know—at least they would know if they were cognizant of the facts—that a comparison between Blaine and Cleveland on this point is not to the advantage of Blaine. When the latter was secretary of state he pushed his jingo policy on pretty much every foreign question except that relating to the rights of naturalized citizens abroad. On this one point his course was conspicuously lacking in that "vigor" of which his admirers are always boasting.

Now, it so happens that although Governor Cleveland was never secretary of state, his views on this question are on record, and they are more statesmanlike and praiseworthy than any ever expressed by Blaine. They were spoken in Buffalo when Mr. Cleveland was mayor of that city and at a meeting at which the State Department under Blaine was criticised and denounced for its lack of activity in behalf of the rights of Irish-American citizens arrested in Great Britain. From Mr. Cleveland's speech on that occasion we reproduce this passage:

> It needed not the statute, which is now the law of the land, declaring that "all naturalized citizens while in foreign lands are entitled to and shall receive from this government the same protection of person and property which is accorded to native born citizens," to voice the policy of our nation.
>
> In all lands where the semblance of liberty is preserved, the right of a person arrested to a speedy accusation and trial is or ought to be a fundamental law as it is a rule of civilization.
>
> At any rate, we hold it is to be so, and this is one of the rights which we undertake to guarantee to any native born or naturalized citizen of ours, whether he be imprisoned by order of the Czar of Russia or under the pretext of a law administered for the benefit of the landed aristocracy of England.
>
> We do not claim to make laws for other countries, but we do insist that whatsoever those laws may be, they shall, in the interests of human freedom and the rights of mankind, so far as they involve the liberty of our citizens, be speedily administered. We have a right to say, and do say, that mere suspicion, without examination or trial, is not sufficient to justify the long imprisonment of a citizen of America. Other nations may permit their citizens to be thus imprisoned. Ours will not. And this in effect has been solemnly declared by statute.
>
> We have met here tonight to consider this subject and to inquire into the cause and the reasons and the justice of the imprisonment of certain of our fellow-citizens now held in British prisons without the semblance of a trial or legal examination. Our law declares that the government shall act in such cases. But the people are the creators of the government.

There is no Blaine jingoism in these sentiments, but they show Governor Cleveland to be a thorough believer in the principle of fully protecting American citizens, native-born or naturalized, wherever they may be.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Sketch of the Democratic Candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

Thomas A. Hendricks, the nominee for vice-president, was born in Muskingum county, Ohio, September 7, 1819, and when but three years old his father removed to Indiana, settling in Shelby county, which continued to be his home for many years. His education was obtained at Hanover College, Indiana, and at Chambersburg, Penn., and he commenced the practice of law in 1843. In 1844 he moved to Indiana, and, four years after, was chosen a member of the State Legislature. Here he made his mark in politics. In 1850 he was sent to Congress from the Indianapolis district. He served two terms in Congress and was then appointed by President Pierce commissioner of the general land office. He was defeated for governor in 1860 by Henry S. Lane, and in 1862 was elected to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Jesse D. Bright. In 1868 Mr. Hendricks' name was foremost in the list of presidential candidates. Failing to gain the nomination he ran for governor, and was barely defeated by General Baker. In 1872 Mr. Hendricks had regained all his old popularity and some new public favor. Indiana was carried for the Republicans, but Mr. Hendricks' personal following gained him the governorship. In 1876 Governor Hendricks was selected as the Democratic nominee for vice-president, but he was counted out with Mr. Tilden after the election. Since then he has not taken such an active part in public life. He is a man of fine presence, and is reputed one of the handsomest of politicians. His disposition is most amiable and winning, and no prominent man has a larger personal following. He is a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Hendricks Accepts the Nomination.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12.—Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, the Democratic nominee for vice-president, was honored with a magnificent demonstration tonight. Not less than 10,000 people gathered in Circle Park to ratify the Democratic ticket. There were as many Republicans as Democrats present to give Mr. Hendricks a kindly greeting, as he has long been personally popular in this city. Mr. Hendricks was escorted from his residence, two squares distant from the park, by about 1000 of his friends, bearing torches and accompanied by bands of music. After the meeting had been addressed by Hon. William H. English, Hendricks delivered a long address, in which he accepted his nomination and asked the support of his friends.

Hendricks referred to the National Convention just past as the largest ever held in sobriety of deliberation. He said: "I have no right to expect to escape the criticism and maybe the slander of the opposite party. But I come before Democrats, Conservatives, Independents, all men who wish to restore the government to the position it occupied before these corrupt times. To all such men I make my appeal for your support for the high office for which I have been nominated by the Democracy at Chicago. (Great cheers.) Governor Cleveland is a man of established character. If you elect him to the presidency of the United States, you will not hear of Star routes in the postal service of the country under his administration.

McDonald spoke next and gave his full adhesion to the ticket.

Governor English on Hendricks.

[New Haven Register.]

"Hendricks was in the Senate when I was in the House," said ex-Governor James E. English this morning. "He is a man of remarkably high character, and always has been. He was one of the leaders of the Senate at that time, and I have never heard of any act of his but that was above reproach. His name has been linked with many important movements.

"I recollect that he was not at Washington long after I was, the political field changing so that a Republican was elected in his stead. He is a man with a national reputation and of high purposes, who is not to be compared with the Republican candidate for the vice-presidency from the West for an instant.

"I think the Democratic party has great reason to feel proud of the cleanness, the strength and the ability of its candidates. There is every indication that they will be elected. You will find that the demand for a change is very general—very general among the people."

COMMENTS.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.

Mr. Dana Evidently Thinks the Situation "Mighty Onsartin."

The Sun, in its editorial commenting on Cleveland's nomination, says:

"Well, the convention has nominated Grover Cleveland, and now the question will be whether he or Blaine is to be elected. We had our own opinion, but perhaps there was some mistake about it. The question may be somewhat complicated by the running of a third candidate. This will rest with General Butler. Should he stand, will he be able to get votes enough to render doubtful the election of either Blaine or Cleveland? Would he draw away votes from Cleveland or from Blaine? Would the workingmen, or citizens of Irish descent, who are undoubtedly hostile to Cleveland, prefer to vote for Butler, or would they go straight over to Blaine? But the great point of uncertainty is the real magnitude of the Republican revolt against the Maine statesman. No doubt all the malcontents of that party will give their support to the Democratic candidate, and how much will that amount to? Will it enable Mr. Cleveland to carry New York? Will it bring over to him other States that are now doubtful? Meanwhile the course for those who cannot be zealous for Cleveland, yet do not want Blaine, is something to be determined by the judgment and conscience of the citizen. It is true that this is not a consideration that leads to much enthusiasm, and no one can be very efficacious in an election where he is actuated by a conscientious sense of duty alone. But it will influence the votes of many, no doubt, while there will be others who will reason that Mr. Cleveland has himself set the example of entire independence of his party; and besides, this is a great year for bolting. What prophet can now foretell what will happen? From the beginning we desired that the Republicans should nominate Mr. Blaine for two reasons—first, because his nomination must provoke a schism in his own party; and secondly, because in the event of his election the party would most probably be ruined by him in a very short period. Everybody must remember how in a few months, at the head of Garfield's cabinet, his hot-headed incapacity broke up the Republicans so that it required all the tact and wisdom of President Arthur for three years to get them tolerably together again. Is it likely that Blaine as president would display statesmanship and the power of ruling in 1885 any more than in 1881? And if he is elected, our consolation will be that he can scarcely fail to perform the public service of destroying the power that made him. The Republican party ought to go."

New York Evening Post.

The nomination of Governor Cleveland by the Democratic Convention makes the way perfectly plain and simple for all friends of good government who are for any reason dissatisfied with the Republican candidate. This time the Democrats have made no mistake. If Cleveland had no other claim to the confidence and support of those to whom parties are simply a means of promoting the national welfare, he would have a strong one in the character of the opposition he encountered in the convention. As General Bragg finely and happily said in seconding his nomination: "We love him most of all for the enemies he has made." The hostility of Tammany and Butler, and in fact of whatever is the basest and most demagogic in his own party, is of itself a tribute of which any public man might well be proud. Cleveland is a tried administrator. One of the Blaine organs in its great agony has tried to relieve itself by calling him "a man destitute of experience." Of one kind of experience—experience in political trickery and manipulation in the art of making money for himself and his friends out of politics, he is indeed destitute. In the experience which the present situation in national affairs most imperatively calls for, experience in administration, Cleveland has more than any one who has entered the White House since 1860. The true question for a voter to ask himself about a presidential candidate, especially in a crisis like the present, when there is no substantial difference between the bids which the contending parties make for the popular support are: In what way will he probable behave in the proper sphere of presidential duties? We commend Mr. Cleveland especially to young voters, who long for a better era of politics, as emphatically a man to be trusted and worked for until his election is assured. For this time a Democratic victory will arrest peremptorily, and, we believe, finally, the insolence of and hopefulness of the corrupt and freebooting element among Republicans."

New York Mail and Express.

"The Democratic Convention was very slow about getting to work, but finally astonished everybody by the suddenness with which it finally offered to a surprised party and people the singular combination of Cleveland and Hendricks. With the exception of the extremely sagacious, alert, audacious and experienced managers of the convention, open and secret, few knew of the bold game that was so successfully and brilliantly played under Mr. Manning's direction. In every part of the long and varied programme there was a mixture of craft, patience and pluck, unexampled in the handling of any national convention of recent times. The most startling and melodramatic part of the programme was the introduction of Hendricks as a candidate for the vice-presidency, after he and his followers had been fooled to the utmost verge of endurance with the vain hope of first place. To not only check the Hendricks boom, but turn it around into an auxiliary of the Cleveland candidacy and nomination was a stroke of rare genius. Absurd as the idea is with Mr. Cleveland at the top and Mr. Hendricks at the bottom, it is a resurrection of the old ticket. This is undoubtedly what Hendricks was nominated for, and the jingle will not be ineffective. For a "two-year-old" in national politics Governor Cleveland has developed a surprising amount of strength, which wise enemies will frankly admit and prepare to overthrow. We trust that on neither side will there be any more indulgence in low and abusive personalities, which always harm most the side from whose ranks they come."

The Tribune in High Glee.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The Tribune will say: The Tribune has earnestly desired the nomination of Governor Cleveland, because it has believed that he would be beaten more surely than any other Democratic candidate. Mr. Kelly and the New York Sun have not been mistaken in declaring that Governor Cleveland could not carry this State. General Butler was not mistaken in declaring that Governor Cleveland would lose the votes of a host of workingmen and could not carry a New England State. The friends of Thurman in Ohio were not blind when they said that Cleveland could not carry that State, nor was Governor Abbett talking at random when he uttered the same warning as to New Jersey. Nor were the friends of Messrs. Hendricks and McDonald ignorant when they predicted the defeat of Cleveland in Indiana. It is nonsense to say that Mr. Kelly may defeat Cleveland. The Tammany chief stated the simple truth when he said he would be absolutely powerless to secure the support of the workingmen of this city for the governor. Neither will the Republicans rest their hopes upon defects in Governor Cleveland's private character. They will leave Mr. Curtis, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Beecher to discuss that, if either chooses. Apart from all this, it is enough that Mr. Cleveland is not qualified to be president, and that the party which has nominated him cannot safely be entrusted with power.

Probably the Strongest Candidate.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The Commercial Advertiser will say tomorrow: "In nominating Mr. Cleveland the Democratic party has done a bold thing, but whether their courage is the courage of discretion it would be premature to say. Mr. Cleveland will prove a strong candidate, but will meet with strong opposition. Whether the latter is to be sustained, or whether his present enemies in his own party are to yield are also questions for time alone to solve.

The World Thinks the Ticket an Omen of Success.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The World will say: "The Democratic Convention has done its work well. The nomination of Grover Cleveland, demanded by the overwhelming sentiment of the party, will be held as an omen of success all over the United States from lake to ocean, from Maine to California.

Buffalo Express.

"For today—one day—let us sink the partisan and let the friend come to the surface. One rousing cheer for Cleveland, and then let us go quietly to work for Blaine."

THE BOSTON PRESS.

A Majority of the Papers Think It a Strong Ticket.

The Transcript says: No candid Republican can fail to admire the courage and sagacity which induced the Democratic Convention to nominate Governor Cleveland for president. . . . Making all due allowances for the office-hunger of the Democracy, it must be admitted that this procedure practically ushers in a new era for that party.

The Journal says: If Mr. Blaine's friends had had the selection of a candidate who is to oppose him they would have acted in harmony with the majority of the Democratic Convention. This is not an after-convention statement, in the spirit of Mark Tapley, but an opinion that has been freely expressed in the Journal and in all the prominent Republican papers. Our fear has been during the past week that the choice would fall to some man like ex-Senator Thurman, who would have been a strong and popular candidate in the West and South and stronger in New York than Governor Cleveland will prove to be. The nomination of Mr. Thurman would have transferred the fight to Ohio in October, where his popularity would have proved a potent factor against the Republican State ticket. In conclusion, we can do no better than to reiterate the opinion of the majority of intelligent Republicans, that the nomination of Governor Cleveland is that of all others which they desire. It will be the easiest to defeat, and it has the least in it to commend it to the country.

The Herald says: In nominating Governor Cleveland for president, the Democratic party has displayed the wisdom of its opportunity, as the Republican party, in nominating Mr. Blaine, manifested the audacity of its desires. There are corrupt and dangerous elements in both parties. In the Republican party they have at last prevailed. In the Democratic party they have been beaten down. The Republican party is led by its tail. The Democratic party by its head.

On the whole, a change is desirable. Twenty-four years is a long time for one party to have control of the government. A party so long in power grows corrupt and disregardful of public opinion. A party out of power so long loses the inspiration to faith and courage, if not the capacity of government. A dynasty is unrepublican. It is disloyalty to the popular principle to deny that a government of the people is not safe in the hands of any majority of the people. A change would be useful, if for no other reason than to disprove the monstrous and insulting claim to the Republicans that their party alone is fit and able to administer the public affairs.

We take it as reasonably certain that Governor Cleveland will be elected. The dissatisfaction, and even the opposition, of men like Kelly and Butler will serve to strengthen him with the citizens whose influence and votes can alone make Democratic success possible this year. The independent voters will all support him. The revolted Republicans have named him as the one Democrat for whom they could vote. If his own party does not support him loyally, it will be evidence that its time has come to die. The Democracy at last deserves success. With Cleveland, it will win.

The Advertiser says: Whether, after all, the nomination is the strongest that the Democrats could have made can hardly be determined until more is known as to the extent and persistency of the division created by the previous struggle. The nature and intensity of the opposition to Cleveland are the common measure both of his strength and his weakness. For those Republicans who refuse to support Mr. Blaine this nomination will, in some respects, simplify the political problem. It removes from the list of contingencies which they have had to consider the possibility of a practical choice in November between Blaine and Butler, or between Blaine and any of the numerous partisans on whom it seemed that the choice of a Democratic Convention might fall.

The Post says: The work of the convention is finished and the candidates that it has given the party and the country must be judged not by the bias of personal preferences, but by the light of more comprehensive considerations. The ticket which the Democratic convention has given us is Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks. It is a good ticket. It is a winning ticket. Of many possible combinations which the material at command suggested, this is one of the very best. . . . Of Mr. Hendricks little needs to be said. He has made his record and it has once received the country's seal of approval, which will be given again this year. . . . The sentiment in favor of the old ticket partly satisfied itself in Mr. Hendricks' selection, and there was no good reason why it should not be gratified. The ticket is harmonious; it is in accord with the platform, and it is going to be the people's choice in November.

IN THE CITY BY THE LAKE.

Editorial Opinions Many and Various Taken From the Chicago Papers.

CHICAGO, July 11.—The following are from the editorial comments of the local papers:

The Tribune will say: The nomination of Cleveland has been forced upon the Democratic party by the most unscrupulous disregard of popular representation in convention and in spite of solemn warnings from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts and the Pacific coast.

The Inter-Ocean will say: That this leadership has in it elements of strength, no one can deny. It will please the disaffected in the Republican party better than any other that could have been made, and that is the reason it was made. The Democracy is, as several of their speakers conceded, a minority party. It cannot win without fresh recruits, and for these the convention elected to look to the bolters, and from that point of view the nomination is probably a strong one.

The Times will say: The nomination of Cleveland is the natural and foreseen result of two forces directed with all their strength to opposite ends, yet both acting effectively to the same end.

The News will say: In the nomination of Governor Cleveland, the Democratic party has undoubtedly made a choice of its most available man, and we use the word available in its correct sense, and not a term of derogation. We believe Mr. Cleveland will attract more votes than any other man who was at all likely to come before the convention. The platform is a monstrosity. As a declaration of principles it is beneath contempt. Butler said enough in this way to condemn it. The nomination of Hendricks will weaken the ticket.

VIEWS OF OTHER PAPERS.

By Serving His Country.

PORTLAND, July 11.—The Daily Advertiser (Republican) says of Governor Cleveland: His record as governor is before the country. Mr. Cleveland's strength as a candidate consists in his conservatism, his straightforward business methods, his exceptional standing with the independent and reform elements, and his ability to inspire the people with the belief that he means to serve his party by serving his country, and not otherwise.

No Third Ticket for the Independents.

SPRINGFIELD, July 11.—The Republican says: "The nomination of this ticket gives the Democracy approximately an even chance of carrying the country. They have sound candidates upon a good platform.

Brief Extracts from Other Journals.

A good mayor, a good governor, a good president.—[New York Truth.

We congratulate the Democrats on a candidate of unspotted public record.—[New Haven News.

Connecticut is now taken out of the list of doubtful States. Cleveland will receive the six electoral votes of this Commonwealth.—[Hartford Telegram.

Let all Democrats unite, and, joining hands with the thousands of protesting Republicans everywhere who propose to support the Democratic nominee, press on to a noble and well-earned victory.—[Fall River Herald.

. . . Until it was apparent that he [Cleveland] would very likely be the nominee for president, the Republicans were not sparing in their praise for him. The attempt to belittle him has been an afterthought.—[New Bedford Mercury.

Deep down was the conviction that New York's governor was the man for the emergency, and with his nomination comes a feeling of quiet satisfaction, which will turn to enthusiasm as the campaign draws on.—[Lawrence Eagle.

Mr. Cleveland will poll nearly the whole of the Democratic vote, he will get the largest Independent vote ever cast for a party nominee in the country, and he will, we firmly believe, be the next president of the United States.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

. . . He was not selected because he was Grover Cleveland, or because many Independent voters had said that they would like to support him, but because he had shown a disposition and an ability to administer a government of the people for the people.—[Manchester Union.

In the coming campaign we will be found true to our cause, and faithful historians of events as they affect Democratic interests. Let there be Democratic harmony of action, local and national, as that, well founded on acknowledged pure principles, can only meet and deserve party success.—[Lowell Times.

There ought not to be much hesitation in selecting a president of the United States when the choice is reduced to James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. Governor Cleveland has had no opportunity to obtain the slightest acquaintance with national affairs, while Mr. Blaine has been before the country for more than twenty years.—[Lowell Mail.

With candidates for the highest offices within the gift of a free people of such pure character and unspotted record as Cleveland and Hendricks and a platform of principles which commends itself to the intelligence and good sense of the people there can be no such word as fail for the Democracy in November.—[Providence Telegram.

The delegates made a wise determination for their party, and a good one for the country, if their candidate should be elected Governor Cleveland has shown through the whole of his life, private and public, from boyhood to his present distinction, that he has the sterling qualities befitting the exalted office of chief executive of the United States.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

The Democratic candidate for president of the United States is Grover Cleveland of New York. Of all the candidates nominated, all of them worthy, New York's reform governor commanded the most confidence. . . . His friends pledge him the vote of New York, a State which must be carried to insure a Democratic victory. Let us see to it that he has the vote of Connecticut.—[New Haven Union.

Mr. Blaine is known, his career, his theories, his probable action as president, when he is elected, is tolerably clear, but what Governor Cleveland would do as president is not known. He has not been in public office in the conduct of national affairs, and business men will be cautious of trusting to an untried man when they have the choice of one who would be tolerably satisfactory.—[Newburyport Herald.

New York will be desperately contested, but the more desperately it shall be fought the more signal will be the Cleveland victory. Connecticut and New Hampshire promise to be Cleveland States, and Massachusetts will tremble in the balance between the Plumed Knight and the man who is known only as a resolutely honest public servant.—[Colonel McClure in Philadelphia Times.

Pitted against such a candidate as James G. Blaine, who is the embodiment of all the worst tendencies in American politics, to doubt that this man of shining character, of proved capacity and of attested devotion to the sacredness of public trust, will be the choice of the people for the highest position in their gift, is to doubt their capacity for self government. We are not yet ready to express even a suspicion to that effect.—[Bangor Commercial.

No cleaner, purer statesman exists in the nation today than Grover Cleveland. He should and will receive every vote in the Democratic party. Beside this the better portion of the Republican party, embracing men of principle and independence, will furnish votes for Cleveland, and when a reform candidate in every sense of the word is presented by the Democratic party it is made doubly certain that the end of Republican corruption and misrule is at hand.—[Lawrence News.

As between James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland no Democratic or Independent voter can hesitate. One represents the worst methods in politics and legislation, while the other has won the respect and admiration of the American people by his devotion to the cause of honesty and purity in public affairs. * * * Every true Democrat and sincere Independent can vote for Cleveland and Hendricks with a clear conscience. That they will be elected there is no doubt.—[Hartford Telegram.

Whatever the result in November, the Democratic National Convention has accomplished a great political work. It has . . . shown to the world the spectacle of a political organization that could be turned aside neither by noise nor threats from the dignified pursuit of a patriotic purpose. The contrast presented to the howling mob of the previous month is one more indication of the political revolution that is going to bring simple honesty atop of noisy smartness.—[Philadelphia Times.

In ability Cleveland is undoubtedly greatly inferior to any of those who contested the nomination with him. Hendricks, Bayard, Thurman, Randall, McDonald, Tilden, are all statesmen of experience and established national reputation. Cleveland is only known as the man who defeated Judge Folger. Even his views upon the great questions of the day are unknown to the great body of the people. Yet this very obscurity which envelops his personality will tend to render him a formidable opponent to the Republican candidate.—[Ipswich Chronicle.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

Call For a National Labor Convention to Be Held at Chicago July 30.

CHICAGO, July 11.—One of the important events of the day is the publication of the following, which speaks for itself:

Call for a National Labor Convention, to be held at Chicago, July 30, 1884. Adopted by the Labor Conference, held at Philadelphia, Penn., January 12, 1884.

All workingmen who are in favor of the protection of American labor from the unfair and unjust competition of pauper and convict labor, the revival of American shipbuilding, the preservation of our public lands as homesteads for our citizens, and an inheritance for our children; the regulation of monopolies by wise and prudent legislation, without injury to vested rights and privileges; the establishment of a national labor bureau; the union of capital and labor by mutual aid and concessions through boards of arbitration, and laws to encourage co-operation and the improvement of the condition of the working classes and ALL OTHER CITIZENS, who believe that moral and industrial education for our children and the wise use of the ballot by the industrial voter will be a better and a speedier solution of the labor question than strikes, lockouts, riots or revolutions, ARE REQUESTED to meet in their various Congressional districts and elect THREE delegates to the *National Labor Convention*, to be held in the city of Chicago on July 30, 1884.

All labor unions, tariff clubs andemployes of all mills, mines and manufacturing industries are also requested to meet and select one delegate to represent their industry at this convention. All delegates elected and all workingmen who desire to co-operate in this movement are requested to send their name and address to William A. A. Carsey, secretary, No. 42 Duane street, New York city, until July 25, 1884; after this date to the headquarters of the national committee, Briggs House, Chicago.

Young Men, Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Company of Marshal, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other electric appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Will Women Crowd Men Out of Newspaper Work?

The Prophecy of a Newspaper Man—Old Styles Reviving—Glimpses of Fashion.

Outfits for the Country—Various Short Items—The Coiffure.

The young women of this country seem to be struck with the newspaper mania. Women who are engaged in newspaper work are overwhelmed with inquiries and applications from hundreds of girls and women who look longingly over the fence, and want to know how they can get through. They and their inquiries come from all sections. A newspaper woman can go to no part of the country that she will not meet the wistful questioning of the girls whose fingers are itching to handle the pen behind the screen of the daily newspaper.

And among them are all sorts of young women. Girls of education and girls who know but little, and that little not very well; girls who have had no experience whatever of life, and those who know the world and its ways as well as it is ever given to young women to know; girls who have no sort of aptitude for the work they want to do and with whom trial would be sure failure, and a very few whom nature made for journalists.

Statements are made in the papers occasionally that women are a failure in newspaper work and that they are gradually drifting out of it.

I think that any such statement must come from observation limited to a single office, where one woman had been tried, had not been successful and had left the office to its masculine inmates again.

Certainly, any wide view of the newspaper world will show women rushing into it in larger numbers than ever before. And I think, too, that they are received generally with more favor in those offices than they were five or six years ago.

In Boston there is not a single daily newspaper that has not at least one woman on its staff. One of them has three, and two others have two each. And in addition they all have occasional or regular women contributors and correspondents. The weekly newspapers all, or nearly all, have women connected with them. In this city at least the statement is not true, and from the frequency with which the names of women appear in the lists of newspaper workers elsewhere, I do not think it is true of any place else.

Talking not long ago with a newspaper man of a good deal of experience about how anxious women are to get into newspaper work, he set forth the following decidedly novel view of the matter:

"I've an idea that women are going to crowd men out of newspaper work. They certainly are going into it in large numbers. In some respects they have a peculiar adaptability for it. In fine perceptions, tact and a certain swiftness of mental action, they excel men. When they can have the education and the training that men have, I expect to see them monopolizing the working force of all our newspapers."

He announced this view with all imaginable calmness, as if he were not in the least alarmed at the prospect he had conjured up of being driven out of his office along with his brother-workers by an army of Amazons with pens for spears and mucilage bottles for shields.

And he did not need to be alarmed. For women will need to have a great deal more training and experience and settled purpose and good judgment before they can supplant men in anything which requires as much of all those qualities as newspaper work.

But it is very certain that they are gradually coming into newspaper offices more generally than ever before. And there are hundreds and hundreds standing outside the gates and wishfully wondering what they ought to do to get inside.

And to the credit of woman's growing self-reliance let it be said that they seldom ask to be helped. Instead, they ask, with earnest eyes, "What ought I to do first?" "What is the best way?" "What did you do to get in?"

OLD STYLES REVIVED.

How the Fashions are Going Back Twenty Years.

An amateur theatrical entertainment in a country house, writes Jennie June, was recently the means of starting an inquiry into the singular unanimity of the fashions which prevailed in and about 1860, and those that obtain nowadays are reviving. Shot silk were then in vogue. It was the muslin period, and poplins and mohairs, figured delaines and chablis, our novelties of today, were the popular fabrics. The skirts were cut straight at the back, but gored at the sides and in front, as now; and vretelles, pelerine capes, talmas, small mantles and the like, were the same, only cut a little wider in the back, not so well shaped to the form. Fashion had passed out of the wide hoop and slipper period, and was slowly simmering down to the "sheath-like" garments which later enclosed the forms of women like gloves, and culminated with the "tie-back." Are we now working our way back to hoops and sandalled slippers, to bodices cut off from the shoulders, and short waists, to straight ungored skirts and open-worked hose, to rosebuds inside the brims, and "capes" outside the back of the bonnet? It looks a little like it.

A novelty in skirts by a New York manufacturer revives the "springs" to a certain extent, and will undoubtedly be popularized during the coming autumn. It is known as the "crinolette" skirt, and is made of a new kind of hair-cloth, very light and soft, yet elastic. The back is laced under a tournure which extends the entire length, and is kept in position by the laced underpart, the strings of which admit of being drawn in or expanded at pleasure. It takes the place of a short underskirt, is indeed skirt and small dress expander in one, and although too warm for hot days will be convenient and useful as the cooler days of early fall approach, and something sustaining is required to support heavier woolen dress fabrics.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION

Seen in Various Fashion Papers—A Charming Country Outfit—Leather Belts—The Coiffure.

Leather belts are again much used with simple dresses of flannel and of wash fabrics. Those of stamped leather and of alligator-skin are most popular, and are fastened with large buckles of old silver, or with great hooks, or else the clasp is covered with the leather. These belts are in various widths, to suit all figures, but are most stylish when worn as broad as the figure will permit; they are worn with basques, coats and postillions quite as often as with Norfolk jackets or other waists that are made to be belted. The newest belts are open; that is, they consist of two or perhaps three narrow straps of the leather barred across by straps passing the other way. These have the advantage of being cool, but the plain belt is more generally becoming. There are also collars and cuffs of leather for ladies similar to those worn by boys, but they are warm-looking, and have found little favor thus far. Canvas belts are again seen in white, red, brown or blue to match the flannel dress in color, or else the color of the braid used for trimming.

The Hair Goes Up.

No part of the toilet is as important as the coiffure, for nothing so completely changes a woman's general appearance as the way in which she arranges her hair. Such being the case it is rather surprising that so many of the fair sex should completely disregard the situation and blindly follow the set fashions for dressing the hair. The style of the coiffure should depend upon the shape of the head, the quality of the hair, the age, and the character of the face. The fashion at present is to twist the hair rather high in the back and to arrange the front in waved bandeaus. Bangs are still worn. This is becoming when the face is pretty and the neck well formed. But there are many persons who should not adopt the arrangement. A slight modification may be made which very much alters the general effect. The bandeaus may be larger, one or two ringlets may fall from the back hair, or the hair may be arranged in loose loops instead of twisted, which makes it appear thicker and larger, or it may be arranged in broad braids in the back. Ribbon bows are now used for the hair. Middle-aged ladies wear small puffs of lace on the head; young women also use these puffs, but only in the morning. Small caps in three pieces also serve for the same purpose.

One Country Outfit.

A picturesque boating dress recently imported can be utilized for other purposes. Boating is besides an amusement that lasts all summer, and under favorable circumstances, such as will surround the owner among the hills and lakes of Maine, will wear out at least one costume. The dress in question is blue and red flannel, and is accompanied by a nickel whistle, which is slung around the shoulder by cords, and put in the high side pocket. The blouse basque is blue, with loose red front; the red underskirt is pleated and the blue drapery forms a tabbed and pointed overskirt above it, the point falling to the side, while the other side is open and strapped with red. The Maine outfit further includes a wrapper of unbleached muslin trimmed with scolloped Turkey red twilled cotton, a blue cloth walking dress braided with several shades of the same color, a black satin and black and white brocade dinner dress trimmed with escurial lace and satin passementerie, and faced interiorly with shaded satin. A pale blue satin, combined with blue and salmon brocade and very rich Spanish lace draperies, and the outfit of an amateur fisherman, couroy rod, silken lines, silver fishhooks, and flies of all colors. The costume and outfit are the property of Madame von Stamwitz of the Madison Square Theatre, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Isaak Walton.

Here and There.

Bathing suits are belted with woollen belts to match.

Short fob chains are worn by ladies as well as gentlemen.

Very little jewelry is used with summer toilettes; only the necessary articles, such as a breastpin and cuff-buttons, are seen on ladies of refinement with the simple costumes worn in the daytime, with perhaps the exception of bangles and narrow close bracelets.

A pointed plastron of velvet is a pretty finish to dark blue flannel basques. It should reach just below the top of the first darts, and should be in a single piece lapping under a fold or revers on the left side, instead of being open and fastened by buttons.

Brides now wear hawthorn, mixed with the orange blossoms of their wedding wreaths and ornaments. The guests also wear hawthorn—the gentlemen in the buttonholes of their coats and the ladies in their bonnets. The church, too, is decorated with hawthorn, and sprays of it are thrown on the path from carriage to the church door.

Very small scarf pins and brooches of precious stones, representing bees, butterflies, flowers, crescents, etc., are thrust about irregularly in the lace on the dress corsage, and one or two may be put in the velvet bow at the throat of a dressy bonnet.

Ribbons are as much used as ever, and a new idea for a belt is obtained by plaiting satin ribbons of three different colors or shades in a square pattern, and finishing with hanging loops of all the colors. This is a pretty novelty for gingham or lawn trimmed with parti-colored embroidery.

A unique idea in the rage for antique articles is to have a work-stand made of one of those little old-fashioned washstands with an aperture for the bowl. The top is boarded over and covered with chintz or some fancy stuff. It is finished with a fringe and little fancy pockets. The exposed woodwork is painted black with stripes of gold or bright colors, and a monogram is put on the shelf between the supports. It will not do to have one made; it must be an "antique" one, and no search is considered too tedious if it results in securing the coveted article, which in many cases is dug out from some attic to which it has long been banished as "too old-fashioned."

FANCY WORK.

Repoussé Work.

Although seemingly difficult, this work is so easy of execution, that with but little practice very satisfactory results can be obtained, and it is so fascinating and inexpensive that it is destined to become very popular, and the tiny punches and mallets will be as deftly handled by dainty fingers as embroidery needles and crochet hooks, for the delicate use of the tools is just what the work requires. The malleable metals used are brass, copper, zinc and silver, which come for the purpose in sheets, but we will only describe the manner of working brass, as that gives the best results with the least practice. The metal sheets are numbered according to their thickness; twenty-five is the best for general purposes, and they can be obtained at any place where artists' materials are sold, and also at most hardware stores. Those of brass retail at about thirty-five cents a pound, which is equal to one and one-half square feet. The tools consist of a broad-headed hammer or mallet, a tracer, and various styles of punches, some having the end round, others square, and others with dots and fine lines, and of any odd shape to make variety; they are called mats, and can be purchased for twenty cents apiece; but home-made ones answer as well, for a screw-driver makes a very good tracer by filing it slightly on the edges to make it rough, and large nails, the ends of which can be filed in different patterns, make very good punches. The prettiest piece of work we have seen was done by a young lady who made her own tools as we have described.

After selecting the design you wish to use, cut a piece of brass the desired size, and fasten it to a smooth pine board of about an inch in thickness with small screws, as near the edge as possible; or else by wooden buttons made from a piece of wood two inches long and one-half inch thick, boring a hole in the centre for a screw. These hold the metal firmly and do not mar the edge. The design can be transferred to the brass by the use of tracing paper, if it cannot be done in freehand. Mythological figures are very appropriate, as they give the work an ancient look; but with the first experiment very simple patterns should be used until you have become somewhat familiar with the details of the work. As soon as the design is transferred to the sheet the work can be commenced. First, go all around the pattern with the tracer, holding it in the left hand firmly, and hammering it steadily with the right, giving as even blows as possible, so that the lines will be regular; after having bound all around the edges and principal curves in the pattern, the background should be worked, and that is roughened or matted all over with the different shaped punches. Some prefer to use only one or two shapes for the background, but that is a matter of taste, only go over it well with some shape and you will be surprised to see how it will raise the pattern; go around the pattern once more with the tracer, and the piece is then ready for coloring, which is done by placing it for a few moments over a hot fire, or holding it over the gas. When it has burned sufficiently to give it the proper color, take sapolio or silicon, and polish the raised parts to form a contrast with the iridescent background.

A plaque is perhaps the best article to do first, as it needs so little ornamentation; a fruit plate is also easily made. The little tray for pens or cards shown in the illustration is a very pretty thing, and is simply made, the edge being rounded and rolled up to form the sides. Flower-pot covers are exceeding quaint-looking made of the brass, and after the ornamentation is complete rivet together, so that they will slip over the jar and form a case for it. Among the handsomest articles made of hammered brass are umbrella stands. An ordinary tile is used, painted some dark color on the inside so that it will correspond with the brass cover, and then a sheet of the brass large enough to encase the tile is ornamented with an appropriate design, and riveted together so as to fit snugly.

Hanging Scrap-Basket.

A silver, gilt, or gayly-colored folding Japanese fan is necessary for this basket, and should have the rivet taken from it, also the stiff end-sticks cut off. Join the two paper ends together, and fasten with mucilage. As soon as this is dry, gather the sticks at the bottom to a point, and run through them a wire, twisting the ends together to hold the sticks in place. Weave a bright satin ribbon, about an inch wide, in and out of the sticks, and tie through the point a bow of the same satin ribbon, with ends hanging from it. Around the inside of the paper part of the fan, which is at the top of the basket, paste a narrow piece of stiff paper to hold the basket out. Make a loop of ribbon three-eighths of a yard long, the ends of which are to be fastened to either side of the basket. Finish where the joining is, by a bow of ribbon, and two bows to hide the seam on the paper part of the fan. The baskets are convenient to hang beside the dressing-table as receptacles for scraps, or for holding articles of usefulness.

Directions for Mixing Paints.

The following table for combining simple colors to produce leading shades and tints, is recommended for the use of amateurs. The first-named color in each case is the principal ingredient, the others follow in the order of their importance. Thus, in mixing a limestone tint, white is the principal ingredient, and red the color of which the least is needed. The exact proportion of each color must be determined by experiment with a small quantity. It is best to have the principal ingredient thick, and add to it the other paints thin.

To produce buff—mix white, yellow-ochre and red. Chestnut—red, black and yellow. Chocolate—raw umber, red and black. Claret—red, umber and black. Copper—red, yellow and black. Dove—white, vermilion, blue and yellow. Drab—white, yellow-ochre, red and black. Fawn—white, yellow and red. Flesh—White, yellow-ochre and vermillion. Freestone—red, black, yellow-ochre and white. French gray—White, Prussian-blue and lake. Gray—white lead and black. Gold—white, stone-ochre and red. Green bronze—Chrome green, black and yellow. Green pea—White and chrome green. Lemon—White and chrome-yellow. Limestone—White, yellow-ochre, black and red. Olive—Yellow, blue, black and white. Orange—Yellow and red. Peach—White and vermilion. Pearl—White, black and blue. Pink—White, vermilion and lake. Purple—Violet, with more red and white. Rose—White and madder-lake. Sandstone—White, yellow-ochre, black and red. Snuff—Yellow and Vandyke-brown. Violet—Red, blue and white.

Hair Switch.

I save all the combings. Take No. 8, black spool cotton, double tying the ends, having it when doubled a little over twice the length I wish the switch. Have some one hold the thread, knot end in one hand and loop end in the other; then place a small piece of combings in the middle of the double thread, extending one-half inch above the thread; hold securely, having thread-holder pass the knot end of the thread through the loop end, which will cross the thread; draw tightly, and turn the ends of the combings down. Put in another piece of combings, and continue in this way until you have the desired length. When done, twist a little, fasten the end of the thread to form a loop, comb down and smooth off the combings. This makes a light foundation for a switch. For the covering for foundation, fix the thread as before, count off fifteen or twenty long hairs, place the root ends in the middle of the doubled thread, having the ends extend one-half inch above the thread, pass the thread as before, draw tightly, turn ends down, place in another piece, pass thread as before, and continue until you have a piece about three inches long, then wrap around the loop end of the foundation, and comb down over so as to conceal the foundation. I prefer having three small to one large switch, and then wear two in a rope twist, or all in a three braid.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER. Fine, Smooth, Cleansing, Refreshing, Preservative. 15c.

MADMEN IN THE BATH.

Soap, Sausages and Sea Water Insane Patients.

Hamlet Without Tights on Randall's Island—Voyage of a Human Steamboat.

New York Lunatics Treated to a Day of Lively Frolic.

[New York Herald, July 12.]

There was joy in the County Lunatic Asylum yesterday over the fact that the patients were about to take their annual spring bath in the open air. Dr. Alexander E. Macdonald, the superintendent, was in very high feather, and the members of his staff were also elated. A holiday atmosphere seemed to hover over the velvety lawns, blooming gardens and marvellous hedges which surround the great double-winged building on Ward's Island where 1452 madmen are confined. Big white clouds swung across the sky and the sunbeams slipped between them. Shrill laughter rang out from the close barred windows and the sound of singing was heard.

A sound of tramping men was heard at 2 o'clock, and about fifty lunatics, clad in russet brown uniforms, walked two by two out of the building. They were preceded and followed by uniformed keepers. The patients marched through a winding path to the most southerly point of the island. Here the visitors found a stone wall enclosing the bath. On the top of the wall was grown a pretty hedge, which served to further screen the bathers. The bath itself was an oblong excavation, about 207 feet long and 27 feet wide. It was an old quarry, which used to fill with sea water at high tide, and Dr. McDonald hit upon the idea of turning it into a bath. Stone walls were built, stairs were lowered into the water, and a gate to admit and retain the tidewater was constructed.

The lunatics were seated on benches under a long shed, which shielded them from the sun. At the end of the space was a small booth with an open front, which was filled up with big and little sausages, potato salad, anchovies, lemonade, brown bread, ham, cheese, nuts and raisins. An enormous bouquet of wild flowers, gathered by the lunatics, was fastened to a stake in the ground in front of the booth. Inside of the booth was Dr. Alexander Trautman, the assistant superintendent, who was busy dishing out platefuls of food for the patients.

A few minutes after the arrival of the first batch of patients, another body of them was seen coming down the green slope. It was

Headed by a Crazy Colored Minstrel,

who played "Marching Through Georgia" upon a guitar. These were the convalescent patients, most of whom are almost cured of their mania. The moment they seated themselves they were ordered to undress. Then there was a terrific jabbering and chattering, as the men dragged their clothes off. The first man in was a little Frenchman with a black beard, who made a dive in the shallow water and gave a loud yell of delight as he stood up. In a few moments he was joined by thirty or forty lunatics. They dived and swam and floated and splashed about in great glee. The man who for years has imagined himself to be a steamboat entered the water very slowly, and solemnly warned his companion to get out of his way and watch for big waves when he passed by. He swallowed a mouthful of water and was disgusted. An old man who claims to be Shakespeare and Napoleon the First stalked about naked and delivered an address in French to imaginary troops. Then he folded his arms and put his legs wide apart in an impressive manner and remarked to Commissioner Hess:

> "'I am thy father's spirit,
> Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
> But in the day confined to —.

"Oh, say Commissioner, won't you give me a pinch of snuff? Your pockets are full of it."

"That's not in Shakespeare," said the Commissioner.

"No, but it's got a heap of sense in it," responded the lunatic.

Just then a queer-looking old fellow seized the Herald reporter and took him behind the shed. He spoke in a very confidential tone.

"Do you know why Dr. Macdonald is keeping me here? Simply spite. I caught him kissing a girl once and he imprisoned me. I don't blame him for the kissing, but he oughtn't to be so spiteful, ought he?"

The crazy minstrel sat in the shed and played his guitar while he sang "When Dinah Blows Her Horn," "The Hungry Man from Harlem" and a number of other songs. An Irish artist danced a jig to the music. Then a stout lunatic sang "Nil Desperandum" in a fine bass voice. He was once a professional singer. At this time Commissioner Hess was struggling with a sausage. The man who thought himself Napoleon I. looked hard at the booth. "Bah!" he cried, "the German hosts are here." Then he went up and

Ate a Plate of Sausage and Salad.

The keepers threw pieces of white soap to the bathers and they lathered their heads freely. At the end of the bath was an upright post on which was a shower bath. It was worked with a pump-handle, the invention of Dr. Trautman, who got hold of the handle and enticed lunatics to get under the shower. He pumped until he got red in the face, and then he set a muscular lunatic to work upon it. One of the bathers had a tombstone tattooed upon his breast and the words, "In Memory of My Children." Over his heart was worked a heart with a dagger through it. The coat-of-arms of Texas upon one arm and two crossed keys upon the other."

"You see," said Dr. Macdonald to Commissioner Hess, "that Blaine is not the only tattooed man in the world." The patient seemed to be offended at the comparison.

Those who took their baths first retired, and other lunatics took their places. Among them was the dark skinned Cuban, Sanchez, who murdered his sweetheart in Greene street many years ago. There seemed to be a disposition to rivalry among the swimmers, so Dr. Macdonald picked out a tall, muscular fellow to swim a race against the champion of the bath. Dr. John H. Girdner was selected as starter. When the race began the champion fell behind rapidly, and his opponent won the match by swimming the 207 feet in 1 minute 15 seconds.

Drs. D. A. Harrison, Walter Walsh, Kilbourne and Douglass took turns in superintending the ceremonies until nearly five hundred patients were bathed. The lunatics seemed greatly benefited by the water and exercise, and became very quiet. They all seemed anxious to show their regard for Dr. Macdonald and the commissioners. One of them offered to make a bet that Commissioner Hess could outswim Commissioner Porter, but Mr. Hess declined to go in bathing with a Democrat.

After the patients had been served with luncheon by Dr. Trautman they were marched back to their wards. Dr. Macdonald then entertained his visitors and the members of his staff with a collation. A blind boy played several very fine piano solos. He learned to play after becoming blind, and then insanity set in. All a visitor has to do is to read over the notes of sheet music to him, and no matter how complicated the composition is the boy will play it without an error immediately afterward. At dusk the guests departed, after assuring Dr. Macdonald that he deserved the thanks of the public for the system by which he had enabled so many unfortunate men to live and enjoy life like human beings.

A WHISTLE THAT GOT A HUSBAND.

How Commodore Garrison First Became Acquainted with His Present Wife.

[Baltimore American.]

"How did the aged commodore get his young wife?" I asked of an acquaintance.

"She whistled and he came to her, my lad," was the reply, "but she didn't do it in the spirit of the girl in the ballad. It happened six years ago this summer, and in the very hotel in which we are sitting. Garrison had been for forty years a widower. He was a testy old fellow and had not been suspected of caring a rap for women. The possession of somewhere from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, much of it in complicated use for the promotion of railroad and steamship schemes, had harassed him all winter and spring, and he had come down here for rest and quiet. He took a suite of the best rooms in the row of cottages which are an annex of the main establishment, calculating that he would there be removed from the bustle of a public house, and it was for a few days as he had fondly anticipated. Then the family of John M. Randall of St. Louis took possession of adjoining apartments. They numbered a half dozen persons, including a whistler. Through the thin partition the commodore heard and was annoyed by the whistling. He disliked it exceedingly. He was driven by it to exasperation. There was a boy in the Randall party, and to him the veteran attributed the noise. He would not, at that time, hear the soft melody of the whistle, nor its clever fidelity to the music which it interpreted, but simply kept his ears open to it as a torture. Randall was an acquaintance of his, and one day he said to him, as they sat chatting on the veranda: 'That boy of yours will be the death of me, John. Won't you plug his mouth, just to please me?'

"'Oh, it ain't the boy,' replied Randall, but my daughter. Here, Letitia!'

"It was a lovely girl of 20 who responded to the call and was presented to the commodore. She whistled for him that evening to a piano accompaniment, and it was no longer irritating to him. They were married in the ensuing October. His wedding gift was a million dollars in sound securities. In no season since then has any belle at Long Branch been dressed or diverted in a more costly manner than the fair whistler."

The Skeleton in Armor;

OR,

The Mystery of Montmartre.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

By GEORGE REYNOLDS.

[Copyrighted, June, 1884, by George Reynolds.]

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.

Robert remained unconscious for more than an hour.

When he came to himself he was in the hall on the first floor, where John and Cassan had transported him. There was not a moment to be lost in quitting the scene of the combat, for it would soon be day. The wounds which he had received were not very dangerous, but the loss of blood had greatly weakened him, and it was with difficulty that he could walk.

Leaning upon the arms of his two friends he reached the boulevard, where finding a carriage the three men entered it, and were driven to Passy, to the house in which John Slough lived. There, for the present at least, Robert would be in safety.

His intention was to leave France with his two companions; but he was too weak to think of undertaking the journey for some days. He needed absolute repose.

Serious scruples began to arise in his mind. He did not doubt the righteousness of the terrible act he had accomplished, but he felt uneasy as to its consequences. The papers which might have put the authorities on the right track had been brought away by John; but in the hastiness of their departure they had left all the objects which would not easily be removed.

The diving armor with his son's remains and the weapons were still in the fatal chamber, and the dead body of Diego lay upon the floor where it had fallen.

The authorities would certainly believe in an assassination. The position occupied in the world by the false Pancorvo and the mystery surrounding his death would greatly excite public curiosity. There would undoubtedly be active researches and an energetic intervention of the police.

It was hardly probable that they would find the thread connecting Robert and his friends with the affair.

Robert was not anxious on his own account, but innocent men might be compromised, accused and perhaps condemned. This thought terrified him more than the thought of being obliged to account for his acts. If this misfortune should arrive, Robert's conscience would not permit him to hesitate.

He sent John to the city to obtain information. The old sailor was wholly unknown at Montmartre. He could then, without danger, mingle with the crowd, which would be attracted by the event, and hear the rumors that were circulated.

The same evening John Slough returned with a sad face, and his master had no little difficulty in making him tell what he had learned. Robert's fears were only too well founded.

A number of persons had been already arrested, and his grief at having compromised innocent parties was very great. A profound sorrow was reserved for him, as if God wished to punish him for having shed blood.

The man who was accused of the crime of Montmartre, he whose honor and life were put in peril, was no other than the generous workman whom Robert had desired to save from the nocturnal attack. A fatal chain of circumstances had deceived justice.

The night on which M. de Pancorvo decided to attack the man to whom the prisoner of Cape Camarat had vowed eternal gratitude, was the point of departure in this sad misunderstanding. On that night Robert, as the valet Loiseau, had been present at the club, and penetrated the designs of Diego.

He resolved to protect his benefactor, but, to avoid being recognized, he was obliged to follow him at a distance. He hoped that the sound of his footsteps and the sight of an unknown passer would frighten Diego, and prevent his carrying out his scheme. Unfortunately, he was not successful.

The false Pancorvo had time to fell his victim and rob him, and Robert was obliged to withdraw in order to avoid recognition. But if he had not prevented the crime he could, at least, render a service to the man he had not saved.

He sent his benefactor a sum equal to that which had been stolen, but this acquitted a portion of his debt of gratitude without betraying his incognito.

This act on his part was followed by the most deplorable results, and if Robert could have foreseen them he would have cut his right hand off rather than have sent the money.

Curiosity excited by this restitution determined one of the most honorable of men to follow the tracks of this pretended Loiseau, and a most disastrous coincidence brought this man into the garden of the house at Montmartre on the very night when passed the tragic scene I have just related. The finding of a card case which had fallen from his pocket there caused his arrest on the frightful charge of assassination, and might have resulted in a terrible judicial error, the death of an innocent man.

Robert cannot accuse himself of having hesitated when he learned these facts. His resolution was taken at once. At the peril of his own life he would save the man so unjustly accused; but if he was decided to sacrifice himself he could not drag down with him the devoted friends who had assisted him.

He must find some means to ensure the safety of John Slough and Pat Cassan, and must wait before delivering himself up until they were in safety in England.

He had Slough write to one of his old comrades at Whitstable, who owned a boat celebrated for its great speed. Upon receipt of the letter the boat was to cross to Boulogne. Slough was sure that his directions would be punctually followed out; but the voyage from the Thames to Boulogne would take some days.

Robert made the most of the time he was obliged to wait. The arrest of the generous man who suffered in his place had not been known to his friends, and Robert managed that this misadventure should not be noised abroad. Before delivering the innocent he watched over his reputation and succeeded in preserving it.

The moment came for the journey to Boulogne. He departed with his two friends, determined to see them safely on board the boat. They reached Boulogne without accident, and the same evening the fugitives stood upon the deck of the vessel.

There passed a moving scene, which was the last in this long drama. When the moment came to say farewell poor John could not restrain himself.

"Master," he cried, falling at Robert's feet, "in the name of God, come with us. Do not abandon your old servant. You know he would rather stay with you in the prisons of France than drag out his old age far from his master."

"It is impossible, my dear Slough," said Robert, unable to conceal his emotion. "I cannot let an innocent man perish. Besides, justice will listen to me. I shall not be condemned. In a few months we shall see each other."

Robert returned to the shore, and the boat, with all sails set, vanished in the darkness.

God protected Robert on his journey back to Paris. He knew that the authorities were looking for him, but he wished to return voluntarily. He desired to be able to say, "I might have fled, but I did not do so, because I wished to save a man unjustly accused. If the death of M. de Pancorvo was a crime, I alone am guilty. I am here; take me, judge me, condemn me if you will; but set the innocent at liberty. He succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and reached the city in safety.

It was time; his strength was exhausted; his wounds had reopened; an hour longer and he would have sunk under the weight of fatigue and pain without attaining his end.

"I will die if must be at the feet of the judge," said the unhappy man, "but I will surrender myself voluntarily."

He called a carriage.

"To the palace of justice."

He had just strength to utter these words to the driver, who looked with astonishment mingled with pity at this pale face so eager to go to such a doubtful sanctuary.

His work was accomplished.

The honorable magistrate who saw fall at his feet the man whose life history I have related, will never forget, I am sure, the heart-rending cry:

"It was I, I alone who killed M. de Pancorvo!"

"I have told you the story of the life of the unfortunate man who sits upon that bench. I promised him I would not defend him, and I have not defended him. You are his judges. My task is accomplished, and yours begins."

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOT GUILTY.

A long murmur greeted the closing words of the venerable priest as he sat down, overcome with emotion, by the side of the man he had tried to save.

A sympathetic movement ran through the audience, and one could read upon the faces of the jurors a promise of acquittal. The president himself, seized with a profound pity, had need to recall the gravity of his official functions not to yield to the general enthusiasm, and in a voice moved by emotion he addressed the accused:

"Robert," said he—and in the employment of this name it was easy to divine a benevolent intention—"you have heard the story of the respected priest, who has done well in accepting the painful mission of explaining your acts. My duty obliges me to ask if you have anything to add to his declaration, which the court accepts as true, but which must nevertheless be confirmed by your own mouth."

When the Abbe Guerin had ceased speaking, Robert, his faced bathed in tears, had seized the hands of his generous savior and seemed to have forgotten that he was before his judges.

The voice of the president recalled him to himself; he arose, and, making an effort to control himself, he addressed the court and jury.

"Yes, the noble protector that God has raised up for me has told the truth, but he has not told you all. You know now my life and sufferings; you know how I was led to shed this man's blood, and, whatever may be your judgment, I will submit to it with resignation. It only remains for me to tell you that which my savior has passed over in silence; it remains for me to tell you how the holy priest to whom you have just listened has been connected with the terrible events of my ruined life.

"In those happy times of youth and hope when I returned to Whitstable after finishing my studies in Paris, I took with me one of my dearest friends.

"Gabriel Guerin had shared for six years my joys and troubles; he had consoled me in my sorrows; he had rejoiced with me in my happiness. He was a little older than I; he was stronger, better instructed and more manly. I loved him as a brother and he returned my affection. He was received at Whitstable with open arms, and for three months he lived our happy life, the quiet peaceful life at the cottage which the two daughters of Disney filled with an indefinable charm.

"Gabriel loved Mary with his whole soul. I knew that this love was as pure as the heart from which it emanated, and I dreamed of seeing my sister united to him whom I called my French brother. Mary's fatal passion for Diego destroyed this hope and blasted my life.

"Gabriel had a noble heart. He suffered in silence, and after long years of struggle he threw himself into the arms of religion, that great consoler of the afflicted.

"I learned that under the priestly robe he had gone as a missionary to distant lands, and the catastrophes of my life had made me forget the friend of my youth, when God brought him to my bedside.

"I wished to die; I accepted death as an expiation. I had vowed never to reveal my name or drag the names of my dear ones into this affair. I would carry my secret to the grave. Gabriel ordered me to live, and he wished to justify me before you. May God's will be done!"

Robert seated himself, and resumed his resigned and mournful attitude.

There was a profound silence. A feeling of anxious curiosity pervaded the spectators, and each one wondered what would be the denouement of this trial, the strangest, perhaps, in judicial annals.

But the law is impassable and immovable. It is not swayed by any emotional feelings.

The public prosecutor asked that the case be continued to the next session, and the court granted his request.

The crowd dispersed in silence, and the accused re-entered the gloomy walls of the conciergerie.

He could now await with patience the day which would bring him liberty; the day just ended had restored him honor.

The new investigation which followed the revelations of the Abbe Guerin was very long. Happily substantial proofs of its truth abounded. First it was easy to establish the fact that M. de Pancorvo was no other than Diego Palmer, and the existence of Morgan was proved beyond a doubt. The marvellous memory of the detective Jottrat was of great assistance in establishing the past of these two wretches, forgotten for so many years.

The assassination at the cottage, the inexplicable suicide of Mary, the condemnation of the vagabond of the sea, in 1846—each one of these facts had left its trace upon the records of the police.

Recalled by a letter from the Abbe Guerin, John and Pat returned and placed themselves at the disposition of justice.

At last, after three months more of captivity, the day arrived for the second hearing. It was a day of triumph for Robert. The deliberations of the jury lasted but a few moments, and when they returned the foreman in an exultant voice, which rang through the hall like the clear notes of a trumpet, uttered the words which restored Robert to life and liberty:

"Not guilty!"

The two wretched accomplices of Diego were condemned to twenty years hard labor in the galleys.

Free and justified, Robert hastened to leave France. The task of the avenger of George and Ellen was accomplished, but he had one more duty to fulfil. He wished to reunite in the same tomb all those he loved.

In the little cemetery at Whitstable, beside old Tom Disney, he gently laid his wife and sister and his beloved son.

With faithful John and Pat he settled down in the old cottage, but the terrible ordeal through which he had passed had broken him completely, and he failed slowly but surely.

One summer evening he was sitting in a chair before the cottage door. His head was bowed, and he was apparently asleep. The night approached; he did not move. John touched him upon the shoulder, but he did not respond. A terrible fear chilled the very heart of Slough. He raised Robert's head. Then he uttered a groan and sank upon the ground.

Robert was dead. Peacefully as a child sinking to rest upon his mother's breast, he had fallen into his eternal sleep. He was with his loved ones.

Before his death Robert wrote to Henri de Servon:

"Misfortune has broken me down, and my weary life will soon be ended. You, who gave me a helping hand in prison, pardon me for having dragged you, in spite of myself, into the fatal abyss into which I rolled. May you live happy and sometimes think of him you called *the man without a name.*"

THE END.

FARMER LEWIS' SPRING GUN.

Protecting His Pea Patch from the Depredations of Thieves.

[Chicago News.]

Farmer Lewis, up in Lake county, was the fortunate possessor of a pair of handsome mules, for which he recently paid $600 in Chicago, and an acre lot of peas just now in a promising state of luxuriance. His affection was about equally divided between the two, but his attention has been centred on the pea patch of late, and long hours have been devoted to devising a scheme to save it from the nightly depredations of a herd of tame deer owned by a neighbor. Hearing of a newly-invented spring gun, warranted to protect all kinds of property from every species of thief at all times and under all circumstances, he sat about improvising one out of an old flint-lock musket which descended to him from his grandfather. He consumed the forenoon of one day driving stakes and preparing a rack as a rest for the gun in his cherished pea plat. The musket was cleaned and duly charged with a handful of powder and a tea cupful of carpet tacks. As night came on he shouldered the gun and with a plough line soon had it securely fixed in the rest arranged for it, about on a level with the body of a deer when standing. One end of the line was attached to the trigger and the other to a stake several rods away in the direction in which the gun pointed. After surveying his work and smacking his lips in anticipation of venison steak for breakfast, Farmer Lewis went indoors. He was up bright and early the following morning and found a $300 mule dead among his peas, which were worth at best about $20. He has given up the cultivation of peas and curses the discoverer of spring guns.

Public Confidence Gone.

[Wall Street News.]

"You can't begin to realize how this Eno matter, and Fish matter, and the Penn Bank failure, and the Grant & Ward case have affected public confidence," he said as he sipped his tea.

"Have they?" queried a man across the table.

"Well, I should remark! I am the inventor of the process of making coffins from pressed sawdust and of trimming them with stamped paper to imitate satin. I can furnish the prettiest casket you ever lay down in for about $6."

"That's dog cheap."

"Of course it is. Before this panic I had the promise of capital by the million. Public confidence is gone, and no one wants to risk a dollar even in a big thing. Think of it! Twenty pounds of sawdust pressed into a casket warranted to fit or no sale, and this trimmed up in beautiful style for three cents apiece! Net profit, 600 per cent. Cash capital required to establish business only $400!"

Philadelphia's Pretty Policemen.

[Washington Republican.]

Philadelphia is happy in the possession of the handsomest squad of policemen in the world. They are stationed on Chestnut street, and are described as being models of human loveliness. Their uniforms dazzle with brass buttons, and in place of the caps there are helmets. The ugly club has gone, and each officer swings in his white gloved hand a polished walnut cane. They wear buttonhole bouquets and perfume their seven dollar silk handkerchiefs with the finest cologne. Their dainty feet are encased in patent leather shoes with French heels, and they pose on street corners. They are learning to wear their hair long and to smoke cigarettes.

Proof Positive.

[Texas Siftings.]

An Austin lawyer has a mouth that travels faster than his brain when he makes a speech. In a recent case in which he was defending a man charged with theft, he brought down the court, jury and spectators by saying:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard me demonstrate the utter innocence of my client. You have also heard the testimony of the prisoner's own boy in corroboration of what I have stated, and now, gentlemen of the jury, let me remind you of that old scriptural saying, that 'fools and children always tell the truth.' What more convincing proof do you require?"

Lightning Shoots the Hat.

[Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.]

Mr. J. W. McWhirter was leaning against the new telephone pole, on the corner of Trade and College streets, yesterday morning during the storm, when there came a flash of lightning, and he felt his hat jerk sharply. He pulled it from his head and found the rim in a blaze, which he quickly extinguished. The electric fluid burned a small hole in his hat that looked as if it had been made by a pistol shot. He says that he felt no shock whatever, and that it seemed as if some one had caught his hat and gave it a quick jerk. Next to a telegraph pole, a lightning rod is the safest thing to lean against during a thunder storm.

Only a Dozen Pairs of Pants.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"Chester," said Robert Lincoln, as he tossed out his line at Oyster Bay, "what's your opinion of the ticket?"

"Robert," said Chester, "you know I am a Republican, and shall vote straight; but I tell you Jim Blaine's chances are slim. Don't mention it to anybody, but I have the most positive information that J. B. has only twelve pairs of pants! Think of it, Robert, a man running for president of a country like this with only twelve pants! Ah, me! I wish the convention had nominated G. William Curtis!"

NERVOUS Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE FATAL PATH;

OR,

Tossed in Troubled Waters.

BY ELLIS LAWTON.

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CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

"I heard today that you are going to marry that yellow-haired doctor. Is it true?"

"You have no right to ask such a question, sir!"

"Perhaps I might find the right to dispose of the man who robs me of you!"

At these angry, vindictive words, Kate Maynard drew back alarmed and looked around apprehensively.

The sight of two or three people approaching up the street restored her courage instantly, and, gazing straight into the fierce black eyes regarding her she said resolutely:

"No one could rob you of what you never had—my esteem, James Williams! I told you a month ago that I had never liked you, and never could. Your threat is cowardly, and I forbid you to speak to me again."

She was always handsome, but, in her scorn and indignation, seemed to him unusually so now, at the moment he felt in himself the capacity to carry out the threat wrung from him by jealousy.

He started to follow her as she turned and hurried up a side street, but checked himself, and stood gazing after her, with a dark, angry expression on his face—a face which would have been handsome but for its marks of recklessness and dissipation.

Kate listened for his footsteps behind her as she went on, and drew a breath of relief when she knew he was not pursuing her further. His words, however, worried her, although she tried to dismiss them from her mind.

The street upon which she was walking led through a thinly settled portion of the large and thriving town. Soon she perceived a young man coming towards her from the opposite direction, and her thoughtfulness gave place to joy.

"I was afraid you were not coming," was her greeting, as they met, a sweet smile curving her mouth, and lighting her brown eyes.

"As if anything could keep me!" he returned, fondly, "these walks are what I look forward to all day."

He was a fine-loooking man of a purely Saxon type, and a complete contrast to the one she had left behind. Yet there were lines about his lips that would denote to those who could read them correctly an uneven, unbalanced character.

He had come from the West about a year previously, and simultaneously had appeared a neat gilt sign, with the name "Dr. Henry Nelson" upon it. As the only other homœopathic physician in the town was quite old, Dr. Nelson had found an opening at once, and rapidly became a great favorite.

His attention was attracted from the first by a young and beautiful girl who passed his office twice daily. He ascertained she was a dressmaker's assistant, like himself a stranger in the place, and that her name was Kate Maynard. He soon found means to make her acquaintance, and learned to love her. But it was only after a long time that she would confess his love was returned.

He walked along now slowly by Kate's side, and they turned into a path which led through a wood from the street to the somewhat isolated house where Kate boarded.

"Do you know my day's toil seems lighter since you have met and walked home with me every night?" she asked softly, as they sauntered on.

"That makes me feel sure that you do love me, Kate."

"But the snow will soon come now and prevent our going by the way of this dear old path."

"Before then I hope you will be my wife; why should there be any delay? We have known for a week that we loved each other enough for that; why should we live any longer apart?"

He stopped and put his arm around her as he spoke.

"I am so happy, Henry, that I cannot bear to think of any kind of a change," she murmured, with her head upon his shoulder.

"But that is foolish," he returned, a little impatiently. "Shall we not be happier, never to be separated? Have you any doubts of me?"

"Certainly not. How could you imagine such a thing?" reproachfully.

"Then what can be your reason for delay?"

"I hardly know myself, only I feel as if I could not be any happier than I have been of late. I have told you often how desolate my life was after father died, and I went away from all whom I knew to earn my bread rather than live on the bounty of relatives. But I do not believe you can realize how lonely and hard it was until you came. Then all was changed."

"You never shall be lonely or sad again," said Dr. Nelson, drawing her closer to him. He did not dream that it would be out of his power to keep that promise.

"I never can be lonesome as long as I have you. Yet—yet—I have a sort of presentiment that our engagement ought not to be a short one."

"You are nervous, dear, and a little unreasonable, too. Come! Tell me you will be mine next week."

"Next week! Ah! Henry! I—I am afraid to consent."

"This is childish; what can you possible be afraid of?" he asked, with irritation.

"Well, perhaps I am a little afraid of—of James Williams."

"James Williams? Why should you have any fears of him?"

"I never told you, but before I knew you—yes, and since, too—he persecuted me with professions of—of love."

"What!—he presume to love you?"

"It was not my fault; I always avoided him, but he persisted in forcing himself upon my notice at every opportunity. Tonight he followed me from my work."

"The scoundrel!"

"But that is not the worst."

"What more, Kate? Has he dared insult you?"

"Only by asking if it was true I was going to marry you, and when I refused to answer he—he——"

"Well?"

"He threatened to kill you, if I did?"

"To kill me!"

Dr. Nelson drew away from her with a paling face as he echoed the words. In a moment he added, peevishly: "It is strange, Kate, that you should have become involved with a fellow like that."

She stared at him, surprised at the words and tone.

Although she was far from realizing then, as she did afterwards, that it was her fancy and not her heart he had caught, and that the fancy even was more the result of her youth and loneliness than any intrinsic worth in him, she yet felt a sort of recoil from him.

"You speak as if it was my fault, Henry," she said, proudly.

He paced up and down the path in front of her, without replying, for a moment.

"Forgive me, Kate," he said, at last, contritely, and stopping before her. "But such a threat from a man with the reckless reputation of Jim Williams upset me; of course you were not to blame."

Kate was ready to excuse him, and her feeling of repulsion vanished as quickly as it had come.

"He may only have said it to frighten me," she suggested.

"That is quite possible, but it will be best to be on our guard against him. We might move to some other place even; neither you nor I are particularly attached to this."

Kate was again rather surprised, but said nothing, and he went on:

"I must have you at any cost! I dare all to win all! Next week, dear, you must be my wife."

There was a strange nervousness in his manner, and he drew her to him with a look of defiance that she could not understand. But his will prevailed. She hesitated, then yielded.

"I will do as you wish," she whispered, gently.

An expression of intense relief came over his face, and he bent and pressed his lips to her forehead.

As he did so there was a rustling in the bushes behind them, and both started. The sound ceased instantly.

"It was only a squirrel who came out to congratulate us," said Dr. Nelson, recovering himself.

"It was very kind of him, wasn't it?" laughed Kate. "But we must go on. Miss Eames doesn't like to keep supper waiting."

"Come, then, my darling, my own! Soon I shall not have to spare you. How happy you have made me."

There was a feverish glitter in his eyes, but Kate gazed at him trustingly, and they walked on, his arm about her waist. No sooner had they passed out of sight, beyond a bend in the path, than a tall woman came from behind a clump of cedars and stood staring after them. She wore a heavy veil which was thrown partly off her features, showing a pair of pale greenish eyes that gleamed like those of some wild beast.

"I know all now," she muttered between her clenched teeth. "Let them both beware! You, my fine doctor, and you, my sentimental maiden! my vengeance shall strike you both!"

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE WOMAN.

The work-room of "Madame Kennedy, Modiste," was not a cheerful place.

It was back of the shop where the customers were received, and from the seldom washed window could be seen only the rear of a stable.

Kate had often found her spirits severely tried by her surroundings, but the morning after she had given Dr. Nelson the promise he craved, for a speedy marriage, her face was radiant as she bent over her work.

A night's sleep had driven away her fears of Jim Williams, and her mind was filled with thoughts of the happiness soon to be hers.

Mme. Kennedy came sailing into the room with her own lofty air, and frowned as she glanced at handsome, happy Kate. Mme. Kennedy was a showy, artificial woman of middle age, who had always found her young assistant's beauty something aggravating.

"Miss Maynard, will you come into the front room a moment?" she said, commandingly. "I have something I wish to say to you."

Supposing it to be either directions about work or a reprimand for some error, Kate complied. But, to her surprise, Mme. Kennedy shut the door behind them, and then, regarding her severely, said:

"I have been very much astonished at learning that you have been making yourself a subject for gossip in the town, Miss Maynard."

"I! What do you mean?"

"There is no need of speaking as if I were deaf, Miss Maynard. When you first came to work for me you remember I told you how particular I was that every one in my employ should bear a good character."

Kate grew pale, but drew herself up with dignity.

"Who has dared insinuate anything against my character?" she asked.

"It is said for one thing that you are seen much in the company of a man whom no one respects—Jim Williams."

"It is false," returned Kate, with flashing eyes.

"I saw you myself talking with him last night on the street."

"But it was against my will. He has been a source of great annoyance to me, and has followed me about, although I have avoided him in every way."

"Indeed? It is really quite scandalous that you should be followed by such a person."

"I wish you would tell me how to prevent it. I will gladly do anything you suggest."

"Remedy whatever in your conduct has led to such a result. I never have any trouble of that kind."

Kate choked back an indignant protest, and Mme. Kennedy continued:

"But this is not all. I am also told that every night you are met by Dr. Nelson, who walks home with you through the woods."

Kate's paleness changed to red, yet she replied steadily, looking straight into her companion's eyes as she spoke:

"That is true. I have been engaged to Dr. Nelson for more than a week, and expect soon to be his wife."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished madame. "Dr. Nelson going to marry you—a working girl? It is incredible! Why, he might marry into one of our best families!"

"He is too noble a man to be influenced by such ignoble considerations," retorted Kate, proudly.

"Few men are above what you call 'such considerations,' and he did not strike me as being one of the exceptions," said Mme. Kennedy, dryly. "Are you sure he is not deceiving you, Miss Maynard? You are young and ignorant of the ways of men."

"I am sure that there has been nothing dishonorable in his motives and that next week I shall be his wife," was the firm response.

"I spoke as a friendly warning, of course," said Mme. Kennedy, conciliatingly, as she reflected that if Kate's statement was true, it would not be policy to offend the future wife of Dr. Nelson.

"It was entirely unnecessary."

"I am very glad it was, I am sure. Allow me, then, to congratulate you upon your engagement to our handsome Dr. Nelson."

As Mme. Kennedy uttered these words with a very false smile, the outside door opened and a lady, a stranger to both, stepped in. Evidently she had caught the last sentence, for she threw a sharp glance at the blushing Kate.

She was a woman of peculiar appearance, appearance about forty. Her face was scarred in several places and her small greenish eyes had an evil expression. Her eyebrows were remarkably bushy, and around her upper lip was more than a suspicion of a moustache. She was not unattractive, but, in spite of her rich costume, absolutely repulsive.

She stood motionless, staring at Kate, until Mme. Kennedy went forward and obsequiously inquired what she could do for her.

"I wish to see you about some dresses," she replied in an abrupt, coarse voice, but the green eyes remained fixed upon Kate.

"I am at your service."

Mme. Kennedy made a gesture of dismissal to her assistant as she spoke, and the latter quickly left the room, glad to be released from that strange scrutiny which had sent an unpleasant thrill all through her veins.

She had not been seated long at her work before Mme. Kennedy came again to the door and called her.

Kate went out with a feeling of dread, as she had feared the stranger was still there. Kate tried not to see that she was staring at her as before.

"This lady has some dresses she wishes altered. Can you go to the hotel this afternoon and see what is to be done?" Mme. Kennedy asked.

Kate would have given a great deal to have been able to say she could not. But no excuse presented itself, and she replied, hesitatingly:

"I suppose I can."

"Inquire for Mrs. Adams," the stranger directed.

"Very well," said Kate, constrainedly, her eyes upon the floor.

"Do not fail to come."

The words were spoken in a tone of command, and then the stranger, with a slight bow to Mme. Kennedy, departed.

"Mrs. Adams! I wonder where she came from and what she is here for," speculated madame, looking after the retreating customer. "Queer manner, hasn't she? But she is evidently rich. Be sure and make the highest charges to her, Miss Maynard."

It was with the utmost reluctance that Kate went upon her errand at the appointed time.

The idea of coming again in contact with this woman who had impressed her so strangely was really terrible to her. But she had no right to refuse to attend to Mme. Kennedy's customers on account of a personal dislike.

"A week more and I shall never again have to do anything so disagreeable," she thought as she followed a servant up stairs at the hotel.

He led her through a great many corridors into what seemed to be an isolated part of the rambling old house, finally stopping before a door at the bottom of three short steps.

This door was immediately opened by the woman Kate expected, but dreaded to see, who motioned her to enter. She did so and found herself in a long, narrow room, which had a gloomy, cheerless appearance.

No sooner had she stepped inside than Mrs. Adams closed the door, locked it, took out the key, then turned, confronting her visitor, an angry glitter in her green eyes. She did not speak a word.

"Where are the—the dresses I was to examine?" stammered Kate, beginning to feel alarmed at such strange behavior, and not knowing what to do or say.

Mrs. Adams laughed—a scornful, grating laugh.

"I had you come here for a very different purpose from what you imagine," she said.

"I do not see what else you could possibly want of me."

"You will know before I have done with you."

"What was your object, then?" asked Kate, desperately.

"Well, for one thing, I wanted to look at you."

"To look at me!"

"Yes! When a woman has had anything stolen from her she likes to see the thief."

"How dare you call me a thief? Let me go this instant!" cried the indignant and astounded Kate, trying to get to the door. But Mrs. Adams seized her by the arm and held her in a strong grasp.

"No! you do not go until I have taken some of that pretty color out of your cheeks!" she cried.

Seeing escape impossible, Kate resigned herself to the situation. It was evidently a case of mistaken identity, and she could probably soon convince this woman of her error.

"If you will give me the particulars, I will soon show you my entire innocence of the charge you have made," she said, more calmly than she had yet spoken.

"I did not mean a thief in the ordinary sense, but a worse one than that; what you have stolen from me is more than gold."

At this it suddenly flashed into Kate's mind mind that the woman might be some escaped lunatic, and she began to tremble.

"Ah! you commence to understand me, perhaps!" said her captor, noticing this tremor.

"Indeed, I am sure I do not," said poor Kate, looking about wildly in search of a bell rope.

Mrs. Adams saw, and interpreted the glance correctly.

"You cannot leave me until you have heard what I have to tell you!" she almost hissed, tightening her grasp upon Kate's arm.

"I will alarm the house if you do not let me go."

"No one can hear you. We are in an isolated ell."

Kate gave another glance around, this time despairingly.

"Will you let me go when—when you have said all you wish?" she questioned, timidly.

"Yes."

"Well, then, what have you to say?" gasped Kate.

"Rather ask who I am!"

"Who are you?"

"Who am I?"

Mrs. Adams released her hold on Kate's arm as she uttered these words, and bent her face until her glittering eyes were on a level with the frightened ones of her prisoner.

"Who am I? I am the wronged wife of the man you know as Henry Nelson!"

For a moment Kate stared into the eyes that held her arm, then reeled and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

CHAPTER III.

RETRIBUTION.

When Kate recovered her senses she found herself lying on the floor and felt cold air blowing on her from above.

Raising herself on her elbow, she looked around in a bewildered manner, not being able to remember at first how she came here or what had happened. Then, like the stab of a knife, came the recollection of everything, and she nearly relapsed into unconsciousness again. But by an effort of will she saved herself, and standing up looked about fearfully for the terrible woman whose last words were repeating themselves over and over in her mind like a knell.

But she was alone; not where she had fallen, but at the further end of the room, under an open window, where she had evidently been dragged.

As soon as she realized this her first impulse was to escape, and she rushed towards the door, which she found unlocked and ajar; pulling it open she passed through and fled from the chamber of torment.

In her fright and disturbance she was unable to think which way to go, and became lost in the attempt to get out of the house. Finally, however, she came to a door which led into the stable yard, whence she gained the street.

Finding she was once more among well-known surroundings, she slackened her pace, and began to feel as if the experience she had just passed through was a hideous nightmare, and not real. But with the shudder that went over her at the thought of it, she realized that it all had actually occurred.

His wife!

If that woman was indeed his wife then she herself had been deceived, yes, and disgraced by him; and he had contemplated a greater wrong—he had been about to marry her when he had a wife. Now, could it be this was true? Must there not have been some mistake? The woman who claimed him was certainly years older than he—how could she be his wife? Kate wished now that she had not hurried away, but had waited and questioned the woman further when she had returned. She had an inclination to go back, find her and demand a full explanation.

But, no! It was of Henry himself that she would ask that she would not condemn him unheard. If his guilt was apparent then she could only scorn and despise him. Oh, was it to be that her dream of love would have so sad an ending.

Distracted by these thoughts Kate went on, going unconsciously towards home instead of back to Mme. Kennedy's. The few people she met stared at her curiously and half laughed. She did not know until she reached home, and Miss Eames broke into astonished exclamations at sight of her, that she had left her hat behind at the hotel and come all the way bareheaded.

Telling the surprised Miss Eames that she was ill, Kate hastened to the refuge of her own little room. Here she remained, pacing the floor or weeping upon the bed, until the time drew near when Dr. Nelson was accustomed to meet her. Then she went out and to the junction of the wood path and street.

It was not long before he came in sight. He had been out shooting and had a gun and a brace of partridges. Never had he looked more handsome, or freer from care. Kate's courage revived, but her heart beat quickly as she saw him.

He quickened his steps and approached, smiling and joyous.

"Are you not earlier than usual tonight, my darling?" he asked, stopping beside her and taking her hand.

She withdrew it instantly.

"I have not been at work since 3," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"You have not?"

Then, struck by something strange in her manner, he scrutinized her closely and exclaimed:

"What is the matter? You are ill, Kate!"

"Something has happened to make me very unhappy."

"What can it be? Has that old termagant for whom you work been tormenting you? Tell me! It is my privilege to smooth all trouble from your path, dear."

At these tender words Kate's self-control deserted her and she burst into tears.

"Oh! I hope you can smooth this away—if you cannot, no one can," she said, sobbing as though her heart was breaking.

He put his arm about her and drew her into the wood out of sight of the road.

"Rely upon me," he said, soothingly. "What has Mme. Kennedy done? Step here in our favorite spot by the cedars and tell me everything."

He rested his gun against a tree as he spoke, and laid down his game.

"Mme. Kennedy did say something that hurt me—about some gossip relating to you and I, Henry," sobbed Kate, her face hidden in her handkerchief. "But it was not that, it was what came afterwards."

"I can't imagine what it could have been to have distressed you so."

Kate struggled for composure. It was not with tears that she had meant to meet him; she dashed them from her eyes and raised her head.

"I went to the hotel to see a woman—a stranger—on business, as I supposed. Can you guess what she said to me?"

Kate looked him full in the face as she asked this question, and saw a sudden fear come into it.

"How could I guess? For heaven's sake, don't keep me in this suspense, Kate."

"She accused me—of being a thief," went on Kate slowly, watching the effect of her words.

"Ah," he said, his features relaxing into an expression of relief; "why, she must have been mad! What were the circumstances?"

For a moment Kate's voice failed her, then in a firm tone, she said, her eyes never leaving his face:

"I thought she was mad at first, but afterwards I—I feared she was only too sane. She said I was a thief because I had stolen her husband from her—that she was the wife of the man I knew as Henry Nelson!"

As she hurled these appalling sentences at him, he grew pale as death, and staggering up against a tree stared wildly about, like a man panic-stricken. He clutched at his throat, but did not speak.

A groan broke from Kate's lips. She knew now that it was true, and he was unworthy of the love she had given him. Gathering her last remaining strength, she said:

"I see you cannot contradict her statement."

Then she turned and would have left him, but he started up and caught hold of her dress.

"For pity's sake, do not leave me thus!" he gasped, like a drowning man clutching at a straw. "Wait until I—until I can explain."

"Can you say it is not true?" asked Kate, sternly.

He drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Give me a little time!" he stammered. "I—I am overwhelmed by such an accusation. I cannot see how a mistake of that kind occurred."

"Mistake! No! You cannot deceive me any further! Your face has been witness against you."

"For heaven's sake, do not speak in that hard tone Kate."

He glanced at her as he spoke, then burst out despairingly: "Well! you shall know everything! If that fiend has found me, concealment is no longer possible. Pity, but do not hate me, Kate."

"I will hear what you have to say."

"Do not look so cold and stern! Rather weep, as you did at first," he pleaded.

"I will weep by and by for my lost ideal, but not now. Go on with your story."

"Kate! Kate! It wrings my heart to hear you. But listen. Ten years ago, when I was only 21, I met that woman you saw. She was years older than I, and she fell in love with me. I was poor and ambitious, she rich and influential. I never liked her, but I was foolishly flattered by her preference, and—I sold myself to her. Yes, I married her, Kate."

If a hope had lingered in Kate's heart it died now. But she uttered no sound, only stood looking at him with mournful eyes.

"She proved to be a fiend in temper," he continued; "my life grew a torture to me, until finally I fled and left her and all behind. I took a new name, my middle one, and commenced a new life. I came here at length, and met you. Then for the first time I knew what love was. I hoped to make you happy, and that I could remain for ever unknown. I dared all to gain all."

The sentence ended in a sigh.

"But for me you had no pity," broke out Kate, passionately. "Oh, how could you contemplate such a wrong towards one who loved and trusted you?"

"I thought it never would be found out," he said, humbly. "Forgive me, Kate!"

"I will try to forgive, but it will be hard to forget. Let us never meet again!"

"Do not desert me," he cried, frantically. "My darling, I cannot lose you! Perhaps I can legally free myself from her. Give me a chance to try. Promise me you will love me still, in spite of all."

"I could never care for you again, under any circumstances. You are not the man I thought you. Your deception has ruined my happiness, and it has killed my love."

"You do not know what you are saying—you cannot mean it! You must be mine! I cannot, will not live without you now! Come with me! We will fly to some solitary place, and no one shall ever know but you are my wife in law, as you will be in all else!"

He drew near her with these wild words, and made a motion to seize her. Kate retreated, but he followed, and, frightened by his mad, desperate look, hardly knowing what she did in her excitement, she caught up the gun at her side, and, pointing it at him, cried:

"Rather than have you, another woman's husband, touch me, I would kill you!"

He drew back with an exclamation, and at the moment there was a flash and a report.

How it happened—what careless handling caused the weapon to go off—Kate never knew.

But she saw him stagger backwards, and herself almost fell from the shock of the explosion. Then horror-stricken and frantic, she lost her head entirely, and, throwing down the gun, fled as fast as she could, not daring to look back. It seemed as if she heard the very trees calling after her, Kate! Kate!

When nearly out of the woods she became conscious of a man in the path before her. It was Jim Williams. She said something, she knew not what, and crying wildly, "Oh! go and see if I have killed him!" she rushed past him to her home.

Miss Eames met her at the gate.

"Ah! what have I done? What have I done?" moaned Kate.

"What terrible thing has happened?" asked the alarmed woman.

But Kate had already hurried on and locked herself in her own room.

Here she passed a horrible, never-to-be-forgotten night.

"It can't be that I killed him! I did not mean to hurt him!" she moaned repeatedly.

At dawn there came a knock at her door. "You are wanted below," said Miss Eames in a subdued tone.

Mechanically Kate followed her.

There were two men in the hall, one a stranger, the other the sheriff, whom she knew by sight. The latter came and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"Kate Maynard, I arrest you for the murder of Henry Nelson Adams."

CHAPTER IV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Of the events immediately following her arrest, Kate was mercifully unconscious. The mental strain had been too much for her, and she narrowly escaped a brain fever.

But the time came when all her senses returned, and she knew herself to be a prisoner. Yet even this knowledge was as nothing beside the realization of what she had done—that her hand had sent Henry Nelson to his grave.

The illness and delirium which had followed the deed had left her with a very indistinct idea of the circumstances, and she could not remember how it had happened. She was overpowered and crushed by the horror of the fact, and she had no kind or sympathetic friend to come to her side in her trouble.

Of her own probable fate she thought or cared nothing. Though she herself, however, had forgotten everything except that one terrible thought, others had not, and one day she was surprised, as she sat wretchedly in her cell, by a visitor.

He was an entire stranger to her—a man of about 35 years of age, of fine presence, with dark hair and moustache, and a pair of keen, but kind, dark eyes.

He looked an instant with sharp scrutiny at the sad and despairing but beautiful face of the prisoner, and then an expression of sympathy went over his own.

"I have come here, Miss Maynard, to see if you have engaged counsel to defend your case," he said, handing her a card as he spoke.

Kate looked at it in a bewildered way. It bore the name

ALBERT HOWLAND, Attorney-at-Law."

"I—I am afraid I do not quite understand," she said, pitifully.

"You will need the services of a lawyer to defend you at your trial," he explained, kindly.

Her pale face grew a shade more pallid and she could not speak, as she comprehended his meaning.

"I came to offer my own services if you will accept them," Mr. Howland added.

"Oh! sir! no one can help me," cried poor Kate, brokenly. "I am beyond all that."

"Not so, my poor girl. I have confidence in my ability to save you if you will trust me."

"You cannot save me from remorse and despair; no one can do that," returned Kate.

Then, looking up at him timidly, she added:

"Yet it was very kind of you to come to me. But I have no means of paying a lawyer, and——"

"Do not concern yourself in the least about that," he interrupted, quickly. "I should not have come had I not heard that you were poor and friendless. Are you willing to place yourself in my hands, Miss Maynard?"

Tears came to her eyes. She looked gratefully into his strong, manly face, and answered, unhesitatingly:

"Yes."

"That is well. You can trust me to use every endeavor in your behalf. Now, can you bear to talk with me about this sad affair, and give me all the details?"

He sat down as he spoke, and motioned her to sit beside him.

"It will be hard, but I will try."

"It is necessary, you know, that I should be fully acquainted with every particular."

"I will tell you all I can, but everything seems to go from me when I try to remember just how it happened." She put her hand to her head confusedly for a moment, then burst out with a wailing cry:

"I know I killed him, but, ah! I am not guilty of intending to do it!"

"I believe that—I am sure of it," he said soothingly.

A little composed by this assurance Kate went on:

"I remember all about going to the hotel and that terrible woman who said she was his wife, and meeting him and asking him if it was so, and his reply confessing his own deceit; but after that all I can remember is having the gun in my hands and the sound of the report, which has been ringing in my ears ever since."

Mr. Howland listened to this rambling account with deep and thoughtful attention. When she concluded he questioned her closely, though kindly, and succeeded in obtaining every particular her memory had been able to retain after the shock.

"The scoundrel! he deserved his fate!" he found himself led to exclaim when the story of the dead man's perfidy became clearly revealed.

"Ah, no! Don't say that. He was not what I thought, but I would not have harmed a hair of his head."

"Nor were you responsible for his death."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is very plain you were not in your right mind when the fatal deed was done, that the sudden discovery of his baseness had made you for the time insane."

Kate started.

"Could it indeed have been so?" she said.

Then her features relaxed into an expression of relief, as she added:

"I can account for it in that way, although I have not been able to in any other."

"It is the only possible explanation," returned Mr. Howland as he rose. "Keep up your courage. The commiseration of the community will be with you. Do not give way to such remorse for an act committed when you were not in your right mind."

He looked at her beautiful face with the utmost sympathy in his own.

Kate's heart told her she had found a true friend, and, rising, she held out her hand to him with an impulse of grateful emotion.

"I have no words with which to thank you for what you have said and done. I had supposed there could be no drop of comfort in the world for me, but you have brought me one. I can never cease to reproach myself, and all chance of happiness has gone forever, but you have lifted the weight of guilt from off me."

"I need no thanks. It is enough for me to be able to help you. Try and be brave and strong, and trust to me for the result."

"I will do my best," said Kate, with more of courage than she had yet shown.

He gave her an approving glance as he turned to go.

"You will—you will come again," asked Kate, timidly.

"Ah, yes. And remember you can rely on me in any need."

After he had gone Kate thought over carefully all he had said. The more she pondered upon it the more probable his idea seemed.

This, and the memory of his sympathy and strength, both of which she had felt instinctively, made it for the first time seem possible to make an effort to bear her fate bravely.

Her new-born determination received a severe shock the next day.

Another visitor came to her then, but one very different from the last, who had brought that ray of hope into the darkness surrounding her.

This was an elderly man, short, corpulent, with a face much inclined to redness and an arrogant, aristocratic air.

Kate stared at him in amazement as he entered.

"You here!" she gasped.

He folded his arms together and said, with crushing anger and severity:

"How dared you, girl, disgrace the family name like this?"

"Think of all I have to bear, and do not speak to me in that way, Cousin Robert!"

"Do you expect me to praise you?" sneered Robert Maynard.

"Cannot you, the only near relative I have left, pity me? Heaven knows I have intended no wrong!"

"You need not expect any one to pity you—least of all, me. I have to bear the shame of being your relative, the relative of a murderess."

Kate quivered all over at the brutal word.

"Ah, why did I not die when I was so ill?" she moaned in an agony that would have touched almost any heart but that of this selfish, purse-proud man.

"It would have been well if you had long ago," he said, harshly.

"It would indeed have been best; but, alas! I had to live for this. At least, though, I can be silent about my relationship to you. No one need know. I shall say nothing."

"Do you suppose it rests with you? Are you fool enough to imagine that there is anything those prying, rascally newspaper reporters don't find out in connection with a woman who has brought herself into such notoriety as you have? My name has been blazoned the length and breadth of the land as your cousin, mine, Robert Maynard's!"

Kate bowed her head beneath this new blow, and could say nothing.

"Miserable girl!" ejaculated her cousin, gazing at her, "why could you not have stayed quietly at the respectable occupation you found, and not mix yourself in a dishonorable flirtation with a married man?"

A faint flush came into her pale cheeks, and, raising her head, she looked Robert Maynard steadily in the eye.

"Reproach me all you will for my misfortune, for my share in his terrible fate, but do not say what is false," she said.

He gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Airs of high morality are quite out of place in you!" he said. "You will not be able to make people believe that it was not a disgraceful affair from beginning to end."

"I know my own innocence of all intentional wrong, and so can bear to be misjudged," Kate replied, with the same firm expression. "Have you said all you wished to, Cousin Robert? It is useless to express my sorrow at having injured you, so let us end this painful interview as soon as possible. At least leave me alone with my sufferings."

He was quite beside himself with rage at this speech.

"Such brazen impudence I never heard," he gasped, his countenance quite purple. "I came here to do you a kindness, and this is what I get in return."

"You came to do me a kindness?" repeated Kate, surprised, and with good reason, after all he had previously said, at such an assertion.

"Yes, I came——"

He paused a moment, as if too wrathful to speak, but collected himself somewhat, and went on more calmly:

"For the sake of the family name you must be helped out of this, and escape somehow the consequences of your evil deeds. You will need money and a lawyer. I shall place them at your disposal."

"I thank you for the offer, but there is no necessity of my troubling you in the least. I have a lawyer already, and need no money."

"Then it is some pettifogging scamp that you have picked up, who hopes to gain notoriety by the case. That won't do!"

"His face tells me of his ability, and that I can have every confidence in him."

"His face! Nonsense! Who is the man? What is his name?"

Kate replied by handing him Mr. Howland's card.

Astonishment overspread his face as he read.

"Howland! One of the smartest, most brilliant men at the bar! How in the world did you get him to undertake your case?"

"He came and appeared of his own accord," replied Kate, a little proudly.

"It's astonishing! I don't understand it!" said Robert Maynard.

"Well!" he continued, after a moment, "I am more than willing to leave the matter in his hands."

He started to go, but stopped.

"If you get out of this scrape alive, I will see that you are placed under such restraint hereafter that you can't disgrace the family any more," he said, threateningly.

Kate had given no thought to the future, and these words did not trouble her, although they were afterwards brought vividly to her remembrance.

"Don't think I should have given myself any anxiety if you alone were concerned," he concluded. "But it won't do to have a Maynard hung."

Kate gave a great cry.

It was the first time that the thought of such a possible fate, hovering over her, had presented itself—a sudden, horrible dread filled her.

Robert Maynard, stopping only to observe the effect of his words, went out and left her. A man about entering the cell passed him, and scrutinized him sharply. It was Mr. Howland, and as she saw him coming Kate fixed upon him a look that went to his heart.

Her case had from the first awakened his deepest interest, for he had firmly believed her to be, not a sinner, but an innocent victim of circumstances. From this moment, however, his whole heart and every thought was in the task he had undertaken.

"My cousin Robert said—they might—might hang me, and—I was frightened," Kate said tremblingly.

Mr. Howland laid his hand upon her shoulder protectingly.

"No one shall harm you. You are my charge, and I will save you," he said, with a strong, determined look.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOY WAS VERY SMALL.

He was Tow-Headed, too, and He Fooled With a Hose, as Follows.

[New York Sun.]

In a busy part of Fourteenth street, on Saturda afternoon, a very small tow-headed boy espied a coil of inch hose lying on the outer edge of the sidewalk. The brass nozzle, glistening in the sunlight, seemed to fascinate him. For a moment he bent over it, as a bird is said to hover over the head of a serpent when fascinated by the glitter of the reptile's eye. Then he reached out his hand, and he smiled when he found that the bright and pretty thing was within his reach. Grasping the nozzle, he drew it toward him, sitting down in the operation. Then he took a new and closer hold, and tugged at the nozzle as though trying to raise himself to his feet. It happened that one of his hands clutched the stopcock, and that the lower end of the coil was connected with a Croton water pipe. The stopcock turned easily. The half-inch stream struck the boy in the face, and he went backward. He still clung with one hand to the nozzle, and the stream smote him in the right ear. He tumbled over sidewise, and the water spurted down the back of his neck. Then he got on his feet and tried to put the hose back as he had found it. As he lifted the nozzle up, the stream took an elderly man in the back of the neck, who turned in surprise, and got it full in the face. Two little girls giggled. The next moment the small boy had fallen down and was writhing with the nozzle, and the stream was chasing the two little girls across the street.

By this time a little crowd of men, women and children had gathered. The small boy tickled a cab horse in the flank with his next twist of the hose, and when the horse began to kick he started to run with the nozzle still in his hand, and the crowd fell back respectfully. A small Skye terrier that had failed to comprehend the situation was drenched and sent up the street ki-yi-ing. When the crowd looked from the dog to the boy he had fallen upon the hose, and the end of the nozzle was concealed under him. Around him the dampness was rapidly increasing. The small boy seemed to be getting desperate. He arose and made a mighty effort to coil up the hose. As he swept the points of the compass with the nozzle the crowd fell back, dampened and in disorder.

A woman rushed out of a store. Apparently she was the small boy's mother, and had just missed him. She hardly recognized him at first, but she acted with great executive ability as soon as she had made sure the boy was hers. After she had walked him about half a block it occurred to him to cry, and he did.

A SINGULAR WILL.

Written at the Point of Death on the Back of an Advertising Card.

[Norristown Herald.]

A singular will has been admitted to probate at the register's office. It is written in lead pencil on the back of a card, the face of which contains the advertisement of a Conshohocken retail merchant, and is in the following words: "This my last will I give all my property to my two brothers, Charles and Bryan."

There is no signature. The will is that of Ann Kavanagh, who died at her residence in Conshohocken on the 5th of this month. She had been sick, and feeling a sudden change for the worst she called for paper to make a will. There was none at hand and she asked for the card. Before she could sign it her powers failed, and in an hour and a half afterward she was dead.

A Letter's Long Journey.

[Flint (Mich.) Journal.]

Monday we were shown a letter enclosed in an old and well-worn envelope which bears traces of many and various wanderings, and to which is connected quite an interesting history. The letter was mailed at Calais, Me., February 20, 1868, to Frank C. Burnham, now of the first ward, in this city, by his mother, in care of the American consul on board the bark George Treat, Lanzerote, Canary Islands. Mr. Burnham sailed from Boston in November of the previous year for Vigo, Spain, the city which gained such notoriety from the fact that at that place "Boss Tweed" of New York was captured. From here Mr. Burnham sailed to the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa, but failed to receive the letter from his mother before resuming his wanderings. From the Canary Islands he went to Leghorn, Italy, by water, and thence back to Boston. On the 9th of the present month the missing letter turned up at the dead letter office, and was forwarded to the writer, Mrs. C. A. Burnham, Calais, Me., but, that lady having died about a year and a half since, the relatives forwarded the missive to Mr. Burnham of this city, to whom it was addressed sixteen years ago. From the many postmarks on the envelope it is very evident that the letter has been nearly all over the civilized world in its hunt after an owner, and it is very curious that it should, after so many years, reach the person to whom it was addressed safe and sound.

A Sudden Rise.

[Wall Street News.]

When the Federal General Wilson made his raid into Alabama, his foraging parties were out in every direction as the column moved on. One of them called at a farmhouse in search of meat, and finding a likely steer on the premises, the farmer was offered $3 in greenbacks for the animal.

"Gentlemen, that ar' steer is wuth a good deal more'n that," he replied, as he looked the party over; "but seein' it's you I reckon I shall have to sacrifice sunthin'."

One of the Federals was trying to catch the animal, when the farmer suddenly cried out:

"Gentlemen, beef has gone up over 100 per cent. in the last five minutes! You can't have him for less'n $10."

The Federals hadn't time to ask why the market had changed so suddenly, for a troop of Confederate cavalry, which the old man had been the first to sight, came charging out of the woods, and in the riot which took place the beef question was run out of sight down towards Wilson's lines.

A Foiled Diplomat.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"George, dear," she said, entering the parlor with her bonnet on, "I guess we'd better take a walk; papa is expecting company tonight."

"Very well," added her lover, apprehensively, recalling the expensive consequences of previous walks. Before they had gone half a block, however, an idea struck him and he said:

"I was reading such an interesting article in the paper this morning."

"Yes; what was it about?"

"About the danger of eating ice cream. You can't imagine how many people have died from it, Lizzie. In eight cases out of ten it's rank poison."

"Oh, my, how glad I am you told me, dear," exclaimed the innocent girl, with a Chicago twinkle in her eye; "buy me a couple of quarts of it and I'll take it home to kill rats."

Fast Speakers in the United States Senate.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The present average of speaking in the United States Senate is about 150 words per minute, though there are several speakers who utter over 200. Among the fastest speakers at present are Senators Beck, Hawley, Plumb and Morgan. Beck leads the list. Senator George of Mississippi is perhaps the slowest. Daniel Webster was a very slow talker, and he would not average over 100 words a minute. Henry Clay spoke much faster, rolling out about 150 words to a minute. Calhoun was also slow until he became roused up with enthusiasm of his subject, when his words would flow more rapidly.

Sunflowers in the Snow.

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Mount Davidson was again whitened with snow half way from summit to base night before last. The sunflowers, with which the mountain is completely covered, all came up smiling soon after sunrise. The sunflowers being "native and to the manner born," do not greatly mind the little climatic eccentricities that have thus far distinguished the present season. They think it is all right.

An Overtasked Brain.

A clergyman in Iowa, after a few weeks' use of our Treatment, says:

"Your Compound Oxygen *has worked like a charm.* I have no special ailment except from an overtasked brain. Wakefulness, nervous irritability and tendency to paralysis were the most marked troubles. Now, after three weeks' use, *increase of weight, clear mental horizon, freedom from incipient paralytic attacks and good rest.* What more could I ask?"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard st., Philadelphia.

BLAINE'S YOUTH.

Townsend Visits His Birthplace.

Early Days of Southwestern Pennsylvania.

Interesting Facts About James Gillespie's Ancestors.

Scotch-Irish People with Religious Differences.

Visit to the Cemetery at Brownsville.

BROWNSVILLE, Penn., June 27.—Here James Gillespie Blaine was born, in the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, a region I had only passed through by rail going from Baltimore to Pittsburg by the Connellsville route. Since that time the Baltimore & Ohio railroad has been building forward into the coke fields, and the Pennsylvania railroad has been zealously pushing its southwestern branches towards the head waters of the Monongahela river, so that with a little discomfort a person can now get to Brownsville from either Pittsburg or from Greensburg, on the latter main stem.

This old country was the seat of the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794, and also the route of both the National and the Cumberland Valley turnpike roads going towards the Ohio river before the day of railroads. The Cumberland Valley road came out from Carlisle, which is only a few miles west of Harrisburg, and in that great general valley which reaches from New England to Kentucky. The Blaine family originated at Carlisle, and when they moved beyond the Alleghany mountains they came to Brownsville on the Monongahela river at the point where the great National road afterward crossed that river.

Brownsville was the first point wagons struck the Monongahela, which at Brownsville is navigable for steamboats without recourse to slack water navigation.

Carlisle, on the other hand, had been the chief military outpost of the English colonies, towards the French and Indians of the Ohio until nearly at the period of the Revolutionary war. A fort was built there during the French wars, and in the Revolution some of the most distinguished prisoners captured in the northern campaign were sent to Carlisle, so that they could not easily escape to the British lines along the sea coast, over 100 miles distant. Some of the Hessian prisoners, taken with Burgoyne, were also sent to Carlisle, and there they built their own barrack, which is yet standing, and it became the nucleus of the cavalry barracks of the United States where our recruits were taught to ride. Therefore, when the rebellion broke out such officers as Fitzhugh Lee and George H. Thomas struck out from Carlisle to join either the Federal or the Confederate armies, lying only fifty miles to the south of the Potomac.

I am particular in describing this region to you that you may apprehend Mr. Blaine's family in its relations both to the old wars and to the new intercourse of 100 years ago between the East and the West. Let it be remembered that New England and New York had for their military frontier Canada, and therefore in the French wars the troops of those colonies moved to the north towards Quebec, Montreal and Niagara, but Pennsylvania, which had grown to be a very powerful colony, had its frontiers on the Ohio river, and the same may be said of Virginia. Winchester in Virginia and Carlisle in Pennsylvania were the respective frontier settlements for operations against the French in the forks of the Ohio. When it was resolved to lead a large army against these French, Franklin selected Carlisle as the spot to collect the wagons, and Washington chose Winchester as the place to bring the men and supplies. The next place pushed to the west was Cumberland in Maryland, which lies at the entrance of Wills creek, a Pennsylvania stream, into the Potomac. Therefore, the military road over which Braddock advanced was cut across the mountains from Cumberland almost to Pittsburg, passing through the southern tier of Pennsylvania counties and going down the Monongahela river. That army trail many years later became the site of the National road, which, proceeding from Frederick in Maryland to Cumberland, went on through Uniontown to a place called

Redstone Old Fort.

Here was a fort or stockade put up to give the Americans an entrance to the waters of the Ohio. Subsequently a place called Brownsville was built in and about the fort, and when the National road or its precursor was widened to this spot it became virtually the head of all military and business operations on the waters of the Ohio. Here the first boats were built which floated to Pittsburg, hardly fifty miles distant, and at Pittsburg turned down the Ohio proper, passing Wheeling.

The road from Carlisle through Bedford came out and joined this other road east of Brownsville. This former road was cut by some of the British military officers in order to prevent a recurrence of the surprise of Braddock's field. The French did not want to risk another battle with the English, and their skirmishing parties were beaten on this road, and therefore when the British and colonists got to the site of Pittsburg they found the French had embarked and had floated down the Ohio towards their settlements on the lower Ohio and Mississippi in Louisiana.

When the treaty of peace dispossessed the French of all their Ohio claims these roads were the earliest for emigrants to the rich hills and bottoms on the Monongahela. The little forts on the way like Bedford became county seats, and Brownsville became one of the most important commercial towns in the United States. The maternal ancestors of Mr. Blaine were among the first to perceive the importance of this point as the possible site of a great city, or at least the initial point for business with the new West.

If you go to Brownsville today you will see all the decayed signs of such an intention. The railroad only came out to this place within the past year, and Mr. Blaine has never visited the haunts of his ancestors by rail, but has been compelled to go by steamboat from Pittsburg up the Monongahela to Brownsville, or by stage from Little Washington.

I came out from New York on the Pennsylvania road to Greensburg, the county seat of old Westmoreland county, and took a train there in a few hours through the rich coke field which supplies the mineral charcoal to all the new silver and gold mines in the far West to smelt the metals. For miles and miles the coke ovens can be seen lying flat and regularly built of stone, with large iron doors, and generally with railroad tracks on the top which take the coal and dump it in where it is roasted, and the sulphur and moisture is then driven out so that the great lumps of coal assume something the appearance of pieces of trees deadened or blackened. Many new towns have sprung up here, and distant railroads are trying to find their way in to get some of this bulky and heavy stuff for cargoes.

I had to change cars again at Uniontown, which is on the National road, about thirty miles east of Brownsville, an old brick town, hard and uninteresting, and, like most of the towns in this region, settled by Scotch-Irish from both Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The railroad from this point took me down the winding valleys of some small creeks and by low mountains, and in the distance to the east could be seen the adjacent range of the Chestnut mountain ridge, the last of the Alleghany series toward the West.

Finally I came out suddenly upon the Monongahela river, a wide, beautiful stream, flowing between mountain knobs, and close below me I saw the red brick warehouses and spires of old Brownsville, and right opposite it, a bridge connecting them, was West Brownsville, the smaller town.

In Which Mr. Blaine Was Born.

Brownsville proper, of course, was on the east side of the river, where the wagons came in from the east, and the bridge was not built from this place to the opposite shore until about 1832.

The wagons of that day brought out all the coffee, groceries, liquors, iron, powder, and whatever the new settlers in the West were unable to make. Charcoal-made iron from eastern Pennsylvania was transported on pack-saddles, so valuable was it to the pioneers. They would bring out bar iron for the new blacksmiths on the Ohio to make into horseshoes, nails and utensils. Of course enterprising men were found who put up warehouses to receive these things and kept them in stock, so that any time of the year a customer could make his purchase and depart. Other persons at Brownsville built boats to go down the river as far as New Orleans, and one of the citizens here by the name of Shreve built two steamboats which went up the Red river and founded Shreveport, La.

Pittsburg, which was just rising into prominence, became alarmed at the growth of Brownsville, especially after the National road was extended directly from Brownsville to Wheeling across the country, thus cutting off the river route like going across the top of a letter V. It looked for a while as if Pittsburg was going to have a bad time.

The only defect of Brownsville was a want of site on which to stand. It had next to no ground at all, the hills leaving a mere strip along their steep bases. Nevertheless the enterprising Scotch-Irish who had settled the spot on the site of Red Stone old fort began to put up factories, foundries, and in the day of steamboats began to have machine shops to construct steam engines, and the neighboring country afforded both coal and iron.

Brownsville therefore today is the magnificent wreck of an old blackened brick, stone and timber town, in which you can see the successive stages of westward, ho! You can see the ruined boat-builder's shop, the ancient saw mills, the strange, old Burr-patent, wooden-arched bridge, whose wrought iron bolts hold its floors up, and which is as carefully roofed over as if it contained some great treasure. The crowded little streets pressed back on each other by the hills and houses, and the strange, short turns from one street into another, and the treble roads which climb along the river bank, one taking the level, the next taking the rise and the third taking right up the hills. You can see the churches crowded, as at Harper's Ferry, into almost inaccessible shelves and ledges, ascended to by steps. When you get well up the hill, and have worn out your breath or horse, you find another town, like Bolivar Heights at Harper's Ferry, established on the plateau, with considerable more pretension and size, and a sort of wide square in the middle and a market house and some rather fine residences. You look down on the river under the old bridge, where once it was usual to see twenty steamboats and a hundred scows and other craft, and you see just one steamboat with two pipes and a stern wheel newly painted, and on her side the letters, "J. G. Blaine." This is the last moving monument of great old Brownsville, which now has a population of perhaps 5000 people, and is said to have considerable money saved up from the past by its bankers, merchants and leading men.

Always remembering that Brownsville proper is on the east side of the river where the wagons and pack-mules first reached the water, you will understand why West Brownsville, Mr. Blaine's birthplace, came to be built.

On the west side of the river was much better land to found a town upon. The hills, while also high at that point, are not in peaks, or knobs, but form one extensive ridge parallel with the river, affording, perhaps, 500 to 600 feet width of gentle rolling flat-lands, or levels, which lie above high-water mark, or say fifty feet above the usual tide.

At that spot Neal Gillespie, an Irishman, bought out an Indian before the British army left America, at the close of the revolution, and established his family.

Nearly twenty years later the Blaines came along from Carlisle, seeking investment and development in this new West, and the father of James G. Blaine, who had left Carlisle when a child, married the daughter of Neal Gillespie the second.

As we have a long political campaign before us and Mr. Blaine's name will be up for at least few months if not for the next five to nine years, it is worth our while having this matter impressed upon the memory so as to understand

Mr. Blaine's Relations in Childhood.

Pennsylvania as you see it now is one of the most artificially bounded States in all the union. On three sides it is a straight line like a brick with one end shattered. Underneath the southern boundary comes Maryland like a kind of truss or bracket to hold Pennsylvania up. Maryland stops before you get to the Monongahela river. This river, rising in the Virginian mountains west of the Alleghenies, flows along their base to the north, and out of the western end of Maryland comes its parallel tributary, the Youghiogheny, which joins it but a few miles south of Pittsburg. While the Youghioghen flows from the mountain tops the Monongahela flows along the mountain foot hills, and thus gets the benefit of all springs, and it becomes a splendid river even before it leaves Virginia, and gathering momentum as it proceeds winds in a steady way like the Ohio around the huge mounds which are often 700 feet high, and seldom does it give enough breadth anywhere to make an oval racetrack for horses on its shores. It flows parallel with the Ohio, but in a contrary direction, the Ohio not far below Pittsburg flowing due south through the State of Ohio, while the Monongahela, only fifty miles to the east of the Ohio, flows due north towards Pittsburg. The traveller would have to go around by river about 150 miles to get to Wheeling, whereas it is only sixty or seventy miles across from Brownsville to Wheeling, and these two towns lie almost on the same parallel of latitude.

There is no way of evading the passage of the Alleghenies east of Brownsville because none of the long rivers like the Potomac flow through these mountains, but rise on their summits. General Washington, who was the chief pioneer for this country, therefore, left the Potomac where Mill's creek enters it at Cumberland and went straight across the ridges at the most convenient points which the buffalo and Indians had found, and so he was brought out to about Brownsville. The different public roads since opened went over the same general course, and now Mr. Vanderbilt's new railroad is picking its way across southern Pennsylvania to strike the Monongahela to go down that river to Pittsburg.

About twenty-five miles east of Brownsville you come to the Chestnut ridge of the Alleghenies—a splendid mountain bounding through the sky. A few miles east of the Chestnut ridge is the Laurel ridge. Then you come to the Allegheny backbone proper. You can perhaps see these mountains if you get on the hills above Mr. Blaine's birthplace on a clear day, rolling away beautifully to the east.

Towards the West, between the Monongahela and the Ohio, the country also rises grandly, but has no general mountain ridge. In my ride from Brownsville to Little Washington, twenty-five miles, I passed over one hill about 950 feet above the tide, and at Little Washington they insisted that their town was about 1300 feet above the tide. A grander country the world cannot show. It reminded me of the peak of Derbyshire in England, which is, however, a mere miniature to this splendid region, which first obtained distinction in our history by being the route of Braddock's army to Pittsburg, and next for being the seat of the great whiskey insurrection of 1794.

The Gillespies lived in this country at the time of the whiskey insurrection, but the Blaines then lived at Carlisle, an old college town, where Washington's army started to suppress the insurrection.

The Blaines saw that army start from Carlisle, with old General Washington looking on, and Hamilton probably one of the major-generals.

The Gillespies were out on the Monongahela, waiting for that army to come and put down the neighborhood.

About six years after the army marched from Carlisle the Blaines took the same route, and appeared on the Monongahela.

Blaine's Line

Some confusion will always exist during this campaign about the order of the Blaine family. But, I think, I must have it correctly stated, as I took it from Mr. John H. Ewing, to whom Mr. Blaine has persistently referred the numerous spies, eulogists, biographers, etc., who have come about him. Mr. Ewing was born in 1796 at Peach Bottom, on the Susquehanna, and is therefore about 88 years old. He belongs to that great family of Ewings who produced the ablest man Ohio ever had, who also married a Gillespie, sent a judge to Texas under President Sam Houston, and produced not its least honorable and kindly scion in John H. Ewing.

This old gentleman was in the State Legislature with Thaddeus Stevens at the time of the public school excitement, and he was one of the contractors to put down the national road. He it was who gave James G. Blaine letters of introduction to Kentucky when he went there to teach, one in especial to John J. Crittenden, and another to a lady in Lexington.

Mr. Ewing tells me, and when he told me he asked me to take out a pencil and put the thing down right, which I did, and then read it to him—that the first Blaine to be considered was Colonel Ephraim, the purveyor-general of the Pennsylvania troops, incidentally of the whole revolutionary army. He had two sons, named Robert and James, and each of these sons named his son for Colonel Ephraim Blaine.

Therefore, old Ephraim Blaine did not leave his property to his sons, but to these two grandsons, (1) Ephraim, who remained in Carlisle, and (2) Ephraim Lyon Blaine, who grew up in western Pennsylvania.

Ephraim Lyon Blaine was named for his mother, Miss Lyon, the daughter of Samuel Lyon, from about Carlisle.

Old Colonel Ephraim Blaine, the purveyor, married Rebekah Galbraith in 1765, which was ten or eleven years before the revolution. James G. Blaine's father named him for his mother, who was Maria Gillespie, daughter of Neal Gillespie the second.

James G. Blaine's Genealogy.

The only person who has had anything to say about there being an Ephraim Blaine left back at Carlisle is Mr. Ewing. A large history of Washington county, Penn., has been published during the past few years, and it gives a good deal of loose matter about the Blaines; but my experience in these books is that they are prepared in a wholesale manner, without going close enough to the facts. It is true that Mr. Ewing is a pretty old man to impart information, and perhaps his memory is a little dazed, especially on dates, but it is significant that Mr. Blaine has been sending to him various biographers, telling them that Mr. Ewing knows more on the subject than he himself does, for Blaine has never been much of a genealogist. He is emphatically a man of the present.

Mr. Ewing married Mr. Blaine's own aunt, who was Ellen Blaine, the daughter of James Blaine, and a sister of Ephraim Lyon Blaine.

Let us now go back to see the stock of James G. Blaine. I think we will find it all Scotch or Scotch-Irish from top to bottom, whatever may have been the religion of the different components.

Blaine is a well-known Scotch name. Galbraith, his great-grandmother's, is purely Scotch-Irish; Lyon is also Scotch-Irish, and was the name of one of the Pennsylvania heroes who contended against the sedition laws. Gillespie is just as Scotch-Irish as Galbraith.

At this point I might as well define the precise relation of General Sherman's wife's mother to the Blaine family. Her mother was named Maria Boyle. Miss Boyle was the daughter of Susan Gillespie, the daughter of James Gillespie, a brother of Neal Gillespie the second. This, I think, would make Maria Boyle the first cousin of James G. Blaine, and Mrs. General Sherman his second cousin.

We come now to the Gillespies, who are considered through all this country to have given Mr. Blaine his higher and more distinctive qualities of mind and ambition. This little study will take us far back into matters of school-book history.

Cresap—Jefferson—Gillespie.

We all remember the speech which Jefferson put into the mouth of the Indian chief Logan, after saying that Michael Cresap had murdered all Logan's family—"Who is there to weep for Logan, not one."

This Michael Cresap, in the year 1775, kept the ferry where Brownsville stands. He has left distinguished descendants, among others Brantz Meyer, who has written a book to show that Mr. Jefferson was a malignant libeller, and that in his hostility to Luther Martin and the friends of Aaron Burr, Martin having married a descendant of Cresap, he used the dead Indian and a bogus speech to put a stigma on the Martins. However that may be, Cresap, who was a Maryland pioneer, had removed West before the revolutionary war, when there was but an old trail from Braddock's times, crossing the Monongahela river, and he did considerable peltry trading and sutlering with the Indians of the Ohio.

This ferry site was originally surveyed by James Hendricks, the deputy-surveyor of Pennsylvania in 1769, and this man may have been an ancestor of Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. Hendricks, it is said, was himself born in this portion of Pennsylvania, and went to Indiana to study law with his uncle.

The road from what is now Little Washington, once called Bassett Town, to Redstone Ferry was made a common road in 1782. Two years after that, or the year after the British evacuated New York, Neal Gillespie, said to be a native of Ireland, came along and bought the land on the other side of the ferry, at what is now West Brownsville, for forty-five shillings of money per acre in depreciated currency, two tons of iron and one negro slave, and certain other articles. Slavery was then current in Pennsylvania as in Virginia.

The land was bought from Indian Peter, a friendly Indian, and it was called Indian Hill. Neal Gillespie settled down on this land, cleared and cultivated it, obtained the ferry rights, and left a son who put up, it is believed, the great house on the ferry bank at West Brownsville.

The Great House.

That house, remarkable in its day, was no doubt extended by later generations, and perhaps by Blaine's own father, though more probably by his grandfather, Gillespie. In that house was born the present candidate for the presidency of the United States.

Blaine came very near being the heir to large blended fortunes, but unfortunately his father, like his grandfather, had been a spendthrift, with not the least capacity to accumulate anything. Therefore, a little while after James G. Blaine was born his parents had to move out of the big house which they could no longer keep up, and they occupied a frame house called the Pringle dwelling, also in West Brownsville, about a quarter of a mile distant. Here young Jim Blaine lived and went to school both in Brownsville and in West Brownsville; and finally when his father was elected prothonotary of the county, about 1842, when young James was 12 or 13 years old, the whole family went up to Little Washington, twenty-four miles distant, and spent several years there to let the children be educated.

Returning to Brownsville Ephraim L. Blaine built another house next door to the great house where James had been born; and there he died, as his tombstone at Brownsville, in the Catholic churchyard, records as follows:

"Ephraim Lyon Blaine, born February 28th, 1796, and died June 28th, 1850."

He was therefore just of the age of the living Mr. Ewing, who I have been talking to, and both were born a little before General Washington lay down the presidency.

You will also notice that Ephraim L. Blaine was born on the last day but one of February in leap year. Had he been born a few hours later he would have been like the hero in the "Pirates of Pensanze,"

Who Had Only Had One Birthday Every Four Years.

When he died J. G. Blaine had already gone to Kentucky, and was then about 20 years old.

I think it possible that Blaine had left Kentucky by 1850, and was living perhaps in Philadelphia and teaching school with his wife at the blind asylum there. It is related in Philadelphia that Blaine and Mrs. Blaine were both teachers in the blind asylum about 1850, and I think the records of that institution show the same. Yet it would seem a little queer that at the early age of 20 Blaine should be married. More probably when we come to think of it he was still in Kentucky at Georgetown. There was a period between his leaving Kentucky and going to Maine when he did teach at the blind asylum and also tried to write for the daily newspapers in Philadelphia. That was probably the hardest time of his life.

It is enough to say here that Blaine's father died worse off than nothing, except, perhaps, some land, and that some of the kind neighbors assisted to pay the funeral expenses. Yet this man had begun life with one of the largest fortunes ever known in that portion of the country at the period, for it is believed that his grandfather left between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars, of which one-half went to J. G. Blaine's father. Like most money left by rich men to young people it did little for him but make a gentleman of him, and he was what was called a thoroughbred in his youth, not differing much from the youth of General Washington or any of the well-endowed scions of old Virginia. There was a very intimate relation between old Virginia and western Pennsylvania, and for a long time it was uncertain whether Pittsburg itself did not belong to Virginia. Many of the early statesmen of southwestern Pennsylvania believed themselves to be Virginians, like Albert Gallatin, until Mason and Dixon's line was extended across the mountains, and then several of the Virginian counties were out of further political companionship with their old neighbors.

When Ephraim Blaine married Maria Gillespie, probably about 1822, in Monroe's administration, he had his own money and his wife's land and other property, and it is said that the ferry brought about $40 a day. In the large house which is now called the poorhouse he entertained all interesting people who passed by, not as if he were ferry-master and town planter, but like the nobility in Ireland and the aristocracy in old Virginia. He had the best to drink, the most to eat, plenty of horses, and whatever ministered to life. He was respected to the end of his days for what he had been. People looked at him and said, "there is a man whose life is a failure." Yet there was an intelligence and a gentleness about him in his decay which made him very interesting to young people. He was a good listener as well as a vivacious talker.

Blaine's Mother.

His wife survived twenty-one years, and they were hard years for her much of that time, but she was an exemplary Christian woman, blessed in her posterity as well as afflicted in some of it. A Catholic beleaguered in an old Scotch-Irish society where the name of Catholic aroused the prejudices of 200 years, she had the universal admiration even of the Presbyterian priests. Mr. Ewing, himself a Presbyterian of the strictest sect, said to me with tears in his eyes: "I tell our Democratic friends that when they go to heaven, if they do go, there they will see Maria Blaine. If there ever was a good woman in this world she was one of them."

Testimony is also universal that Maria Blaine never made the least impression on the hard, rough Presbyterian stock of her husband, if she ever tried to do so. In his prejudices and all his feelings he continued to be a Presbyterian, while in his life Ephraim L. Blaine was nothing except a voluptuary and gentleman of the backwoods.

In his closing days, when fortune was spent, land gone, his office in another's hands and his stomach was worn out with good living begun in boyhood, he yielded to his wife's desire that his soul, at least, should be at rest, and became a sort of passive Catholic.

But by that time the son had gone off to Kentucky, and the son was, in his feelings and traditions, Presbyterian, and even more so by choice. On this subject there is not the least disagreement among Democrats and Republicans.

Blaine's sister, Mrs. Walker, followed her mother's faith, and she took care of her mother in old age at Elizabethtown, half-way between Brownsville and Pittsburg, on the Monongahela river. There Mrs. Blaine died, and a few years ago James G. Blaine erected the present monument over both his father and mother.

The monument stands in the Catholic burying-ground within a few yards of the Roman Catholic church, which occupies the highest inhabitable point of land in Brownsville. It is a beautiful gothic church, built forty or fifty years ago, in superior taste to anything we see now of that denomination in country places. It has a square limestone tower with a spire and a cross above, the tower buttressed at the angles all the way down, and there is a noble Elizabethan window above the deeply recessed stone portal. The church is long, and with buttresses along its aisles, and towards the rear is a sort of priest's office of stone. To go into this church you must not only climb up a very steep street, but at the end of that street must still further ascend a very steep flight of stone steps.

I thought as I went up these steps of the mother taking up her little children, perhaps James G. Blaine among them, when she had to lift them up from step to step. At the top the burial-yard is dug out of the hill or terraced there. It does not contain many gravestones. The congregation was once considerable, but is said to have much declined.

The Blaine monument looked to me to be made of Maine granite, as it is of a white color with a finer grain than we find in Pennsylvania granite. It is about fifteen feet high.

On the front in relief a cross stands out and under it is the inscription I have given, followed by the record of Blaine's mother as follows:

MARIA GILLESPIE,
Wife of
EPHRAIM LYON BLAINE,
Born May 22, 1801; died May 5, 1871.
Requiescant in pace.

This inscription is on the obelisk. There is a base below, and then on the lower stones next above the ground is the word "Blaine" in large letters.

The word "requiescant" is as I have spelled it; and I am unable to say whether this is Mr. Blaine's scholarship or a mistake of the stonecutter, but I should think the former. Right beside this monument is an old vault tomb of sandstone, with the following inscription:

†
I. H. S.
Sacred to the memory of
ELIZA, Consort of Francis Tiernan,
and daughter of
Neal Thamis Gillespie,
Born 17th of April, 1805,
Married 6th May, 1827,
And departed this life September 21st the same year,
Requiescat in pace.

This Francis Tiernan married Blaine's mother's sister, I suppose, and therefore we find the name of Blaine's grandmother Gillespie, which was Thamis, a word meaning the river Thames, I think.

Tiernan was the son of Martin Tiernan, a native of Ireland, who emigrated to the United States in the year 1798. As his inscription in this churchyard shows, he died in 1832, aged 76.

If you will look at this inscription again you will see that he emigrated in 1798, which was the year of the great Irish rebellion. In that rebellion both Protestants and Catholics took part, as it was an attempt to give independence to Ireland on the basis of the United States and France, both of which had established Republican forms of government not long before. Not improbably Mr. Tiernan left Ireland on account of the troubled condition of things there. He became a banker and rich man in this region.

Indeed, from all that I discovered, the Blaine family in Pennsylvania put a much higher status on them socially in my mind. I found that they were to a great extent aristocrats broken down only in the generation preceding Mr. Blaine, who, therefore, was put to his trumps to find something to do; and it would seem that he learned from his father's distresses to be thrifty and prudent and provide for his offspring. The people of Washington county ascribe a good deal of it to his Yankee wife, who taught him, they say, better habits than his father had. They also believe that Blaine's literary style has been much improved by Gail Hamilton, Miss Abigail Dodge, his wife's cousin. Blaine was thus very much like some Virginia or Carolina aristocrat, with all his greatness behind him, until by the accident of going off to teach school in a slave State, he met a bright Yankee girl, fell in love with her, and when she took him to New England she implanted in his indulgent nature, with great labor and method, the lesson of economy and provision, and he seems to have learned it well.

Religious Bigotry.

When his father ran for prothonotary of Washington county it was used against him on every side that he had married a Catholic wife. He went to the priest best known in the county to get from him a certificate that he was not in any way connected with the Catholic church. The priest gave him a certificate reading about as follows:

I hereby certify that Ephraim L. Blaine is not a member of the Catholic church, and in my opinion he is not fit to be a member of any church.

There are two ways of reading this certificate. It was necessary for the priest to put himself right with his own faith, for if he had certified a man not to be a Catholic it would look like infidelity to his own church; but when he certified him not to be fit for any church, the priest set himself right with his superiors in the church, and he also emphasized the fact that E. L. Blaine was no Catholic, thus making everybody believe it. Priests are like other men, and this priest probably saw the helpless family of E. L. Blaine, which would be rejuvenated by that office and allowed to get an education, and when he gave a certificate he gave one that would do some good; because the people at large all knew the indulgent yet not intemperate habits of E. L. Blaine. A mild certificate would only have strengthened the idea that there was collusion between Blaine and the priest.

Indeed, it is absurd to see how sensible men even in his generation are supposing that there is some huge conspiracy going on between priests and other people to upset the world. When Mrs. Blaine adhered to the faith of her mother at Little Washington there was no Catholic church in town, and she had to go out some distance on the turnpike to worship. The hostility through all that region to Catholics was such that the lot originally sold in Washington for their church purposes had to be taken back by the seller.

In another letter I will draw the lines still more clearly around the Blaine family.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Cleveland's Birthplace.

Mr. Townsend will also immediately visit Grover Cleveland's birthplace, and send THE GLOBE some interesting letters about his boyhood and early struggles, his family, etc., which we shall announce later.

SHE FOUND HER LOVER.

Travelling Alone from Hungary Across the Sea to Meet Her Betrothed.

READING, Penn., July 9.—Nicol Petroffski is dark skinned, dark haired, dark eyed and 23 years of age. About a year ago he crossed the sea from Bremen. His home was in southern Hungary, where he left a sweetheart when he turned his face westward. He found work on the new Schuylkill Valley railroad. He was thrifty and economical and soon saved money enough to enable him to keep his promise, which was to send cash sufficient to enable his sweetheart to come to him in America. Marie Taschellagh waited patiently until her lover sent for her, and when she received money enough to pay her passage she bravely undertook the journey alone. She travelled a long distance from her country home by rail to Bremen, and there embarked for America. All her baggage was in a bag and bundle.

In due time she arrived at New York, but was greatly disappointed at finding no one at Castle Garden to receive her. Her father, who is also in America, and her lover both had promised to be there. She could speak no English, but a Garden official promptly put her on the train for Reading and wrote a letter to her father advising him of her coming. This letter was not received promptly because the men worked several miles below the city and only got to Reading once a week. When the bright-eyed, shapely, and strongly built Hungarian lass reached here and found no one at the station to greet her she was disappointed, but kept up a stout heart. She could not make herself understood. She finally shouldered her baggage and attracted a great deal of attention as she tramped through the streets away from the station. She was directed down one street, up another, then across the river, and then down the country, from point to point, until she had walked about nine miles, four of which were along the new railroad. She continued her journey from gang to gang, but received no tidings from those she sought. At length she reached a cut where a dozen swarthy young foreigners were at work. Suddenly a young man dropped his shovel, leaped from the cut, ran up the hill, and the next moment the young woman screamed, dropped her bundle, and Nicol and Marie were clasped in each other's arms. Her father, who was also working in the same gang, rushed up and welcomed his child, and when the other Hungarians and Poles heard the news they hurrahed for joy. Marie then demanded to know why they did not meet her at the ship, and, when the men had brushed away their tears and found their voices, they explained that they had not expected the ship until the following week. After the excitement was over, Marie sat down and had a good cry, and her lover joined in. The next day they were married, and are now running a boarding shanty. They have five boarders and have high hopes of soon making money enough to buy a little farm.

WALKING IN HER SLEEP

Towards the Warren Bridge to Rescue Her Child That Was Drowning.

Sergeant Kane of Division 15 and Patrolman Doherty of Division 1 were walking up Causeway street at the hour of 1.30 Saturday morning, when they espied what appeared to be a ghost approaching them from the vicinity of the Lowell depot. Just at the present time a sewer is building, and it occurred to the officers that the figure might be the spirit of some departed one who had been buried there years ago. Neither man is wanting in pluck when he has to deal with earthly subjects, but a spirit from the other world was something they had never yet been called upon to arrest.

So they proceeded very cautiously. With drawn clubs they approached the ghost in as quiet and dignified a manner as possible. Fortunately an electric light shed its friendly gleams in front of the railroad station, and at the rate the ghost was walking the officers concluded it would reach the light about the time they themselves got there, and before arresting the spirit they decided to get a good look at it. The thing that troubled them most was to know what charge to make against it.

The ghost came slowly down the street and the officers as slowly walked up. The trio met under the electric light and the guardians of the peace each clutched at an arm. The spirit did not melt, it did not vanish into air. It was of solid flesh. They turned their prize around and mustered courage enough to look into its face. It was a woman walking out sound asleep with nothing but a gauzy robe de nuit on.

A violent shaking failed to awaken the woman and the officers started for the station-house with their prize in tow. After walking about an eighth of a mile the somnambulist awoke and told the officers that she was on her way to the Warren bridge, where she thought her child was drowning. The frightened woman was taken to her home at the West End.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" POROUS PLASTER, for Back ache, Pains in the Chest. Rheumatism. 25c.

A. H. V.

AYER'S Hair Vigor cures baldness. Hair Vigor restores youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It attains these results by the stimulation of the hair roots and color glands.
It rejuvenates the
It restores to the **HAIR** and cleanses it.
that, either by reason of age or diseases of the scalp, has become dry, harsh and brittle, a pliancy and glossy silken softness of extreme beauty.
There is no dye in Ayer's Hair
and the good it does is by the **VIGOR**
it imparts to the follicles, and the cleanliness and healthfulness of the condition in which it maintains the scalp.

AYER'S Hair Vigor renews the hair. Hair Vigor is the best cure known for Brashy Hair, Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Torpid Follicles, and all other diseases of the scalp that cause
the falling of the
Nothing cleanses **HAIR** and its fading. of the nuisance
of dandruff so perfectly, and so effectually prevents its return, as AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.
In addition to the curative and restorative
virtues peculiar to Ayer's Hair
it is a toilet luxury. The Hair **VIGOR**
is by far the cleanliest hair-dressing made. It causes the hair to grow thick and long, and keeps it always soft and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Contains no deleterious ingredients. Its use prevents all scalp disease, secures against the hair growing thin or gray, and surely cures all baldness that is not organic.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

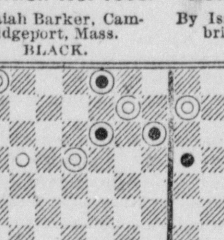
CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..................EDITOR

BOSTON, July 15, 1884.

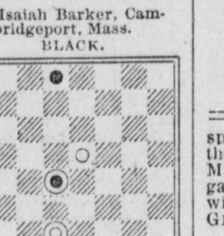
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Position No. 1088.
By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.
BLACK.



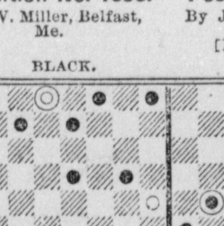
WHITE.
White to move and draw.

Position No. 1089.
By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

Position No. 1090.
By J. V. Miller, Belfast, Me.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

Position No. 1091.
By J. S. Denning, Burlington, Vt.
[For Beginners.]
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

Game No. 1808—Dyke.

By Theo. W. Kimley, Greenfield, O.

11..15	27..24	16..23	11..8	31..27
22..17	9..14	24..19	19..23	28..32
15..19	24..20	15..24	8..4	27..24
24..15	2..7	28..19	31..27	B-32..28
10..19	20..16	11..15	4..8	15..18
23..16	8..11	32..28-2	27..24	28..19
12..19	16..12	15..24	8..11	9..14
25..22	11..16	28..19	24..19	17..10
8..11	31..27	23..27	11..16	6..24
29..25	A-7..11-1	19..16	19..15	21..17
11..15	27..24	27..31	16..20	1..6
17..13	5..9	16..11	23..27	B. wins.
4..8	25..22	14..18	20..24	
22..17	19..23	22..15	27..31	
7..10	26..19	10..19	24..28	

Notes.

A—See Globe games Nos. 1781 and 1795 for variations not given here.

B—

30..26	19..15	28..19	6..24	18..14
15..19	32..28	9..14	22..18-C	3..7
26..22	15..11	17..10	1..5	B. wins.

C—

22..17	3..7	B. wins.

(Var. 1.)

15..18	16..20	19..24	28..32	6..15
12..8	28..24-3	27..23	21..17	13..6
3..12	19..28	24..27	32..27	15..19
26..22	25..22	23..18	17..14	23..16
5..9	10..19	20..24	1..5	12..19
22..15	17..3	32..23	14..10	18..14
				W. wins.

(Var. 2.)

19..16	16..11	26..30	22..18	9..18
23..26	19..26	7..2	14..23	2..9
30..23	11..7	30..25	17..14	10..14
15..19				B. wins.

(Var. 3.)

30..26	19..24	13..6	19..23	3..7
7..11-4	28..19	1..10	25..22	26..30
15..8	15..31	8..3	20..24	7..14
10..15	26..22	15..19	21..17	31..26
17..10	6..15	22..18	23..26	Drawn.

(Var. 4.)

1..5	10..19	9..14	10..15	18..23
28..24	23..16	26..22	6..10	14..18
19..28	12..19	7..10	14..18	W. wins.
27..23	17..1	1..6	10..14	

Game No. 1809—Glasgow.

Played at Lewiston, Me., between Messrs. David Simpson of Lewiston and H. Z. Wright of Boston, Mass.

Simpson's move.

11..15	24..20	8..11	10..14	18..23
23..19	16..19	22..18	18..9	20..16
8..11	25..22	5..9	7..10	23..27
22..17	4..8	21..17	9..6	16..11
11..16	29..25	2..7	11..15	27..32
24..20	19..24	17..14	19..16	11..7
16..23	17..14	10..17	12..19	32..28
27..11	9..18	26..23	6..2	7..3
7..16	22..15	19..26	10..14	15..18
20..11	10..19	31..6	2..7	10..14
3..7	32..28	1..10	14..18	18..23
28..24	6..10	28..19	7..10	30..25
7..16	25..22			Drawn.

Game No. 1810—Ayrshire Lassie.

Played in the Sunderland Draughts Club, between Messrs. Lyons and Galloway.

Lyons' move.

11..15	31..26	6..15	22..17	16..19
24..20	8..11	26..23	5..9	5..1
8..11	17..13	3..7	24..19	12..16
28..24	11..16	23..18	11..16	1..10
4..8	20..11	15..22	19..15	31..26
23..19	7..16	25..18	10..19	30..23
9..14	21..17	7..10	17..14	19..26
22..17	14..21	29..25	19..24	15..11
15..18	23..7	1..6	14..5	16..19
26..23	2..11	25..22	24..31	10..15
11..15	19..10	16..20	18..15	19..23
				Drawn.

—[Sunderland Weekly Echo.

Solution of Position No. 1084.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

22..18	13..17	26..22	18..15	22..6
7..11-1	30..26	21..25	11..18	W. wins.
24..19	17..21			

(Var. 1.)

13..17	24..19	17..22	19..16	W. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1085.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

28..32	22..26	32..27	20..16	31..26
31..27*	17..14	23..18	15..10	6..2
23..26	26..31	27..20	16..11	26..22
30..23	27..24	18..15	10..6	14..9
				Drawn.

*Only move to draw.

Solution of Position No. 1086.

By G. W. Brown, Warren, Me.

3..7	18..9	14..17	6..9	2..27
22..18	10..14	21..14	13..6	B. wins.
7..16	9..5			

Solution of Position No. 1087.

End game between C. F. and I. Barker.
(From Gould's Problem Book.)

17..22	3..7	15..11	11..8	15..11
24..19	28..24	24..19	16..11	16..7
7..3	11..15	7..3	8..15	3..10
19..16	16..12	19..16	20..16	B. wins.

Correspondence.

BELFAST, Me., June 30, 1884.

Checker Editor of The Globe:

Game No. 1799, played by correspondence by A. Jones and G. W. Brown of Warren, Me. At the forty-fourth move, the play was 13..15. Play 23..19 instead, and white wins.

Respectfully, I. V. MILLER.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 25.

Checker Editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR—Game No. 1735, played by correspondence between G. W. Brown and myself. At the thirty-second move I played 22..18, and Mr. Miller said I had lost. He evidently forgot the game was drawn. He also states 19..16 would win. If Mr. Miller would publish the win in THE GLOBE he would oblige D. CONNELL.

Mr. Wright writes under date of July 7: My total score in Lewiston is—Won, 50; lost, 4; drawn, 34. In Lisbon it stands—Won, 24; lost, 0; drawn, 0. My total score in Maine is—Won, 264; lost, 11; drawn, 63; total, 338 games. Since my last to you I have scored:

LEWISTON.

Wright....22	Gammon.... 2	Drawn....12
Wright.... 2	Horne....... 0	Drawn.... 7
Wright.... 4	Oakes........ 0	Drawn.... 2
Wright.... 5	Wiggin....... 0	Drawn.... 2
33	2	23

LISBON.

Wright....12	Dr. Wright.. 0	Drawn.... 0

A match of checkers for the correspondence championship of New Hampshire, consisting of twelve games, has just been started between E. W. Ingalls of Tilton, N. H., and L. M. Stearns of Derry Depot, N. H., present across the board champion of the State.

P. S.—This match does not conflict with across the board honors, simply correspondence championship. L. M. STEARNS.

WARREN, Me., July 5, 1884.

Checker Editor of The Globe:

I have the pleasure to submit the following as my score by correspondence since last fall.

Respectfully, G. W. BROWN.

Brown, 0	D. Connell, Halifax, N. S.	0	Drawn, 6
Brown, 2	J. P. McNeil, Mobile, Ala.	0	Drawn, 2
Brown, 3	Dr. E. Holden, So. Paris, Me.	0	Drawn, 1
Brown, 2	A. J. Meehan, Groveland, Mass.	0	Drawn, 0
Brown, 3	T. Cross, Norway, Me.	0	Drawn, 1
Brown, 4	S. S. Locklin, Farmington, Me.	1	Drawn, 5
Brown, 4	W. L. Hannahs, Bristol, Conn.	0	Drawn, 2
Brown, 0	A. Jones, Vevay, Ind.	1	Drawn, 3
Brown, 2	W. D. Ingalls, Richford, Vt.	1	Drawn, 3
Brown, 3	W. C. Eveleth, W. Batavia, N.Y.	0	Drawn, 3
Brown, 3	A. S. Ingalls, Russell, N. Y.	0	Drawn, 1
26		3	27

Checker News.

NOTICE.—Having contested matches with most of the leading players in Haverhill and vicinity, and having been successful in winning most of the same, I hereby claim the title of champion checker player of Essex county, and am ready to contest the same against all comers. Matches for the championship to consist of not less than twenty-five games. W. F. LARKIN.

Haverhill, June 30, 1884.

Mr. Wyllie recently visited New Haven, Conn., and played exhibition games. He contested in all 142 games, winning 121, and losing one, and twenty were drawn. Mr. H. C. Smith was the player who secured the win.

Now Ready.

"Barker's American Checker-Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five critical positions, twenty-two of which have been contributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the "World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $1 (in bills, silver, currency or American postage-stamps), post-paid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Any person sending three orders will receive one "American Checker-Player" free.

$500 CASH FREE!

We offer the above amount of money and ten Gold Watches *free* to the first 123 persons answering the following Bible question: **Where is the word Grandmother found in the Bible?** Mention the **Book, Chapter and Verse.**

The first person answering this question correctly, on or before August 30th, will receive $75 cash. If we receive more than one correct answer the second will receive $70, the third $60; the fourth $55; the fifth $50; the sixth $25; the seventh $20; eighth $15; ninth $10; tenth $8; eleventh $6; twelfth $4; thirteenth $2; ten Ladies' Gold Watches to the next ten correct answers, and one dollar each to the next one hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not the first, remember that you may be the second or third, so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50 cents for **One Year's Subscription** to **THE POULTRY KEEPER** with their answer. This journal is a large 16-page illustrated Poultry Paper, devoted to telling

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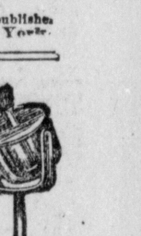
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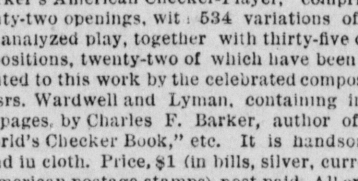


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Hypophosphite quinia, ½ drachm.
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Ext. ignatiæ armaræ [alcoholic], 2 grains.
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Glycerin, q. s.
Mix

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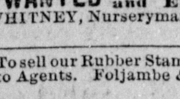
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